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La Belle Assemblée,

OR

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE;

CONTAINING

INTERESTING AND ORIGINAL LITERATURE,

AND

RECORDS OF THE BEAU-MONDE.

EMBELLISHED

WITH

FINELY EXECUTED PORTRAITS FROM EMINENT MASTERS,

OF THE

Beauties of the Court of George the Fourth,

FORMING A

Picture Gallery of the Female Nobility of Great Britain.

VOL. X.

FROM JULY TO DECEMBER, 1829,

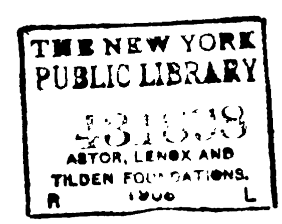
CONTAINING

Mrs. Arbuthnot, from a Painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.
The Right Honourable Caroline Harriet, Viscountess Eastnor, from a Painting by Mrs. Carpenter.
The Right Honourale Lady Sophia Catherine Gresley, from a Miniature by W. S. Newton.
The Right Honourable Lady Anne Beckett, from a Miniature by Mrs. Mee.
The Right Honourable Harriet Anne, Countess of Belfast, from a Miniature by Mrs. Mee.
The Right Honourable Lydia, Countess of Cavan, from a Painting by M. A. Shee, R.A.

AND

TWENTY-EIGHT COLOURED ENGRAVINGS OF THE FASHIONS.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED BY WHITTAKER, TREACHER, AND CO., AVE-MARIA LANE.
MDCCCXXIX.



LONDON:
PRINTED BY SHACKELL AND BAYLIS, JOHNSON'S-COURT, FLEET-STREET.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

La Belle Assemblée, flourishing with the advance of time, is now alone, without a rival, without even an opponent in the field. On the termination of Ackermann's Repository of Arts, early in the year, the subscribers to that splendid and popular work transferred their patronage, *una voce*, to La Belle Assemblée. The interest of Ackermann's *Repository of the Fashions*, with the high talent that it engaged in its original drawings of costume, has since been vested in La Belle Assemblée; and now that Sharpe's *Magazine* is extinct, La Belle Assemblée is the *only* embellished periodical devoted to the *Fine Arts*, to *Polite Literature*, to all that can interest and charm the cultivated mind; in fact, the only Magazine that is received in the first circles of fashion—the only Magazine that is honoured and sustained by the ennobling sanction of the highest orders of the State.

It is for us to preserve this proud and flattering distinction!—Without arrogance, or presumption, we may say, that every feature, every department of our work, affords ample evidence of unceasing exertion.

In a style of at least equal merit to that of our former plates, we have, in the present volume, increased the number of subjects in our Picture Gallery of the British Female Nobility, by introducing the Portraits of the Countess of Cavan, by Shee—the Countess of Belfast, by Mrs. Mee—Viscountess Eastnor, by Mrs. Carpenter—Lady Sophia Gresley, by Newton—Lady Anne Beckett, by Mrs. Mee—and Mrs. Arbuthnot, by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

In our *Plates of the Fashions*—especially in the designs of English costume, for which we are indebted to the pencil of a first-rate artist—we have attained a degree of excellence, of which we at one time almost despaired.

Nor have we been dilatory in securing the aid of eminent and popular writers. In addition to our old and esteemed friends, Miss Porter, Miss Hutton, Miss S. Strickland, Miss M. A. Browne, &c., Mrs. Bray, the Author of "The Protestant"—Mrs. S. C. Hall, the Author of "Sketches of Irish Character"—Miss Jewsbury, of Manchester—and many others, whose names we have not received permission to announce—have obligingly assisted us by their contributions, in prose and in verse.

From the remarkable and pleasing fact, that, during the last six months, death has not deprived our country of any woman of literary or other celebrity, our Select Necrology—a novel and interesting feature, first introduced in the *Ninth*

Volume of La Belle Assemblee—is, in the present instance, with the exception of a tribute to the memory of *Lady Barham*, confined to the departed great amongst men;—the *Earl of Harrington*, the *Earl of Buchan*, *Lord Thurlow*, and *Sir Humphrey Davy*.

We have now only to repeat what we said a twelvemonth since;—that "no periodical extant can claim the credit of giving notices of new works so promptly, so impartially, yet so liberally, as La Belle Assemblee." Whenever we happen to be late in our remarks, *the fault is not our's*.

*** Proof Impressions of the Portraits in La Belle Assemblee may be had of Mr. M. Colnaghi, 23, Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, and of all the Printsellers in London.

EMBELLISHMENTS IN VOL. X.

No. LV. Portrait of Mrs. Arbuthnot, from a Painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.
A whole-length Portrait Figure, in an Evening Dress, appropriately coloured.
A Ditto, in a Walking Dress.
A Ditto, in a Public Promenade Dress.
A Ditto, in Walking Costume.

No. LVI. Portrait of the Right Honourable Caroline Harriet, Viscountess Eastnor, from a Painting by Mrs. Carpenter.
A whole-length Portrait Figure, in Home Costume, appropriately coloured.
A Ditto, in an Evening Dress.
A Ditto, in a Morning Dress.
A Ditto, in a Public Promenade Dress.

No. LVII. Portrait of the Right Honourable Lady Sophia Catherine Gresley, from a Miniature by W. S. Newton.
A whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Ball Dress, appropriately coloured.
A Ditto, in a Dinner-Party Dress.
A Ditto, in a Child's Dress.
A Ditto, in a Walking Dress.
A Ditto, in an Evening Dress.
A Ditto, in a Carriage Dress.

No. LVIII. Portrait of the Right Honourable Lady Anne Beckett, from a Miniature by Mrs. Mee.
A whole-length Portrait Figure, in an Evening Dress, appropriately coloured.
A Ditto, in a Morning Dress.
A Ditto, in a Promenade Dress.
A Ditto, in a Dinner Dress.
A Ditto, in a Child's Dress.

No. LIX. Portrait of the Right Honourable Harriet Anne, Countess of Belfast, from a Miniature by Mrs. Mee.
Two whole-length Portrait Figures in Walking Dresses, appropriately coloured.
A Ditto, in a Morning Visiting Dress.
A Ditto, in a Carriage Dress.

No. LX. Portrait of the Right Honourable Lydia, Countess of Cavan, from a Painting by M. A. Shee, R.A.
A whole-length Portrait Figure, in Home Costume, appropriately coloured.
A Ditto, in a Morning Visiting Dress.
A Ditto, in a Carriage Dress.
A Ditto, in a Morning Dress.
A Ditto, in an Evening Dress.

La Belle Assemblée,

OR

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES, No. LV., FOR JULY, 1829.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

A Portrait of MRS. ARBUTHNOT, the Lady of the Right Honourable Charles Arbuthnot, engraved by GILLER, from a Painting by SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, P.R.A.
An elegant whole-length Portrait Figure, in an Evening Dress.
An elegant whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Walking Dress.
An elegant whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Public Promenade Dress.
An elegant whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Walking Costume.

LITERARY CONTENTS.

TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

REVIEWS of *Richelieu, a Tale of France*—MALCOLM'S *Tales of Field and Flood, with Sketches of Life at Home*—*Rybrent De Cruce*—MURRAY'S *Glance at Switzerland*—NATHAN'S *Fugitive Pieces, and Reminiscences of Lord Byron and Lady Caroline Lamb*—CAPTAIN BROWN'S *Biographical Sketches and Authentic Anecdotes of Dogs*—CLARK'S *Introduction to Heraldry*—*An Epitome of the Game of Whist, Long and Short,* &c., will appear in LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE for August.

Several musical and other publications reached us at too late a period of the month for present notice.

We doubt not that the kindly promised poem, by MRS. BRAY, author of *The Protestant,* &c., will prove highly acceptable.

MR. BRANDRETH'S "*Stanzas,*" with various other poetical favours, are kept in store.

A packet for the author of "*Verses on seeing a Hare in April,*" shall be sent to the publisher's in Ave-Maria Lane.

"*The Eve of an Assault, or Recollections of my First Engagement;*" by EDWARD SOUTHEY, ESQ., brother of the Laureat, most probably in our next.

"*The Importunate Lady*" may rest assured that she has not been forgotten. We shall most likely have the pleasure of introducing her to the readers of LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE next month.

Thanks to our friend, MR. STAFFORD, for his "*Domestic Story.*"

The proposal of "S. D." shall be taken into consideration; though, at the first glance, it does not strike us as likely to prove serviceable.

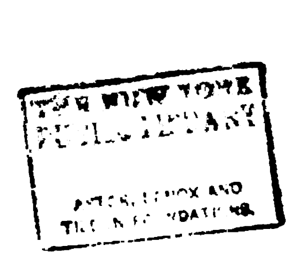
Amongst our recent acquisitions is, "*The Mother and Daughter,*" by "MISS CATHERINE HUTTON."

The striking tale of "*Jane Redgrave,*" by "MISS SUSANNA STRICKLAND," as early as possible.

We are sorry that the "*Recollections of an Old Umbrella*" should have been carried to such a length as to preclude their insertion. We intreat of our correspondents to bear in mind the old adage—"*Brevity,*" &c.

PRINTED BY SHACKELL AND BAYLIS, JOHNSON'S-COURT, FLEET-STREET.

JULY, 1829.





MRS. ARBUTHNOT.

Engraved by GILLER after a Painting by SIR THOS. LAWRENCE P.R.A.

Published by Whittaker and Co. in La Belle Assemblée (new series) No. 55 for July 1820.

The Proofs by M. Colnaghi 23 Cockspur Street

LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE,

FOR JULY, 1829.

ILLUSTRATIVE MEMOIR OF MRS. ARBUTHNOT, THE LADY OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE CHARLES ARBUTHNOT.

This lady, one of the most brilliant and distinguished ornaments of the world of fashion, is the wife of the Right Hon. Charles Arbuthnot, Member of the Imperial Ottoman Order of the Crescent, one of His Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, late First Commissioner of His Majesty's Woods, Forests, and Land Revenue, &c. The Arbuthnot family is very ancient and honourable. Hugh de Aberbothenot took his name from lands which he had in marriage with a daughter of Osbertus Oliphand, Sheriff of Mearns, in the reign of Malcolm IV., King of Scotland, about the year 1160. These lands are still in possession of the family, having descended through twenty-two generations to the present Viscount Arbuthnot, Lord Inverbervie, one of the representative peers of Scotland. Mr. Arbuthnot is a collateral branch from the same stock as the noble Viscount. He was born in the year 1767; and, as we had occasion to observe, in our Illustrative Memoir of his daughter, Lady William Henry Cholmondeley,* he "is the second, but eldest surviving son of John Arbuthnot, of Rockfleet Castle, in the county of Mayo, Esq. (by Anne Stone, his third lady, who was the niece of Andrew Stone, Esq., Under Secretary of State) and grandson of George Arbuthnot, Esq., brother of the celebrated Dr. John Arbuthnot, physician to Queen Anne, an eminent writer, and the friend of Pope, Swift, &c."†

After serving as Consul General in Portugal, the Right Hon. Charles Arbuthnot was, in the year 1802, appointed Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of Sweden; and, in 1804, Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the Sublime Ottoman Porte. He held the latter appointment at Constantinople, when Admiral Duckworth and Sir Sidney Smith attacked the forts in the Bosphorus; and, consequently, his official duties, at that period, were of a most arduous nature.

Mrs. Arbuthnot, a daughter of the Hon. Henry Fane, is this gentleman's second wife. Mr. Arbuthnot's first wife was Marcia Mary Anne, daughter and heiress of William Clapcott Lisle, of Upway, in Dorsetshire, Esq., by the Lady Hester, sister of the late Marquess of Cholmondeley. By that lady, whom he married on the 6th of September, 1773, Mr. Arbuthnot had two sons and three daughters:—1. Charles George James, a Lieutenant Colonel in the Army;—2. Henry;—3. Caroline Anna, died an infant;—4. Caroline Charlotte Anne;—and 5. Marcia, married, in February, 1805, to Lord William Henry Cholmondeley, the younger son of the late, and brother of the present Marquess of Cholmondeley.

Mr. Arbuthnot's first lady died at Constantinople, during the period of his embassy at that court. His second wife, whose Portrait, after a painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence, we have now the honour of introducing in La Belle Assemblee, was, as we have stated, the daughter of the Hon. Henry Fane.

* For the Memoir here referred to, accompanied by a Portrait from a family miniature, by Ross, *vide* La Belle Assemblee, Vol. VIII. page 93.

† Besides several daughters, the late John Arbuthnot, Esq., of Rockfleet Castle, had five sons:—1. George, who married Matilda, daughter of General Briscoe, and died in 1805;—2. Charles, mentioned above, the husband of the lady whose portrait is here given, and father of Lady William Henry Cholmondeley;—3. The Right Rev. Alexander Arbuthnot, late Lord Bishop of Killaloe and Kilfenora, who married Miss Bingham, by whom he had several children, and died in January, 1828;—4. Sir Robert Arbuthnot, Colonel in the Army, K.C.B., K.T.S., &c.;—and 5. Sir Thomas Arbuthnot, a Major General in the Army, K.C.B., &c.

CONTEMPORARY POETS, AND WRITERS OF FICTION.

No. XXIX.—Sir Walter Scott, Bart.

"It will be acknowledged, even by those that practise it not, that clear and round dealing is the honour of man's nature, and that mixture of falsehood is like allay in coin of gold and silver, which may make the metal work the better, but it embaseth it."—Bacon.

Let not the readers of La Belle Assemblee imagine, when they observe the "name of power"—the *Name* of the *Great Anonymous*—prefixed to this paper, that we are about to enter into a critical examination of the Waverley Novels. No; the day has gone by—at least in this place—for such an effort. It is not, in the slightest degree, our intention to endeavour to analyse the merits of Sir Walter Scott, either as poet, play-wright, novelist, biographer, or historian. Our first purpose is to introduce to general notice the new, the very beautiful, and the exceedingly cheap edition of the Scotch novels, the publication of which has just been commenced with "Waverley, or 'Tis Sixty Years since;" then, to assist Sir Walter Scott in the promulgation of his literary auto-biography, and in the more extensive disclosure of his previously concealed materials, the secret springs of his machinery, &c.; and possibly, also, to offer some remarks of a different character and tendency.

This new edition, then, with its corrections, its numerous literary illustrations, and its very handsome embellishments, is dedicated, by "gracious permission," to His Majesty. And this edition, which, from its very nature, must necessarily supersede and render valueless all former editions—even the splendid cabinet edition, which the public were induced to purchase under the idea that it would render them possessors of the *ne plus ultra* of the beautiful, and the intrinsic value of which would increase in proportion to its age—is to be had for one third of the price formerly affixed to the productions of the "Great Unknown." Thus, the edition of Waverley, now before us, in two elegant, portable, embellished volumes, costs only ten shillings; while, if we mistake not, the fine cabinet edition, in three volumes, was published at a guinea-and-a-half. This, in fact, is one of the cheapest books we ever saw; and that it will command an unprecedentedly extended sale, there cannot, for a moment, be a doubt. According to advertisement authority, the first impression was exhausted even before the day of publication, and a fresh issue was announced for the 17th of June. Thus, Sir Walter Scott will speedily reimburse himself for the losses he is understood to have sustained through the failure of the firm of Constable and Co.

First, of the embellishments. The vignette of Vol. I. exhibits Davie Gellatly, with his dogs, Ban and Buscar, engraved on steel by Raddon, from a drawing by Edwin Landseer, whose name alone, as a painter of the canine species, is a host. The frontispiece to this volume presents Flora Mac Ivor singing to Waverley; by Graves, from a design by F. P. Stephanoff. In the frontispiece to the second volume, engraved by Charles Rolls, from a picture by G. S. Newton, we find the Baron Bradwardine engaged in reading the Church Service to his troop. The whole of these embellishments are delicately yet spiritedly executed, and reflect high credit on the respective artists. Our chief favourite, however, is the vignette to Vol. II., in which the worthy old Baron, with his lovely daughter behind him, meets Waverley, exclaiming—"It makes me young again to see ye here, Mr. Waverley!" In this plate (designed by J. Stephanoff, and transferred to steel by Graves) all the figures are most happily characteristic and effective; but a discrepancy has unhappily resulted from employing two different artists to paint the same figure in different pictures: there is no harmony, no resemblance, no identity between Stephanoff's Baron and Newton's Baron.

In a general view, nothing is more curious than to trace to their source the circumstances, thoughts, and ideas which may have given a colour to our fate; and, with reference to literature in particular,

it is equally curious to discover the source, the seeds, to which we have been indebted for the mighty productions of those giant minds which have earned for themselves an immortality of fame. They, too, who may be "a little lower" than Shakspeare, on the scale of intellect and power—not that we mean to insinuate this of the once Great Unknown—are not without their share of interest. Gladly we accompany Sir Walter Scott through his little auto-biographical history. "And must I ravel out my weaved up follies?" he inquires. He "runs the risk," he tells us, "of presenting himself to the public in the relation that the dumb wife in the jest book held to her husband, when, having spent half of his fortune to obtain the cure of her imperfections, he was willing to have bestowed the other half to restore her to her former condition." For our parts, we neither see nor feel the tremendous hazard of the act. Without being very nice, with respect to the use of inverted commas, we shall here occasionally make free with Sir Walter Scott's own words—the only mode by which we can render him justice. Some of his old school-fellows can still bear witness that he had a distinguished talent as a tale-teller, at the time when the applause of his companions was his recompence for the disgraces and punishments which the future romance writer incurred for being idle himself, and keeping others idle during hours that should have been employed on their tasks. The chief enjoyment of his holidays was to escape with a chosen friend who had the same taste with himself, and alternately to recite to each other such wild adventures as they were able to devise. They told, each in turn, interminable tales of knight-errantry, and battles and enchantments, which were continued from one day to another as opportunity offered, without their ever thinking of bringing them to a conclusion. When boyhood, advancing into youth, required more serious studies, a long illness threw him back, by fatality, as it were, on the kingdom of fiction. Having broken a blood vessel, motion and speech were for a long time pronounced positively dangerous. For several weeks he was confined strictly to his bed, and not allowed to speak above a whisper. Thus, at the age of fifteen he devoured the contents of a circulating library, which exhibited specimens of every kind, from the romances of chivalry and the ponderous folios of Cyrus and Cassandra, down to the most approved works of later times. He was plunged into this great ocean of reading without compass or pilot; and, unless when some one had the charity to play at chess with him, he did nothing but read from morning till night. He became "a glutton of books;" and thus unconsciously amassed materials which, at a distant period, proved more or less serviceable. Subsequently, and by degrees, he sought in histories, memoirs, voyages and travels, &c., events nearly as wonderful as those which were the work of imagination; after the lapse of nearly two years, during which he was left to the exercise of his own free will, chance threw a good though old-fashioned library in his way; and, says he, "the vague and wild use which I made of this advantage I cannot describe better than by referring my reader to the desultory studies of Waverley in a similar situation; the passages concerning whose course of reading were imitated from recollections of my own." Mr. Scott had, for several years, been converted from a pains-taking lawyer of some standing, into a follower of literature, before he seriously thought of attempting a work of imagination in prose; although one or two of his poetical efforts had not differed from romances otherwise than by their having been written in verse. Yet, about thirty years since, he had nourished the ambitious desire of composing a tale of chivalry in the style of the Castle of Otranto, with plenty of Border characters and supernatural incidents. The first chapter of this intended work, to have been called Thomas the Rhymer—the hero of which was Thomas of Hersildoune, the Merlin of Scotland—is, with some other fragments, subjoined to Sir Walter Scott's introductory essay. Sir Walter's early recollections of Highland scenery and customs made so favourable an impression in his poem called The Lady of the Lake, that he was induced to think of attempting something of the same kind in prose. Accordingly, about the year

1805, he threw together about one third part of the first volume of Waverley. It was advertised for publication, but, having proceeded as far as the seventh chapter, and finding the opinion of one of his critical friends to be unfavourable, and having then some poetical reputation, he was unwilling to risk the loss of that by a new style of composition: he therefore threw the work aside, and its place of repose was entirely forgotten. Still the original idea was not relinquished; but unable to find what had been some years written, and too indolent to write it anew from memory, no further progress was made. Two circumstances recalled Mr. Scott's attention to the subject: Miss Edgeworth had, by her skilful delineation of Irish characters, acquired an extensive fame; and he felt that something might be attempted for Scotland of the same kind with that which Miss Edgeworth had so fortunately achieved for Ireland. Also, in the year 1807–8, he undertook, for Mr. Murray, to arrange for publication some posthumous productions of the late Mr. Joseph Strutt, amongst which was an unfinished romance, entitled Queen-Hoo-Hall. To that work he deemed it his duty, as editor, to supply such a hasty and inartificial conclusion as could be shaped out from the story, of which Mr. Strutt had laid the foundation. He did so; and this was a step in his advance towards romantic composition. His thoughts returned more than once to the tale which he had actually commenced, and accident at length threw the lost sheets in his way. He immediately set to work to complete it. "And here," says he, "I must frankly confess, that the mode in which I conducted the story scarcely deserved the success which the romance afterwards obtained. The tale of Waverley was put together with so little care, that I cannot boast of having sketched any distinct plan of the work." Waverley was published in 1814. "My original motive," observes the author, "for publishing the work anonymously, was the consciousness that it was an experiment on the public taste, which might very probably fail, and therefore there was no occasion to take upon myself the personal risk of discomfiture." For this purpose, considerable precautions, which it is unnecessary here to recapitulate, were used to preserve secresy. All this was quite fair. The precautions employed were perfectly successful; and perfectly successful, also, was the work. Still its author remained concealed. "I can render little better reason," says he, "for chusing to remain anonymous, than by saying with Shylock, that such was my humour." Here follows a vast deal of egotistical twaddle, which it is wholly unnecessary to trouble the reader to wade through. "I did not the less feel gratitude for the public favour, although I did not proclaim it—as the lover who wears his mistress's favour in his bosom is as proud, though not so vain of possessing it, as another who displays the token of her grace upon his bonnet." * * * "The knowledge that I had the public approbation, was like having the property of a hidden treasure, not less gratifying to the owner than if all the world knew that it was his own." * * * "Perhaps the curiosity of the public, irritated by the existence of a secret, and kept afloat by the discussions which took place on the subject from time to time, went a good way to maintain an unabated interest in these frequent publications. There was a mystery concerning the author, which each new novel was expected to assist in unravelling, although it might in other respects rank lower than its predecessors."

Now we are rapidly entering upon the cream of the feast. "If I am asked further reasons for the conduct I have long observed, I can only resort to the explanation supplied by a critic as friendly as he is intelligent; namely, that the mental organization of the novelist must be characterised, to speak craniologically, by an extraordinary developement of the passion for delitescency." Of *the* novelist! Of *what* novelist? If of the novelist, generically speaking, we deny the correctness of the position; for we shrewdly suspect that, if an investigation of the subject were to be instituted, Sir Walter Scott would be found to be the first novelist whose mental organization has been characterised "by an extraordinary developement of the passion for delitescency." Sir Walter has had the honour of founding a sect. Be it so. With reference to

this said "extraordinary developement of the passion for delitescency"—a most learned phrase, my masters!—he continues, "I the rather suspect some natural disposition of this kind; for, from the instant I perceived the extreme curiosity manifested on the subject, I felt a secret satisfaction in baffling it, for which, when its unimportance is considered, I do not well know how to account." Nor do we. We must be pardoned, however, for saying that, in our view of the case, it was —after a time, at least—a mere piece of northern mystification, which was found to answer a capital purpose.

We proceed. "My desire to remain concealed, in the character of the author of these novels, subjected me, occasionally, to *awkward embarrassments*, as it sometimes happened that those who were sufficiently intimate with me would put the question in direct terms. In this case [now mark, *specially* mark, what succeeds!] *only one of three courses could be followed.* Either I MUST HAVE SURRENDERED MY SECRET,—or HAVE RETURNED AN EQUIVOCATING ANSWER,— or, *finally*, MUST HAVE STOUTLY AND BOLDLY DENIED THE FACT." Now we peremptorily deny, that, "in this case, only one of three courses could be followed;" and we as peremptorily deny, that *either* of these three courses *ought* to have been followed. No man had a right to *demand* his secret; therefore he was not under the necessity of *surrendering* his secret. As little was he called upon to return, as little could he be justified in returning, an equivocating answer; "for, whoever seriously addresses his discourse to another, tacitly promises to speak the truth, because he knows the truth is expected;"* and, "where the terms of promise admit of more senses than one, the promise is to be performed in that sense in which the promiser apprehended at the time, that the promisee expected it."† Nor was the author of Waverley excusable in stoutly and boldly denying the authorship of that novel, or the authorship of any of its successors. Religion, morality, and honour, equally forbade the denial. We must be pardoned the use of a strong expression: a man of honour will not even *act* a falsehood.

But let us hear Sir Walter Scott himself. Referring to the *first* of the three courses—the surrendering of his secret—he says this "was a sacrifice which I consider no one had a right to force from me, since I alone was concerned in the matter." *Secondly*; "the alternative of rendering a doubtful answer must have left me open to the degrading suspicion that I was not unwilling to assume the merit (if there was any) which I dared not absolutely lay claim to; or those who might think more justly of me, must have received such an equivocal answer as an indirect avowal." *Thirdly*; "I therefore considered myself entitled, *like an accused person put upon trial, to refuse giving my own evidence to my own conviction*, and FLATLY TO DENY all that could not be PROVED against me." Mark the jesuitical sophistry of this; and mark, still more, the jesuitical sophistry of what follows:—"At the same time I usually *qualified my denial* by stating, that, *had* I been the author of these works, I would have felt myself quite entitled to protect my secret by refusing my own evidence, when it was asked for to accomplish a discovery of what I desired to conceal." Here we feel ourselves called on "flatly to deny" the existence of any analogy between the case of an accused person put upon trial at the bar of his country and that of Sir Walter Scott, with reference to the authorship of the Waverley novels. The law has wisely provided, that every man shall be *deemed* innocent till *proved* to be guilty: *when* proved to be guilty, a dreadful penalty—the loss of liberty, perhaps of life—is incurred. Not so in the case of Sir Walter Scott: in concealment he had committed no crime, legal or moral: no penalty could result from discovery, or, to use his own word, conviction: no man, as we have before said, and as he has himself said, had a right to demand the surrender of his secret; to give to his friends or to the public an equivocal answer, was little short of a negative, if not of a positive insult; and, "flatly to deny" the authorship was to degrade himself. Is it possible that a *fourth* course of proceeding—an honest,

* *Vide* PALEY's *Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy*, Book III. Part I. chapter 15.

† *Ibid.* chapter 5.

straight-forward, manly course—should never have presented itself to his mind?*

Sir Walter Scott's is probably a national failing. The Scotch are invariably regarded as a highly moral and religious people; yet it is curious to remark the ingenuity with which they frequently endeavour to cheat a certain old gentleman, who must here be nameless—the "Great Unknown" of another region. Of this, Sir Walter himself furnishes a very curious illustration in his note on the oath upon the dirk, at page 310, vol. ii. of the present edition of Waverley. "As the heathen deities," he observes, "contracted an indelible obligation if they swore by Styx, the Scottish Highlanders had usually some peculiar solemnity attached to an oath, which they intended should be binding on them. Very frequently it consisted in laying their hand, as they swore, on their own drawn dirk; which dagger, becoming a party to the transaction, was invoked to punish any breach of faith. But by whatever ritual the oath was sanctioned, the party was *extremely desirous to keep secret what the especial oath was, which he considered as irrevocable.* This was a matter of *great convenience, as he felt no scruple in breaking his asseveration when made in any other form than that which he accounted as peculiarly solemn; and therefore readily granted any engagement which bound him no longer than he inclined.*" Now, Paley says, and says truly, "whatever be the *form* of an oath, the *signification* is the same. It is 'the calling upon God to witness, *i. e.* to take notice of, what we say,' and it is 'invoking his vengeance, or renouncing his favour, if what we say be false, or what we promise be not performed.'"

We have said that it was not our intention here to attempt a criticism on the Waverley novels. No; far be the impious wish to shake the faith of the worshippers of the once Great Unknown; far be the impious wish to disturb the opinions of those who regard that personage as a second and a greater Shakspeare! In the new edition, many of the illustrative notes (which have already run the round of the diurnal and hebdomadal press) are at once curious and valuable. Warmly recommending it for its neatness and compactness, its beauty and elegance, it is our desire to leave the general and particular merits of Sir Walter Scott's compositions to the test of time—to the judgment of posterity.

H.

* For a further elucidation of this subject, the reader is referred to a paper entitled *Quackery in the North*, by "A SOUTHRON," which appeared in the fifth volume of LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE, page 153, immediately after the avowal of the authorship of the Waverley novels was made by Sir Walter Scott at a theatrical fund dinner in Edinburgh, on the 23d of February, 1827.

MARY MACGOHARTY'S PETITION.

By Mrs. S. C. Hall, Author of "Sketches of Irish Character."

"The untaught eloquence of nature."

WHEN first I saw Mary—we resided near London—and it may now be some ten years ago—(I believe a married lady may recollect for a period of ten years—although it is not exactly pleasant to remember for a longer time)—she was tall—flat—and boney—exceedingly clean and neat in her dress, and yet attended minutely to the *costume* of her country—her cloth petticoat was always sufficiently short to display her homely worsted stockings; and her gown was not spun out to any useless extension—but was met half way by her blue check apron; the "gown tail" being always pinned in three corner fashion by a huge corking pin—her cap was invariably decorated by a narrow lace border; "raale thread" (for she abhorred counterfeits) and secured on her head by a broad green ribbon. But Mary's dress, strange as it was, never took off the attention from the expression of her extraordinary face; it was marvellous to look upon, and had it been formed of cast iron,

could not have been more firm or immovable. Her forehead was high, and projected over large brown eyes—that wandered about unceasingly from corner to corner—her nose—stiff, tightly cased in its parchment skin—cheek bones, high and projecting—and such a mouth! She talked unceasingly—but the lips moved directly up and down, like those of an eloquent bull-frog—never relaxing into a simper, and much less a smile: even when she shed tears (for poor Mary had been well acquainted with sorrow) they did not flow like ordinary tears—but came spouting—spouting—from under her firm set eye-lids—and made their way down her sun-burnt cheeks, without exciting a single symptom of sympathy from the surrounding features. She was a good creature, notwithstanding—sincere—I was going to say, to excess. She prided herself upon being a "blunt honest God-fearing—and God-serving woman, as any in the three kingdoms, let t'other be who she might," and possessed a clan-like attachment to her employers. I have been frequently struck with the difference of Irish and English servants in this respect—an English servant always endeavours to erect her standard of independence without any reference to her master's name or fame; but Paddys and Shelahs—lug in the greatness—the ancient family—the virtues—and the wealth (when they possess any) on all occasions. "Sure an' Mabby you may hould yer whisht ony way," said one servant to another; "sure what dacency did you ever see! Who did *you* live wid? A taste of an English grocer! who hadn't a drop of dacent blood in his veins—only *trade* why!—the poor spillogue!—but I can lay my hand on my heart, and declare in truth and honesty, that I always lived wid the best o' good families—and what signifies the trifle o' wages—in comparison to the nobility—and the credit! Sure if we must be slaves—it's a grate comfort to have the rale gintry over us!"

Mary performed her duty as cook in our service most admirably for some time, and was most trustworthy; but in an evil hour—on a Saint Patrick's day—when Irish men, women and children—are legally entitled to an extra quantity of what I verily believe they have an innate love for—Mary obtained leave to visit her son, a soldier in the guards, to make holiday, and faithfully promised to be home by ten o'clock.—Ten—eleven—no Mary—at last with the awful hour of twelve—came—no spirit from the vasty deep, I assure you—but Mary—poor Mary—in the watchman's arms—perfectly—(and I sincerely grieve at being obliged to tell the truth) not ill—nor nervous—nor elevated—nor as the Irish call it "disguised"—but absolutely—stupidly—and irrecoverably—tipsy! What a piece of work there was in the house—cook was conveyed to bed, and, of course, dismissed the next morning—I was very sorry I confess—but mamma was never prone to alter her decree—and the thing was done. Mary cried—offered to take an oath against whisky—gin—brandy—rum—any thing and every thing—if she might only obtain pardon—and when all was useless, departed in sullen silence—hardly leaving "God be wid ye;" although she afterwards declared—"that barring it would be a most cruel sin, and what no true born Irish soul ever did—she would lave her curse wid Saint Patrick's day for the rest of its life—for whin poor innocent people met to have 'granough'—they forgot thimselves—to do honour to the holy saint—why not! though it's a rale pity—and och if the mistress herself, would just now and thin take only a thimbleful—she would not be so hard upon the poor craturs who are overtaken by the drop."

It was a long time before I heard any thing more of poor Mary—summer and winter—and again summer—and again winter—passed—and at last I became, from a giddy laughing girl—a staid, reflective matron, with a tolerable share of cares and a large portion of happiness of the sweetest kind, springing from a cheerful home, and beloved faces—its dearest ornaments! I had almost forgotten my old friend—her peculiarities—and her Saint Patrick's frolic—when I was one morning informed that an Irishwoman wanted to speak to me. In a few minutes Mary Macgoharty was ushered in—the very same as ever;—even the corking pin in the back of her gown seemed unmoved

—there she stood—looking at me, with her midnight eyes—until at last the torrent poured down her wrinkled cheeks.

"And there ye are God be good to ye! looking brave and hearty—only a dale fatter—och it seems quite heart-cheering to see a body with kivered bones these bad times—I'm worn to a nottomy wid grief and hardship—and I'd have been often to see ye before now—only ye'r married—and I thought may be the young master wouldn't like to have a thing like me coming about the house—only—ye mind the ould whisky man—the poor boy what used to bring it ye know from Donovan's, that fetches it over from Cork, pure as any thing only not quite so strong—*he* can't help that; well, I was strolling about—there by Hyde Park Corner; and wondering how the people spent their money that lived in thim big houses, and a cratur like me often in want of a mouthful o' pratees, let alone bread—when who should I spy coming along—just the morral of the ould thing, but Paddy Dasey—his face as red as a turf fire—and his two bags, one swinging before, and one behind, to hould the whisky jars. Well Ma'm my dear, he had always the swing—as who should say 'the street's my own'—and on account of his being so tall; and the eye he has left always skying—he'd ha' walked over me, only I says—says I—'Paddy have ye no sight for an ould country woman?' Well, he looks down—and after a hearty shake by the hand—we walks fair and asy to a seat—and then I tould him how long I'd been out o' place—and the heart trouble I'd met with. Well, he wanted me to take a drop, very civil—but I tould him of the obligation I had taken on myself whin I left the best sarvice—the best mistress—and the nicest young lady that ever trod English ground—and he remembered it too;—for he used to come with the whisky to the dear ould master (heaven be his bed—Amin!) but, says he, why don't you go see the young mistress—I'll go bail she'l be glad to see ye; and thin he spoke very handsome of his honor yer husband—who, he says, is almost as good as if he was an Irishman like you!—and tould me as how he sometimes bought whisky—and that you had the bit and the sup, kind as ever ye had it whin ye used to taze the life out o' me, by axing me always what o'clock it was, 'till that scald parrott, mistress's pet, used begin at four in the morning, 'Mary what o'clock is it?'—'Mary what o'clock is it.' Ah thin what's come of the parrot Miss—Ma'm, I ax yer pardon?"

"It's dead, Mary."

"Och murder! is she dead!—Well, I'll be dead myself soon—stiff as a red herring, and no good in me even for the worms—for sorra a morsel o' flesh on my bones!—I thought I'd just take Paddy Dasey's advice; and come and tell ye my trouble—and now I'm just come to ye for God sake; knowing ye can turn yer hand to the pen at any time—and on account of 'Squire Bromby, who is here now making speeches in the English Parliament, like ony Trojan as he is, though for cartin, his father was not that afore him, though that's neither here, nor there, as a body may say.—Now on account of the young 'Squire (who isn't the ould, becase the ould one's dead)—small loss!—Seeing my father (he was a wonderful clear spoken man—of a poor body—and had powerful larning) lived a matter of five-and-forty years on the 'Squire Bromby's estate (he that's dead, this boy's father) I being a poor desolate, lone woman, with no one belonging to me (barring the boy that's in the life guards—and had the ill-luck (God break hard fortune) to marry a scrap of an English girl, who had neither family nor fortune, nor a dacent tack to her back—and was married in a dab of a borrowed white rag of a *gownd*, not worth a teaster—and he a likely boy (and every body knows the English girls u'd give their eyes (small loss it u'd be to some of them) for an Irish boy)—as ye'd see in a day's march (ye mind my first husband was a soldier—and my second too—I'm a *Mac* in earnest, as a body may say—my own name Mac Manus—my first's name Macgoharty—my second's Mac Avoy—though I go by poor Jim's name, Macgoharty—Mary Macgoharty—at your sarvice—becase I liked him the best, not but the second was a fine boy too—but there's nothing goes past first love)—well I humbly ax yer pardon;—but I always like to tell the thing out of the face at onct, without any bating about the bush—so as I was saying my poor father (God rest his

soul) lived five-and-forty years to the good, on his honor's father's estate; in pace plinty and contintment, and no one could iver say to him 'black is the white o' yer eye'—may be ye mind whin ould 'Squire Bromby was returned for Tipperary—though it's as much as ye can, for ye weren't born at the time—and who set up too—but Jack Johnson—'Squire Jack—they called him; though I was but a girleen at the time—I niver could turn my tongue to say "'Squire Jack,' and he only a bit of a brewer;—well, my father (oh! he was down honest)—stood up for the ould gentry—and seeing he was so main strong, 'Squire Bromby made him one of the picked men at the election; and by the same token—the shillela he had, went whirring through the air like a shuttlecock; now cracking one skull, now another—now lighting here—now there—spanking about with rale glory, from the beginning to the end, it neither gave, nor had, rest or pace.—Well, there niver was such an election seen before or since—such tearing and murdering—Jack's boys killing 'Squire Bromby's boys—and 'Squire Bromby's boys skivering 'the Jackeens,' (as we called them) like curlews.—Well, that wasn't all—but one night (it was either the second or third day of the election) the ould 'Squire calls my father o' one side—' Mister Mac Manus,' says he. 'Don't Mister me,' says my father, 'if you plaze, becase Mister is no part o' my name, yer honour, I'm plain James Mac Manus'—and my father (he was very proud) stood stiff as an oak of the forest—' Well then,' says the 'Squire—fox-like—'honest James Mac Manus, my good friend, ye've stood firm to me for the honour of ould Ireland, a good friend, indeed, have ye been to me; and its I wont forget it—but clap yer eye James my boy—upon any situation in the three kingdoms—spake but the word—and 'tis yours.' 'Thanks to yer honor, many thanks to yer honor.' My father was a well-spoken man, but innocent-like (he was no ways cute) took it all for gospel. Well, my jewel, the next day—they fell to it again—and my father in the thick of it to be sure—like a grate *giaunt* tattering all before him, stronger nor ever—and more betokens—Jack Johnson (it's only justice to tell the truth) had powers o' money—and made no bones of the boys atin'—and drinkin'—at his expinse; he was a fine portly man, with a handsome rich nose—and deeshy-dawshy eyes, for all the world like a rat's, squinkin' and blinkin' under the devil's own bushy, black, winkers—ock so thundery! And as the rale ancient squire's tongue wasn't hung asy—and the other's went upon wires—why he had the advantage there to—and a bitter ruction it was,—all the boys, more or less, had smashed heads—and they tied them up—with garters, or stockings or sugans* — or any thing the owners came across to keep the bones together. Why! ——— but the spirit and the shillelas held out bravely. And the last day came, as it will upon the best of us some time or other;—and after all, 'Squire Bromby carried it, through thick and thin.

"Well, I'll say that for Jack Johnson—though only a brewer, he bore up like a king—not a taste out o' temper all the time—only as gay as a lark; capering about like a good one.—Bromby Park was a good ten mile from the town—and nothing would do my father (for he was perfect mad with the joy) but he put up the boys to draw the new member thim ten miles—like a pack of horses (more like asses—as my mother said)—and no bad load either—a heavy lump of a man, good and bad blood—though to tell God's truth—there was more of that last,—well away they went—huzzaing—and shouting—and got him to the house in less than no time. When fair and easy, out he steps, makes a bow—and an up-and-down taste of a speech, first, swaying on one leg, then on the other, like a bothered goose—turns into the house, without as much as offering even a drop of smalcum† to a mother's son of the whole of thim.—Well, after this, all the country called shame on him;—the tame Negre, and what made it worse—Jack Johnson gave his boys—even after—plinty of entertainment—and said that if he did lose the election, those who voted for him could not help it—and, consequently, should not suffer for it. After it was all passed, and the people come to their senses again—father thought it was time

* Straw ropes. † Small beer.

to put him in mind of his word (mother tould him how it would be) and so he set off, making a dacent appearance—to put the 'Squire in mind of his promise;—what d'ye think he said, and he a horse-back—in his scarlet Jock, as grand as a Turky man?—'Oh, yer name is James Mac Manus.—Well, James, how is the woman that owns you—and the children—all well, ay!—Place—indeed—hard things to get—wish I'd a good one myself.—Good morning, James—good morning.' And off he rode. Father was so stomached that he would never go near him again—'For,' says he, 'though he's a mimber of Parliament—he's no gentleman that dos'n't value his word; I'm sure I don't know how he came to be such a cankered thing—(unless he was changed at nurse)—for the breed of the family was always the top of the gentry.' Well, honey dear, may be I'm tiring ye too much intirely, but never heed I'm almost done;—ye see, Lord help us—my father's dead,—and the ould 'Squire's dead.—I'm in a strange country—and even my boy has no love for the sod,—seeing he wasn't born on it, nor never saw the green, green grass—or the clear water, or heard the wee birdeens sing, among the beautiful woods—bright and blooming, with the hawthorn, and the briar, and the wild crab-tree—it wasn't so with my Anne, my daughter—my only girl, who was born there before my husband took to soldiering—and she was so like him—his very morral—but she's gone—burried near Dunleary they tell me—and I shall never see her soft blue eye upon me—nor hear her voice—nor—but I ax yer pardon, Madam—I ought not to be troubling ye after such a fashion.

"They were pleasant woods that I sported among in my innocent morning—and y'ed hardly think to look now upon my withered skin—and my dim eye—and my grey hair—that I was once likely—and had the pick of the boys for a husband—but they're both gone from me—and the English daughter-in-law looks could enough upon the ould Irish mother-in-law!—but ye see the young 'Squire's got a brave name;—and is over here with the commoners,—and, I am tould, a noble spirited true gentleman; so I was just thinking, as yer handy wid the pen, may be ye'd write him (for me) a taste of a letter, just to put him in mind, ye know, as how my father lived upon his father's land, and telling him how poor I am (an' sure that's true for me! for, bad luck to the tack, I have but what I stand upright in,) sure I made this petticoat (and its a tidy one too) out of the grey cloak I got last winter (winter's a hard time on the poor)—was two years, to keep me dacent, and my poor bones from freezing—and never disgraced my country—by being behould'n to man or mortal—only why the poor has a natural claim upon estated gintlemin ye know—and just ax him civilly to give me two or three pounds—(he'll never miss it, my darling lady—never) to send me home—where there's ould people still I'd be glad to see, more partiklar my bothered sister—who lives nigh where my poor girl lies, jist by Dublin. I've had two warnings for death—(they always followed my family) and I know I can't last long—only yer sinsible,* Ma'm—nixt to dying in pace wid God and man, there's nothing like laveing one's bones among one's own—thin ye know its pleasant not to be among strangers at the resurrection—so I was thinking—"

"In one word, Mary—you want me to write a petition for you to 'Squire Bromby, as you call him?"

"Exactly—Och, you've hit it now—ye were always mighty quick that a way, may God bless ye—but mind, lady dear, not a word of the past, ye know—it would be bad manners, to be putting the dacent, noble young gentleman in mind of his ould foolish father's quare capers."

"Then, Mary, you need not have told me of them."

"Well, now—that bates all, why, how could ye get the understanding of the thing—if I did not tell ye—sure you must know the rights of the thing ony way—as the ould song says—

'I do not care for speculation—
But tell to me the truth at onct.'"

"Well, I dare say, Mary, you were quite right; but now, as you have given me understanding, allow me to commit your ideas to paper."

Poor Mary! I saw her a few days after

* You understand.

my scribbling, at her request, the petition she was so anxious about. She was as neat as a bride. New shawl—new bonnet—new petticoat—even a new corking-pin in the gown tail, for as the dress was of "stubborn stuff," it needed a strong restraint to keep the corners in proper order. She was very happy—and very grateful to "'Squire Bromby" and me—and as she seemed only disposed to talk of "Dublin Bay Herrings"—"Kerry cows"—"travelling expinses," (which she had fractionally counted up)—"turf"—"pratees"—and "Ould Ireland," I soon made my adieus—faithfully promising if I visited Erin in the ensuing season, not to forget paying my compliments to her in her sister's cabin—where she assured me, "their very hearts' blood should be shed to do me and mine sarvice!"

I was enabled to keep my word—but my interview must be the subject of another "sketch."

VISIT AT A FRENCH CHATEAU.—THE VINTAGE.

Having been pressingly invited by the *Marquis de Louvois, Pair de France*, whom I had met in Switzerland, and whose kindness and hospitality to the English are well known, to spend some time with him at his magnificent *château*, at *Ancij-le-Franc*, I set out from Dijon on my way thither about the middle of the month of October. The weather at this period was exceedingly fine, and most favourable to the vintage, which though well nigh over, I nevertheless had much opportunity of observing.

Perhaps there is nothing more gratifying to the eye of an Englishman than the process of wine-making; partly from its novelty, and partly because it harmonises with that bustle and "busy hum," with which the natives of commercial countries are more immediately familiar. It is pleasant also as an exhibition of human industry; and as tending to the production of national wealth, and individual comfort. In the states of the continent the eye is seldom relieved or the heart gladdened with the laborious enterprise, which is the glory and the boast of England, and one too often finds careless indifference or contented mediocrity, prevailing in all the grades of life.

But during the vintage every thing assumes a different aspect. The young and the old of both sexes find employment; and the country wears the smiles of gladness and contentment. The fields are filled with labourers gathering and sorting the grapes—the horses are yoked to carry them to the wine presses; and the cooper is overwhelmed with business in preparing the casks to receive the generous product of a country enjoying the blessings of a fertile soil and sunny sky.

Dijon, the capital of *Côte D'or*, is situated, as the reader may be aware, in the most pleasant and fertile part of Burgundy, and is watered by the rivers Ouche and Sugon. It is a fine open town, with large and regular streets, the winter residence of rich proprietors in the department. It is celebrated as the birth-place of Bossuet and Buffon, of Crebillon and Daubenton, who did so much for France in the improvement of her sheep and her wool. Here also Piron, who so pleasantly damned himself to everlasting fame in the epitaph, first saw the light—

> "*Ci gît Piron qui ne fut rien,*
> *Pas même Académicien.*"

And, strange to say, there is a street called after this self-denying name.

It is, however, as a wine country that I have principally to do with Dijon and its neighbourhood; and in passing from it to *Ancij-le-Franc*, my chief gratification was found in observing the progress of the vintage. It should be observed, that this part of France, though the soil is rich and fertile, forms no exception to the general aspect of the country, which is throughout flat and uniform. Indeed, the centre of *La Belle France* may be safely pronounced the least picturesque portion of Europe. The soil looks arid and stony, and the eye is wholly unrelieved by those bold eminences—refreshing waterfalls—and beautiful diversity of wood and dale,

which so delight the traveller in all parts of Switzerland. But, nevertheless, during the period of the vintage, the inheritance of the sons of Clovis assumes a new aspect; and the little stunted hills, covered alike with vines and grape gatherers, seem instinct with life and motion. During this season, we find a number of both sexes plucking the ripest and best produce of the vineyards, and depositing their burdens in small baskets with a heartiness and light gaiety, which deprives labour of almost all its weariness. This contagion of good spirits communicates itself to the younger portion of the labourers, whose business it is to glean the vines after the first party have stripped them of their more glorious burden. Nor do those who carry the baskets to the waggons or the wine presses feel less elated; on the contrary, they seem during this glad season to forget all their cares, and to fling their miseries to the winds. In their "looped and windowed raggedness" we can discern no touch of sorrow, for, like Malvolio, their bonnets are stuck with flowers, and their clothes are decked with ribbons, their mouths are filled with songs, and their very feet seem to reel under the rich inspiration.

As I passed the spot on which these scenes were acted, I could not help pausing to ask why this gaiety, and it was replied to me by twenty voices, "It is the vintage, it is the vintage." But I inquired, "Are you better paid during this period, that you are so glad?" "No, they were not." "Is the vintage, then, better than usual?" "No, it does not promise to be an average crop, and the proprietors all say they shall be ruined." "Why then this gaiety?" "Oh, the season comes but once a year, and we know no other reason why we are gay, but that we all dine together in the fields."

While I was thus conversing with a female peasant, I perceived every "outward and visible sign" of that dinner of which the girl had spoken, and I bethought myself that it would be well to witness the fare on which the French feed in Burgundy. "If," said I, "the dinner be not better than those on which the great body of the people generally contrive to live, the poor girl has little reason indeed to be light-hearted."

Every man or family had on this occasion his or their own dish; and of about forty who sat down simultaneously, there were only four who feasted on animal food. There was not an individual of the number, it is true, who had not some kind of *potage* formed in most instances of cabbage, or the large bean commonly called "*haricots blancs*." This wretched aliment with a large wedge of coarse brown bread, formed the staple food of all those engaged in the labours of the vintage. I soon, therefore, discovered that it was not the nature or quality of the repast that gave a zest to the meal, but the joyousness derived from mingling together. Here the lover sought a place next his mistress; and husband and wife began to play off that politeness of low life which in France—and in France alone—is understood.

In this respect, indeed, the French are the most extraordinary people in the world. The very *cheffeniérs* seem to have a "native and inborn grace," and to be endued with a polish independent of art; and the watermen in the streets of Paris, noted above all other classes for their rudeness, in meeting each other, exchange greetings in a style which would do honour to a Bond Street beau. It is in the country parts, however, of France, that scenes of this kind are seen in full freshness, that nature and feeling enter largely into these interchanges of civility. It is remote from the contagion of towns where manners are put on "as a garment," that "hands with hearts in them" seize each other with frankness.

The poor girl who had hitherto been my informant, perceiving the earnest interest with which I viewed the party assembling around me, requested me to join in their fare; but I told her that I had breakfasted late, and that I was bound to be several leagues off before dinner. Her mother approaching while I was in conversation, requested me to remain for at least half an hour, and that *then*, I would have an opportunity of joining *Eugénie* (for that was my fair informant's name) in the waltz. This was an invitation too flattering to be resisted; and, accordingly, I took my seat on the greensward next my companion.

The business of dinner seemed to be nothing in comparison to the dance that was to follow. This was the animating theme which revived the recollection of the old, and gave fresh inspiration to the ardour of the young. How different was all this from the dinner of the English peasant! Here was no "bemusing with small beer," and stupifying with strong—no coarse joke, or rough exclamation—no moodiness, or discontent—all was hilarious and happy. The wine went round; but it cheered, and did not inebriate, and after the second "stoup" all the party were on their legs; the old as spectators, and the young as actors.

In none of the elegant amusements do the French excel us so much as in the "dance." However, we need not blush at our inferiority, for we share it with all Europe. The Italian dance may be more full of passionate expression; but in grace, in lightness, in vivacity and celerity of movement, it is far below the French. Soon, however, were the gay party whom I had joined summoned again to labour; but they quitted their partners in anticipation of enjoying the same amusement after supper. In the shed or home where the process of wine-making was going on, though for a vulgar reason no women were admitted, yet the inmates were as gay as those in the field. Some were engaged in placing the grapes in the presses—some in emptying the vats—while a third party were preparing the rind or skin of the grape which had already been expressed, for the purpose of making that glorious brandy so well denominated by the French "the water of life."

It is well that the world are not initiated in the secrets of those crafts by whose instrumentality we are enabled to eat and drink, else the baker and the wine-presser would have but few customers. Even at *Ancij-le-Franc*, where no wine is made but for the private use of the proprietor, I saw enough to make my feelings rebel for the moment; but my old weakness came on at dinner-time, and though I was aware that the *Tonnerre*, the *St. Florentia*, and the *Nuits* were manufactured by the hands that I had seen in the morning, still "the hoar of time" I began to persuade myself had purged the liquor of all its original sins, and it now stood revealed in such perfection in cut glass, that to resist it were impossible.

But I have too long detained the reader from a description of the château of *Ancij*, perhaps the finest in France. Before arriving at the castle where the post is, we pass an iron foundery, for the erection of which, France is indebted to the *Marquis de Louvois*. Here numerous workmen are employed, and the produce yielded annually amounts to 150,000 francs. On entering the outer court-yard of the *château*, I was surprised at the number of horses and postilions, but I soon perceived that my host farmed the post; and that one side of the magnificent stables was dedicated to this public purpose, and that the other wing contained the Marquis's private stud. In the interior *cour* I was met by the *maître-d'hôtel*, who led me towards the entrance. The château is *carré*, and in the style of Louis XIV., though built long before the reign of that monarch. It was formerly the residence of the family of *Clermont de Tonnere*, which could boast of having a Pope and a Cardinal among their number at the same epoch. On the four walls of the *cour* remains the family motto of the *Clermonts*, of which *M. de Tonnerre*, Archbishop of Tours,* has lately made such factious use. This motto has, like the greater part of the château, escaped the ravages of the revolution. Passing along a beautiful and lofty corridor, I was soon in the apartment of the Marquis, who welcomed me with a genuine hospitality. He was in a hunting jacket, and had just been seeing his dogs fed. In the room were *Mme. la Marquise*, a female companion, and the

* By a royal ordnance of his Majesty Charles X., the archbishops and bishops were required to send to the minister of the interior a list of the *petits séminaires*, or minor schools, in their dioceses, with the number of scholars. *M. de Tonnerre*, however, in reply to the communication from the *bureau*, declined complying with the royal request in the words of his family motto, "*Etiamsi omnes, ego non.*" In consequence of this disobedience, his Majesty gave orders to his *premier gentilhomme de la chambre*, to notify to the archbishop the royal command, that he (the archbishop) should abstain from the royal presence till further orders. *M. Clermont de Tonnerre* is one of the most active of the "*parti prêtre.*"

domestic chaplain, an old and venerable man nearly four-score. The party, with the exception of the Marquis, were busily engaged at embroidery. After the usual compliments, the Marquis was kind enough to be our cicerone through the château, one room of which particularly arrested our attention. It had been the favourite apartment of *Madame de Sévigné*, when on a visit to the finance minister of Louis XIV., and was fitted up with a small library and writing-desk precisely in her taste. From this very apartment it was that the English Lady Montagu corresponded with Bussy-Rabutin, of witty memory, whose former château of Bussy, is about half-a-day's journey from Ancij. Having proceeded through the spacious corridors so admirably adapted for taking exercise in wet weather, and viewed the magnificent saloons, I was, with my party, ushered to our bed-rooms to dress for dinner, to which we were summoned at six o'clock.

A French dinner, in the house of a French nobleman, is very unlike the hospitality of a peer of England. In England you are often oppressed with state, and grow surfeited with the very pomp with which you are surrounded. An English peer generally lives for his retinue, and his house is regimented with servants. A French peer generally lives, not for his servants, but for himself—not that there is any want of attendance, for there is a becoming splendour. Though there is manifestly an advantage on the side of France, in social enjoyment, on account of the greater cheapness of provisions, yet it is not because of this that English fortunes are wasted. The great evil in England is the train of servants, who, in the common phrase, "eat the proprietor out of house and home." A French breakfast, however, is a thing to merit notice, differing essentially as it does from our's. At the Marquis's, indeed, in most country houses, breakfast is served at about half-past ten o'clock, but it looks more like an English dinner than our morning meal. In the first place you are always sure to see soup—generally fish, if it is to be had—with mutton cutlets—beef steaks *à l'Anglaise—fricassée de poulet*, together with all the accessories of tea, coffee, various kinds of bread, fruit, wines, &c. In truth, breakfast may be said to be the staple meal with the French, and perhaps they are wise in making it so.

On the second day of my visit, our host determined to exhibit to us a wild boar hunt. We therefore rose a little earlier than usual, and proceeded to the woods of Ancij, the property of the Marquis, and the most extensive in Burgundy. Here we found a number of wild boars, old and young, preserved for the purpose of being hunted. In a short time, one of the younger ones (*marcassin*) was let loose, and before an hour elapsed we ran him down. To follow a boar through the woods is by no means difficult, though it is somewhat dangerous. Almost all the woods belonging to great *seigneuries*, are arranged in alleys; but should the boar take to the coppice, and leave the alleys, the trees and shrubs are planted so widely asunder, that to follow is an easy task; it is, however, when wounded, that the boar makes fight. You may pursue him for ever without his becoming the assailant, but when once wounded, he turns round fiercely and makes a desperate resistance. It often happens that the hunters suffer for their temerity, and that the boar escapes with little harm; but in our case we were successful, and brought home the spoil in triumph. The next day being Sunday, we did our host the compliment of attending mass, with his family, in the chapel attached to the *château*. After the celebration of this service, we were called on to witness a ceremony of an interesting description—the marriage of the daughter of the steward, to a young doctor of the town of *Ancij-le-Franc*. In France, as in Scotland, marriage is a civil contract, and the parties wishing to be united, present themselves in the first instance to the civil authorities. The Marquis, therefore, as mayor of the town, was the personage to whom the young couple had, in the first instance, to apply; and finding that the match was in every respect eligible, he had appointed two o'clock for the ceremony. A considerable crowd had previously assembled in the *chancellerie* of the *château*, and at the appointed hour, the happy pair, attended by their relatives, appeared. As the clock struck, the Marquis entered in the costume of mayor, and addressing an Eng-

lish party, pleasantly said, "*Je suis père* (*pair*) *et mère* (*maire*)." This seemed to excite a smile on the countenance of the bride, and it was the only emotion that she betrayed during the ceremony. She was rather below than above the middle size—of a good figure, with features of exquisite symmetry, but little or no expression. The certificates of birth, &c., were now examined, and when the young lady was asked, "Do you take A. B. (*M. le Docteur*) for your husband?" she looked expressively at her mother, who firmly answered, "Yes." A similar ceremony was gone through with the young man, whose father answered for him, after which both parties entered their names in the parochial register, which was countersigned by the *Huissier*, and entered into another book by the *Greffier*. By the time this ceremony was over, a large party had arrived to dinner, among whom was *M. Jaquinot de Pampelune, Procureur du Roi*, an office of high trust in the law, and equivalent to our place of attorney-general. I was much pleased at having unexpectedly the opportunity of conversing with a person who had made so much noise, if not in the world, at least in the liberal journals. *M. Jaquinot* is a person of the most prepossessing appearance, with the air of a perfect gentleman, and is about sixty-five years of age. Time, which plays such sad havoc with our lawyers, did not appear to have made much impression on his brow, neither had his cheek that parchment tinge which is the usual accompaniment in England of the "*viginti annorum lucubrationes.*" Yet I found that the situation of *Procureur General* was by no means a sinecure, and that during the session of the Chamber, *M. Jaquinot* was occupied from six in the morning till twelve at night. Even while we were at dinner, a large packet of papers was brought by his secretary for signature, and I found that in the evening he was necessitated to go over the Paris journals of the day before, apparently on an errand of libel hunting. The emoluments of a man so importantly occupied, and amenable to public censure—which is often in France, unsparingly, and indeed unworthily inflicted—should be considerable. Yet I learned with some surprise, that the gains of *M. Jaquinot* were rather under than over £5,000 a year, and that there were few members of the bar of France, who made even £3,000 per annum, though the fees of advocates are higher than in England. In France, indeed, it is no uncommon thing to give an advocate from twenty to fifty Napoleons for a single pleading, but these pleadings are infinitely more laborious, as well as in general more lengthy, than any speeches of counsel in England; and the *Avocat* has certainly the trouble of directing the whole proceedings, and perusing, in many instances, a multitude of papers. The bar of France, however, in consequence of these high fees, has lately risen in public estimation, from the rapid accumulation of wealth by its members, and now, as before the Revolution, the younger sons of old and noble families enrol themselves in its ranks. Of this order of men was *M. Jaquinot*, but being without much patrimony, and of an aspiring disposition, he enriched himself by marrying *Mademoiselle de Pampelune*, whose family name he has taken.

At night (for both *M. Jaquinot* and myself were obliged to retire early—he to pursue his avocations, and I to be prepared to journey on to Paris in the morning) we parted with regret, after exchanges of mutual good will. Though I retired to the chamber, however, I did not sleep; the noise of the village rejoicings sounded in my ears, and towards morning when I was wearied into a sort of half repose, I was roused from my dreams by the discharge of a volley of muskets. I hastened to the village, and found it was my newly-married friends proceeding in public procession to the parish church to have the religious part of the ceremony performed. The venerable chaplain of the *château* was in his vestments officiating, whilst a crowd of boys and girls, in their holiday suits, and covered with roses, thronged round the altar. Outside the church a tremendous *feu de joie* was kept up, which nearly drowned the summons of the breakfast-bell from the *château*; to this, however, I was at length forced to attend; and bidding adieu to the gay and hospitable Marquess, whom, in the month of December, I hoped to join at Paris, I put my foot in the carriage, and arrived at Joigny to a late dinner.

NOTES AND SKETCHES OF PARIS.—No. IV.

By Louisa Stuart Costello.

The elms along the Boulevards now shower down their blossoms in the lounger's path, and above his head spread their refreshing shade—on every side of him are flowers—orange, myrtle, roses, whether arranged in their paper sheaths prepared for the allured purchaser, or ranged in pots before and around the *magasins de Flore* which blush in all directions; one race of flowers succeeds the other, and from the time of violets till the close of autumn, the Boulevards are always rich in beauty and perfume.

Père la Chaise is now in full luxuriance, and resorted to by crowds of sight-seers as usual. The general idea of visiting a cemetery would convey no very cheerful impressions; yet those suggested by a visit to Père la Chaise are far from gloomy—

"One wouldn't sure be frightful when one's dead;"

and the gilding, and painting, and trimming, and ornamenting of this dandy "place of thousand tombs" cannot but banish *triste* reflections.—The tombs of Rousseau and Voltaire are shortly to become a new attraction, as it is proposed to remove them from St. Geneviève. The shade of him of whom Voltaire said that he "was an empiric who poisoned our souls for the glory of curing them," may exult as "monarch of all it surveys" in this, its proper sphere; this region of overstrained feeling, affected sentiment, and ostentatious sensibility. It suits well the memory of Jean Jacques—but what has yonder light, graceful, yet antique and simple monument to do in such a place? Oh, unfortunate Eloisa—"*non t'appressar ove sia riso—ma pianto.*" The beautiful and venerable tomb of Abelard and his beloved excites only regret that it should be found in such inappropriate society. It wants the deep solitudes—the white walls and silver springs of Paraclete, and it stands amongst the gay and glittering throng, a stranger.

The *Jardin du Roi* has put on its gayest livery, and the long-imprisoned inhabitants of the *soi-disant* Swiss village are at liberty. The venerable cacique-like Llama reclines in stately ease, and meets the gaze of the multitude unmoved. The bright-eyed gazelles wander in freedom about their enclosures, the majestic ostrich stalks round and round, and the elegant-crested Balearic cranes walk gracefully amidst their shady domain, surrounded by shrubs and trees in full luxuriance, "laburnum rich in streaming gold," and the purple pride of the Judas tree in flower. The giraffe is as affable as ever, and his spots come out in bright relief—the solitary bison *looks* as untamed and *is* as harmless as usual.

But who shall express the beauties at this moment of St. Cloud, or those of the enchanted gardens of le Petit Trianon? In the latter, whose every shade recals the memory of the ill-fated and beautiful Queen who was its presiding deity, all that art and nature have combined to delight the senses is found; the emerald verdure, the light foliage contrasted with the deep masses of trees extending in long and varied vistas, the lake with its willows, the grotto and its rocks, the miller's cottage with its neighbourhood, the *laiterie*, the temples, and walks, and groves! How could aught but happiness appear in this abode of tranquil innocence? Yet the abandoned walls, the silent echoes, the unfrequented paths, tell the melancholy tale that recollections too bitter to be subdued have banished the royal possessors from this fair retreat, have made the glorious palace a deserted pile of grandeur only existing surrounded by its statues and costly ornaments as "the gaze of crowds and pageant of a day."

The lion of the hour is Gerard's new picture of the *Coronation of Charles X.*, which is just now exhibited at the Louvre, and is hung over the Entry of Henry IV., *pour le moment.* It is very fine and very gaudy—"The best picture in the *Louver*," said a British gazer; "what velvets! and what embroidery—and the herald's coat, how natural! and Marshal Soult's cloak, and Talleyrand's feathers, and the

gold knobs and the carpet, and the rosettes in the Duc de Bellune's shoes, and the archbishop's mitre and white gloves, and the Duc de Clermont Tonnerre, and La Fare's scarlet robes and lace, and the blue ribbon of this, and the red of that figure, and—where's the king?—oh, there he is, with red shoes, and stockings all over gold *fleurs de lis*, and his silver crown on; and sceptre in one hand, he holds the Dauphin with the other, and kisses his forehead, but they are both of the same age, how's that? Ay, and in the gallery sits the Dauphine, next her the little Duchesse de Berri, with the young heir on her knee, with a cap and feathers in his hand; next is the Duchesse d'Orleans and her daughter Mademoiselle d'Orleans." This picture belongs to the painter; he has done another for his Majesty, according to the taste of the latter. The figures stand out in perfect relief, the plumes almost wave, and the velvets almost rustle; all is wonderful and perfect, except—the faces. The attitudes of the heads are well enough, but their complexions remind one forcibly of a frequently recurring simile in old works of romance—The Seven Champions, for instance—" their cheeks are like roses dipped in milk;" pink and white they are, as any newly-painted barber's bust, or at best resemble, in animation and expression, as well as colour, the once-celebrated wax-work of Mrs. Salmon. They may be good likenesses; if so, it is altogether as ill-looking a party as one would wish to be introduced to.

Great preparations have lately been making for the reception of an illustrious stranger—a house has been erected for him in the Place Louis XVI., and all eyes have eagerly watched the progress of the building from the high terrace of the Jardin des Tuileries. "*La Baleine Gigantesque des Pays-Bas,*" now amazes the senses of the Parisian amateurs of the *beaux arts*, and doubtless the modes will soon be *à la Baleine*. It will take the place of the four Chinese who have been presented to the king (and whose opinion, by the way, of Gerard's picture, is, that it would be much admired in Pekin on account of the blues and reds) or of the German opera, which is just now a great favourite.

Paris, May 28th, 1829.

LOCHLEVIN'S FLOWER: 1568.

—— Le don d'aimer est un présent,
Que le ciel ne fait qu'une fois.

The moon was gliding with a queenlike stateliness along the darkening blue of the cloudless heaven; and many a bright and pale star was reflected with her on the bosom of Lochlevin Lake. Another shadow too lay there—from the dark massy walls of Lochlevin's castle, in the depth of which might be seen a small moving body; but it required more than a momentary glance to ascertain if it were indeed a boat. Yet such it was; though from the continued whispers of two male figures, who kept adding fuel to a small beacon-fire on the turfy bank, it seemed their business was not for every eye and ear. Sometimes, however, the deathlike silence reigning in the middle of a May night, made even their whispers audible.

"Methinks, mistress moon possesses more feminine attributes than her name. Can'st guess what they are, boy?"

Thus spoke the elder of the figures, to his companion, who seemed, at the most, about eighteen: his tall slight figure was wrapped in a beautifully-embroidered velvet cloak as he reclined negligently on the seat; yet, for a moment, he lifted his head and cast his full dark eye on the subject of the question; then, turning with a beaming look to the other, replied—

"Beauty must be one—and—"

"No, no," interrupted the first speaker, "thou art quite out—they are, vanity, and perverseness! Thou smilest, boy; and I see thee cast a triumphant look on that gorgeous velvet robe—boy, I know who gave it thee; one who, before this night dies in the rosy hue of morning, thou shalt call false—"

"Ah! Sir Knight—but pardon me, I cannot help laughing—thou art jealous, imagining the flower of Lochlevin, my fair cousin Marion, gave me this—"

"No, young Sir—she hath given thee ten times more worth than that—her own unsullied heart—and I warn thee, slight her not. As for she who gave thee thy dainty robe, though she be the fairest and the most noble in all Scotland, I tell thee, thou wilt think her more perverse than I now do yonder luminary, who will not find one veiling cloud under which to pop her provokingly bright face, whilst our signal might be seen by—"

"Nay, thou art abusing that peerless queen of night wrongfully, for see, Sir John; the light shines in the eastern window; and I—"

He stopped not to finish the sentence, but starting hastily from his seat, folded the cloak on his arm, and disappeared.

The solitary Sir John had scarcely time to exclaim mournfully, "Marion, Marion Douglas, thou hast given thy young soul to yonder unthinking youth; and envy and jealousy would prompt me to hate him, whom thou hast blushingly whispered in my ear, as thy heart's chosen husband; yet, Marion, for thy sake I will love him, and he shall know his own heart this very night; for certain I am, he still loves thee, though dreams of ambition and vanity have turned his thoughts on her whom all Scotland loves, and even England fears," ere the young man was seen returning gaily with one of nature's sweetest models—Mary Queen of Scots! while a page trod timidly by her side.

"William Douglas, my page is a weakly stripling, and this stolen flight is, to his timid spirit, even more alarming than a prison's walls; leave me then to the care of my Lord of Seatoun, and give thy arm to the trembling boy;" said the silvery tones of Mary Stuart; and giving her hand to him who had remained in the boat, she sprang lightly into it; then, seeing the young Douglas cast a burning glance on Sir John Seatoun, and a sulky look on the page, she again spoke—

"So, William Douglas, 'tis thus you obey our wishes; nay, then, we will help the boy ourselves."

"'Twould have been better, if all save thy own sweet self, lady, had been left behind;" he exclaimed, hastily stepping between the almost-clasped hands of the lovely Queen and her page; and throwing his arm round the tiny waist of the latter, was soon seated in the pinnace, and guiding it quickly to the other shore.

"'Tis a glorious night," again spoke Mary, with a deep sigh; "I have been so long kept from the sight of all heaven's brightness, that I could fain worship yon blue arch; and I am weary enough of life to wish I were in the land of glory beyond it. Oh! if I could but sink 'neath these chill waters for ever; but no, no, such a death would be sweet now; but then, the waking!" and she threw her arms around the neck of her sobbing page, and wept too.

For a moment the handsome young boatman rested on his oar, and cast another wrathful glance on this favoured boy; then, as the persecuted beauty turned her eyes upon him, and smiled through her tears, he resumed his task, and quickly neared the shore, where several cavaliers were impatiently, mounted on their steeds, awaiting their arrival.

"Thinkest thou, yonder stripling hath deceived us? By the Virgin, I would not mind dipping my bright sword in his blood if he hath betrayed our good Lord Seatoun. Methinks he put marvellously good faith in the youngster's promises," said one of the elder of the horsemen; and giving his steed the rein, he galloped to the edge of the broad silver lake, and cast an anxious gaze across it.

"Didst thou ever hear of a certain choice flower, which blooms in Lochlevin, Sir Knight?" asked a younger following the other, "and which our noble Lord Seatoun wished to pluck; or, to speak more intelligibly, didst ever hear how he asked the young leddy Marion to wed him, but she refused, 'because she lo'ed anither,' less worth in siller and lan, but far more in her ain gude opinion? Thou didst never hear so till now? Then, Sir, think you not Sir John might plaee more faith in the young Douglas' words for the sake of his kinswoman?"

"I' good sooth, thou speakest wisely," returned the first speaker. "So, 'tis probable we have been led here on a dallying errand: and I doubt not Sir John hath reaped the reward. I have half a mind

to let him taste Lochlevin's dungeons alone—for I—"

"Nay, nay, my lords," interrupted another, and who was the confidential friend of Seatoun; "Sir John is not used to lead his followers on a dallying errand; and now, Sirs, how would you like he should know the opinions so freely expressed? for see," he stretched his arm over the water, and pointed to a small speck in the distance, which was surrounded by many a silver flash, "he comes with our fair sovereign, and the young Douglas himself."

In a few minutes all the cavaliers had dismounted, and were standing with bared heads before Mary; who, acknowledging their courtesy by a few words expressive of her gratitude for this enterprise, sprang lightly on the awaiting palfrey, while the page grasped her bridle.

"Now, my brave knights," she continued smilingly, "we doubt not but our brave Lord Seatoun hath already informed you how much we owe to this gallant young man, William Douglas, our gaoler's kinsman; and we think, Sirs, you will acknowledge such a service deserves reward." One and all went up to the youth and saluted him. "William Douglas," she resumed, turning her bright face from his glowing eye, "'tis my misfortune to deserve a name—I cannot bear to speak it—but I have imposed upon thee with promises of love; nay, start not away so—and 'tis now time to undeceive thee. How little must thou have thought on the subject, to imagine that Mary Stuart could wed a stripling like thee; 'tis true thou didst see me sign my abdication of Scotland's throne, but I was then thy kinsman's prisoner; now, thanks to thee, Douglas, we are free, and would fain reward thee by bestowing on thee one more worthy thy love, and who has placed her every hope in the vows thou plightedst to her before I became the object of thy ambitious fickleness. Need I name her, William?"

"Cease, cease; I pray thee, lady!" exclaimed Douglas, indignantly; "I knew not Marion had been whining to thee—"

"And cease, William Douglas, I command thee! I, alas, have but too well learned to read woman's heart in its depths, boy; I have seen thee and thy cousin Marion together, and I know that thou art the object of her every prayer. William," Mary's voice faltered, "wilt thou return to Loch—"

"Never, never, lady: and listen, Mary Stuart, I will call thee once more—those vows were boyhood's—I have betrayed my kinsman's trust for thy promises of love; I now swear, for the same sweet guerdon, never to wed—"

A piercing shriek interrupted him, and the page loosed Mary's bridle and fell to the earth. In a moment the fair Queen leaped from her steed, took the boy from the care of the rough warriors, and kneeling on the turf, pillowed his head on her bosom; but as she did so, the embroidered bonnet fell from his brow, and long silken ringlets swept the earth.

"Marion Douglas!" exclaimed Sir John Seatoun, falling on his knees by Mary's side, that he might gaze more closely on the pale fair face she had fixed her lips upon, and assure himself that it was indeed her on whom he called.

"Marion Douglas! was it my father called me?" exclaimed the soul-stricken girl. "Oh no, oh no, now I remember all but too well. I need not ask whose bosom cradles me thus; there is but one would do so now. Oh, fair Queen, thou seest 'tis even as I told thee, though thou would'st persuade me otherwise."

"Hush, hush," said Mary, bending her lovely, but not more lovely face, over Marion's; "a few hours will tell thee yonder wild dreamer still loves thee; but he hath been slumbering in the arms of ambition so long, he knows not how to awaken. Still this throbbing heart, Marion—I have loved and been slighted too; but then, I could hate, I possessed not thy meek spirit." Then, turning to William, she continued, "Douglas, I see my knights are impatient I should be farther from my late prison; I will expect thee and—I will not say thy cousin—at Lothian;" and Mary placed her burthen on the heathery turf, and again mounted her palfrey, but Marion sprang to her side, and caught her rein.

"Stay, lady!" she exclaimed, wildly, "let William Douglas follow thee; for then his eye will be bright, as it always is when cast on thee; for me, I will back to the home of my fathers: I can manage

yonder little pinnace. Oh! often beneath such a moon as this have I guided it to the fairy islands around us, to seek—but now I am talking foolishly. William Douglas, thou knowest I have avowed my love for thee: why should I disown it? but now I bid thee follow our Queen; only promise me thou wilt not—should ye meet in opposite interests—that thou wilt not lift thy arm against my father; and, as long as the sky arches over the head of Marion Douglas, her blessing shall be on thee. I will tell Lochlevin's laird 'twas I who gave Scotland's Queen and thee the means to escape; he will not, cannot blame a woman's pity for one so young and unfortunate. Farewell, lady—Douglas, fare thee well—my Queen, thy country calls thee."

"Yes, Marion, thou sayest truly, and I must begone: my brave knights are impatient that the paper I have signed should be given to the flames or the winds. Farewell, for a short time, Marion! but, should we not meet again, I call on Heaven to bless thee, and all that shall belong to thee!" And Mary drew her hand from Marion's lips; then, with a full heart, motioned her followers, who immediately spurred their steeds, and disappeared in the winding road.

William attempted not to follow them, but stood in the same spot whence he had vacantly gazed on, and listened to the preceding scene; and Marion was already at her boat's side, when she heard a voice, she but too well loved to listen to, say softly—

"Marion, thou wilt not go alone; dare I ask to accompany thee—say, wilt thou let me guide thee to thy home? Then, an 'tis thy wish, I will leave thee and follow yonder deceptive beauty."

Marion for a moment raised her eyes to his blushing face, and said, "William, I cannot hear our amiable Queen thus spoken of; did not you deceive yourself?"

"True, true, Marion, I did so; but I have been dazzled, my very dreams have been rife with splendour, even crowns. It was but last night, Marion, I saw the Queen Elizabeth of England crown Mary Stuart as my consort for both realms; and I will own to thee, Marion, I this night thought to realise the smaller part of that vision, and looked forward to the completion of the whole. Thou mayst well smile; yet I could better bear chidings from thy lips; speak, Marion, wilt thou, canst thou forgive?"

Marion pressed her clasped hands on her heart, for she imagined it would burst; yet her voice was firm and deep when, as she sprang suddenly into the boat, she said—

"William, I forgive, and I will strive to forget thee: farewell!"

It was in vain he called passionately on her, and knelt on the green turf with his arms stretched towards the little bark which was now but a darker speck on the blue lake; but in that moment he learned how he had been tampering with his happiness. But he was not left alone; else might after events have been otherwise. Sir John Seatoun joyfully acceded to Mary's proposal, that he should draw his steed behind a clump of trees, and watch over Marion. There he had listened to William's confession; yet, ere morning was again born from Lochlevin's lake, he and his unhappy sovereign were joined by many a brave heart in West Lothian; but all the intervening "sayings and doings" may be understood from a few recorded minutes of the anniversary of this night in Lochlevin.

May's moon then threw its bright streams of light on the lake, on the walls of the long hall in the castle, and made more mournful the faces of two persons who sat in its window—Marion, and William Douglas.

"William," said the former, reclining her head on his bosom, and where it had rested but two weeks as his wife, "are not we both thinking on one subject—our sainted Queen?"

"Marion, dearest," he returned, "thou hast guessed aright. This time twelvemonths I was dreaming—as boys will dream sometimes. Many have been the events since then—some sad—yet one happy;"—and he passed his arm around her neck.

"You mean our bridal day, William," said the blushing girl; "but that beauteous young being who was so bright in hopes of future days of peace, the 2d of May, 1568—"

"I doubt not is in the regions of eternal peace the 2d of May, 1569, sweetest;

but are these looks for a bride?" as he heard the vainly-stifled sobs of Marion; yet large drops stood in his own eyes.

Marion raised her head, and turned her face full upon him: tears stood in the dimples smiles had drawn: she parted the thick raven curls from his brow, and pressed her lips upon it.

"Let us, on our knees, pray for the repose of Mary Stuart's soul, William," she said; "we will kneel in this stream of moonlight, for I could fancy her spirit hovers in it."

William threw his arm around, and prayed with her. And who will doubt but that such a prayer was granted? or who will not believe that Mary's young, amiable, but broken heart, hath found a sphere fitting its purity, its depth of hallowed but unappreciated feeling?

E. A. I.

THE FAIRY GIFT.

By the Author of "The Miser Married," &c.

My great great grandmother had a lover and a friend. The lover was rich and handsome, and these advantages were sufficiently estimated by the lady; but what completely gained her heart, was her lover's devoted attachment to herself. He existed only in her presence, and lived only on her smiles; at least, so he said, and so my great great grandmother believed.

The attachment of the friend, though different, was scarcely less ardent. She literally lived but in the presence of my great great grandmother. At home, or abroad, she was her constant attendant; assisting in her tent-stitch, giving her opinion on her lace heads, and the gold lace and embroidery which ornamented her velvet petticoats, choosing the ribbons which were most becoming to her complexion, and pointing out where her patches might be placed to the best advantage. How long the kind offices of this valuable friend might have continued cannot be known; for she had, most unexpectedly, a large fortune left her by a distant relation, and she and the lover were married.

My great great grandmother was, as may be supposed, extremely indignant at this double treachery; she vowed she would never more trust man nor woman, and for some time she kept her vow; but a second lover, richer and handsomer than the first, prevailed upon her to break the former part of it in his favour; and, as she scrupulously adhered to the latter part, she married her lover. But she was again deceived. She imagined that the man she had accepted loved her; when, in truth, he loved nobody but himself; and she had believed him amiable and complying, and he proved to be a domestic tyrant.

My great great grandmother submitted, as best she might, to a fate that was irremediable, as far as it regarded herself; but she was very desirous to avert it from her female descendants, and, for this purpose, she applied to Mary Catherine, Countess D'Aulnoi, author of the celebrated "Contes des Fées," who was distantly related to our family. It is well known that this lady was intimately acquainted with the fairies; and my great great grandmother intreated her to use her interest with some benevolent fairy to obtain for her female posterity the gift of detecting deceit. Madame D'Aulnoi very obligingly made application to a number of fairies who were her friends; but her request was refused by all; some alleging that their power was at an end, and others that they were engaged to exert it elsewhere. At length, a fairy was found who thought herself indebted to Madame D'Aulnoi for having been her biographer, and having spoken very handsomely of her; and she consented to confer the desired gift, under certain restrictions. The first of these was, that the gift should not take place till the third generation; the second, that the person possessing it should always speak the truth. Nothing could be more reasonable than that she, who was secured from being the victim

of deceit, should be forbidden to practise it; and my great great grandmother lived and died content, with having rescued her remote descendants from the calamity which had fallen so heavily on herself.

It was soon discovered that I was the *douée* of the fairy, and I was the terror of the nursery-maid as soon as I could speak. A young man visited her one evening in the nursery, when I was in bed, and was supposed to be asleep. "Who is that?" demanded I. "It is my brother." "I know it is not your brother." In the morning I told the circumstance to my mother; and, after some further prevarication, the woman confessed it was her sweetheart.

On going into the kitchen some time afterwards, I saw an old woman with a basket on her arm, which she held under her cloak. "What has that woman got in her basket?" said I to the cook. "She has thread and cotton to sell." The cook was frightened as she made this reply, knowing with whom she had to deal; yet she thought she might trust to the cloak for concealment. "It is not thread and cotton," said I, "it is cold beef." This I also reported to my mother.

So far, my gift gained me credit. The servants were diligent and honest, from necessity, and hated me accordingly; but my father and mother applauded my sagacity, and my adherence to truth. It happened, however, that my mother took a fancy to a Brussels' lace veil, which she had accidentally seen in a shop; and, though she was always liberally supplied with money, and had, at that moment, more than sufficient to pay for the veil, she feared she might incur the imputation of extravagance if the price of it were known. My father, she knew, was no judge of the value of Brussels' lace; but, unfortunately, she forgot me. Elated with her acquisition, she displayed her veil, demanded my father's admiration, and named the price at half the real cost. "O, Mamma," said I, "that pretty veil cost twice as much as you say!" In vain did she argue, and assert, and reprimand; I was invincible. My father forgave my mother, but my mother did not forgive me: the one called me a good child; the other, an impertinent little meddler.

A friend of my father's had died some time before this, leaving a widow and an only daughter, and had appointed my father the executor of his will, and the guardian of his child. Business obliged my father to be frequently at the house of these ladies; and though the mother was a very good sort of woman, and the daughter was uncommonly pretty, my mother took an inveterate dislike to them both. If, by chance, my father did not return home at his accustomed hour, she would say, "Ah! you have been at Mrs. Ryecroft's: there's no end of being executor and guardian to the Ryecrofts;" till, at length, my father felt some reluctance to own that he had been at Mrs. Ryecroft's.

One evening, when business had detained my father considerably longer than usual, and my mother's attack had been proportionably long and bitter, he endeavoured to appease her by saying, "You are mistaken; I have not been at Mrs. Ryecroft's." "O, papa!" exclaimed I, "how can you be so naughty! You have been there three hours!" It was now my father's turn to chide the little vixen, and now he did not forgive me. In a word, I was the spy of the family, distrusted by my parents, detested by the servants, and dreaded by all. Every voice was raised against me, and every individual rejoiced when I was sent to school.

But what did I gain at school, where I had to discover the artifices of thirty persons, instead of half-a-dozen! where no young lady could write, or receive a letter unsanctioned by the governess; or read a novel, when she ought to have been asleep, without my detecting the fault, and owning the truth! In vain I had an aptitude to learn, and a desire to oblige; one girl quarrelled with me, another reasoned with me, a third coaxed me; and when they found that nothing could prevail upon the spy and tell-tale to shut her eyes and govern her tongue, they agreed to shun me; and, when this could not be effected, no one would speak in my presence.

Cut off from society, I applied diligently to reading, writing, music, drawing, and dancing, together with the French and Italian languages; and my proficiency in these acquirements was such that my

governess was proud of me as a pupil, though she could not witness, without surprise and horror, the mischief I occasioned in the school. With pleasure she saw me leave her, and I returned to a home where I was unwelcome. I now began to suspect that the gift, which my great great grandmother had regarded as a favour, might have been bestowed as the punishment of her unreasonable importunities; and that penetration, and the disclosure of truth, should have their bounds.

But I was not long left a prey to these uneasy reflections; I was now seventeen, and it was time that I should try my fortune in the world. The secret of the fairy gift was known to few; and the proceedings of the young informer had been concealed as much as possible by my parents, and, what is more extraordinary, by the servants; but all were actuated by the same motive, the desire of getting quit of me.

I was taken by my mother to a large evening party; I was silent, and I was admired. A gentleman, in the crowded room, attracted my particular notice, on account of his fine, open, ingenuous countenance, and I could not refrain from fixing my eyes upon him more than once. "Surely," said I, to myself, "deceit cannot lurk under a face with that expression; here is a man who could not dread my unlucky gift." I saw him converse with several persons, and every body looked pleased when he addressed them; at length, I saw him speaking to my father, and, with a palpitating heart, I saw them advance towards the place where I was sitting.

My father introduced the gentleman to my mother and myself; I danced with him, talked with him, and never did evening pass so pleasantly. I, who had hitherto been an object of dread and aversion, and who had lived in the constant fear of giving offence, found myself the chosen associate of the man whom every one was desirous to engage; and I conversed with an ease and freedom, as new as it was delightful; for, as there was no deceit to discover, there was no apprehension of exciting displeasure.

The gentleman and I parted, charmed with each other, and our acquaintance did not end here. He was a worshipper of truth, and I was its devotee. Our attachment increased with our knowledge of each other; he made proposals to my father; he was unexceptionable in fortune, as in character, and we looked forward with confidence and rapture to our approaching union.

I believed that my lover was ignorant of the gift with which I was endowed, and I did not think it necessary that he should know it. Had he questioned me on the subject, I should, and must, have spoken the truth; but why discover a faculty, the exercise of which had occasioned me so much uneasiness, and by which he could not be a sufferer? By some means, however, he was informed of it, and, instead of his usual visit, I received a letter. In this he said his dream of happiness was over; his heart was nearly broken; he was obliged to renounce the only woman he had ever loved, and in whom he had found perfect sincerity. But the alternative of having a beloved wife endowed with the supernatural power of detecting and publishing deceit, whenever it met her ear, was too horrible to be endured. For himself, he dreaded not this power, as he trusted that the truth of his words, and the uprightness of his actions, would be made manifest by it; but he must inevitably be cut off from the society of human beings, if their faults were made known to him and to themselves.

On reading this letter, I exclaimed, in an agony of grief. "Oh! fairy, take back your fatal gift, and suffer me to be blind to the faults of others! Or, if not blind, to be silent!"

With this excessive agitation of mind, "I awoke, and behold it was a dream!"

C. H.

Original Poetry.

SELF REPROACH.

There was a dream, like a gleam of light,
  That o'er my fancy came:
Methought I was in the happy home,
  That I left in sin and shame;

Methought I was in my father's cot,
  Near to the Solway's tide;
And round the fire stood a happy knot
  Of children side by side.

My father sat in his old oak chair,
  With the bible on his knee;
And he raised his aged hands to heaven,
  And he prayed most fervently;

And the children stood with quiet looks,
  And sang the evening psalm;
And their tones came sweetly on the ear,
  In the summer's gentle calm.

My mother with her mild pale face,
  Her calm and serious look,
And with her soft sad eye uprais'd,
  Bent o'er the holy book.

My father and my mother knelt,
  And we knelt round their chair;
And with devout and holy heart
  Was said the evening prayer.

And then upon our humble board
  Was placed our plain clean food,
And our old father rose and bless'd
  The Giver of all good!

And then upon our humble beds
  We sought our tranquil rest—
For calm and holy is the sleep
  That falls on childhood's breast.

And dear and happy was my home,
  Near to the Solway's tide;
But sin, and shame, and sorrow came,
  And then my father died!

There was a youth—a tall, pale lad—
  With dark and troubled brow;
I loved him fondly, fondly then!
  I love him—even now!

He never loved—that matters not;
  He spoke with flattering tongue;
I listened to his false, false words;
  And I was frail and young.

Time onward pass'd—the moon shone bright
  When the dark glade I won;
My fair pale babe smiled in my face,
  And yet—the deed was done!

He never lov'd! He laugh'd to scorn
  The wretch thus stain'd with crime;
And I was banish'd from my home,
  My friends—my native clime!

And then my gentle mother droop'd,
  When none were near to save;
And now she sleeps her long last sleep,
  In my dead father's grave!

MARY C——

THE BROKEN HEART.

Oh! where is there peace for the broken heart,
  A haven of rest for the weary soul,
A power to bid the sadness depart
  That hangs like a blight o'er the mind, when the whole
Of the young love it cherished is ever fled,
And its blossoms of promise lie withered and dead?

Go, fly to the sunshine of pleasure's bowers,
  And mix in the mirth of the dance and song;
To the sparkling feast, where the blissful hours
  Glide soft as a silvery stream along:
Seek pleasure's gay crowd and its joys refined,
To drive foul care from the weary mind.

In pleasure? Ah! pleasure brings no relief
  To a heart that is deadened to all but its woe;
It falls like a discord on lonely grief,
  Like the song of a bride at a funeral show;
And pleasure, I ween, bears its own dull smart—
Oh! where is there peace for the broken heart?

In the smile of beauty there hangs a charm,
  That melts like the sun on the snow of spring,
And love is a magic will soon disarm
  Thy wasting grief of its poisoned sting;
Go, fling thy sorrows at beauty's feet,
And see how her kisses will make them fleet.

Ah! beauty's a syren that loves the glare
  Of worldly splendour that aids her spell,
Casting her smiles on the gay and fair,
  —Oh! beauty can never with sorrow dwell;
And beauty's a flower that will soon depart,
Ah! where then is peace for the broken heart?

In riches! for gold is the master key,
  That opens the gates of a thousand joys:
Go, fly to the palace of wealth, and see
  If grief fade not 'mid his gilded toys;
The world and its pleasures for ever stand,
Open and free at this god's command!

In riches! can riches bring back the peace
That sunned my heart in its spring of life?
Can riches the mind from its weight release,
Or free the heart from its inward strife?
Oh! happiness is not in riches' mart;
And where is there peace for the broken heart?

Go, fly where fame and glory lead,
Arise, and the sword of valour wield;
Go, gild thy name with some glorious deed,
Or bury thy woes in the battle field;
For glory's a sun that will even shed
A beam that will brighten a heart that is dead!

In glory? Ah! glory's a meteor light,
That dazzles a moment, then is not seen;
Can the blood of a thousand slain in fight
From the memory wash what once hath been?
Oh! glory may joy to the gay impart,
But where is there peace for the broken heart?

"In God! In God!"—Thou hast said indeed
The only word that may life impart;
For he who raiseth the bruised reed
Will surely smile on the contrite heart;
—I have found a balm for my weary pain,
And my broken heart shall revive again.

A. P. T.

LA BELLE BOUTIQUIERE;

OR, BEAUTY'S INVITATION AT THE SPANISH BAZAAR.

By Henry Brandreth, jun., Author of "The Garland," &c.

Come, ladies, buy—true, I have no
Fond hearts to sell for love or gold;
But I can many a trifle shew
Of fairy work for young or old.
Lady, I've crosses for the breast,
And rings to catch the lover's eye—
And love's to all a welcome guest—
Then, lady fair, come buy, come buy!

Come, ladies, buy some little toy,
Some trifling gift for those you love;
And when your blue-eyed, cherub boy,
Young mother, manhood's joys shall prove,
Will ye not both e'en then look back
To this one hour, and bid the eye
Trace it as memory's brightest track?
Then, lady fair, come buy, come buy!

Come, gentles, buy—and, lover, thou
That look'st so sad where all are gay,
Thou, first, light up with hope thy brow,
Buy this gold ring—away, away!
Thy lady-love may, haply, frown,
But what of that, so beams her eye?
There is a spell all women own;
'Tis love's gold ring—come buy then, buy!

Come, gentles, buy—'twere hard indeed
Should youth and beauty plead in vain;
Come buy—and bosoms now that bleed
Shall throb with life and love again;
And hopes, as brightly they expand,
Shall chase the tear from sorrow's eye,
For charity opes wide her hand,
As beauty pleads—come buy, then buy!

Temple, May 30, 1829.

LINES TO ——.

Oh, dearer to this breaking heart,
Than words of mine can ever tell;
Has it been our's for *aye* to part?
Been our's to breathe a *last* farewell?
Oh! how in life shall either dwell,
Without a hope to meet again?
In both our breasts what sighs will swell!
What thoughts distract each aching brain?

Such tender joys as we have known!
Such oaths as we in fondness swore!
Such pain felt e'en to be alone
An hour—and now to meet no more!
Our summer walks, are they all o'er?
Our musings on the wintry hearth?
Our tales which the long evenings wore?
Then what hath either left on earth?

But thou perchance art false—like all
My past fond hopes have hung upon;
I did not deem that *this* would fall—
Thou wert its stay—but thou art gone.
All hopeless now, I journey on,
And bear with me a bleeding heart;
'Twas ill to do as thou hast done,
But bless thee, love, where'er thou art.

N. B.

SONG.

Go, cruel hearted trait'ress, go!
And leave this heart to droop and die;
Thou can'st not feel the thrilling woe
That bids me thus in secret sigh.

The wrongs that thou hast heap'd on me,
This heart, too sure, can ne'er forget;
And though no more belov'd by thee,
Thy falsehood it must still regret.

No other love this heart can know,
Since all thy vows have prov'd untrue;
Nor ever through my mind shall flow
A thought that can my pain renew.

Then, go! and never once again
Return, in cruelty, to me;
That only fills my heart with pain,
Which seems the gayest sport to thee.

Dulwich Grove. W. H. L.

Records of the Beau Monde.

FASHIONS FOR JULY, 1829.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF THE FASHIONS.

ENGLISH FASAIONS.

Evening Dress.

A dress of crape, the colour of the Chinese rose, over white satin, finished round the border of the skirt by a broad hem, headed by Castilian points of crape bound with satin, falling over. The body is *à la Roxalane;* the sleeves short and very full. The hair is elegantly arranged in curls and bows, and ornamented with full-blown Provence roses. The ear-pendants and necklace are of pearls; the latter superbly disposed in rich festoons. The shoes are of Chinese-rose-coloured satin, tied *en sandales.*

Walking Dress.

A dress of fine jaconot muslin, ornamented at the border by several tucks, which are narrow, and ingeniously disposed in scalops. An apron of lace is added, figured *en colonnes.* The body is made plain, but is covered by a *fichu*-pelerine trimmed round with broad lace, and surmounted at the throat by a lace ruff. The long sleeves are of the last fashion, named Oriental. The bonnet worn with this dress is of *Oiseau-de-paradis gros de Naples,* trimmed slightly with the same material, and white gauze ribbon striped with blue. The gloves are of saffron-coloured kid, and the shoes, which are fastened *en sandales,* are of black corded *gros de Naples.*

FRENCH FASHIONS.

Public Promenade Dress.

Over a petticoat of jaconot muslin, with embroidery let in, in two distinct rows, is worn a pelisse-robe of Navarin-blue, watered *gros de Naples.* The *corsage* is without sleeves, and folds back from the bust, *en schal.* The sleeves are of white muslin, *à l'Imbecille,* confined at the wrist by a plain cuff. A *chemisette-canezou* of fine India muslin is worn under the pelisse, laid in small plaits, and confined round the throat by a black velvet *collier à la Jeannette,* but instead of the usual convent-cross of gold at these neck ornaments, is suspended one of the Maltese order. The hat is of Navarin-blue crape, ornamented under the brim with white blond, and points of blue satin; the crown elegantly adorned with white blond, and two white *esprit* feathers. The ear-pendants are of gold; and shoes, tied *en sandales,* the colour of the pelisse.

Walking Costume.

A pelisse of jaconot muslin, open in front, and embroidered down each side in an elegant pattern; a slighter embroidery surmounts the moderately-broad hem surrounding the border. The sleeves are *à l'Orientale,* and are edged at the wrists, where they are left unconfined, by a row of delicate embroidery. This pelisse has a double pelerine cape, each cape trimmed round with fringe, over which is embroidery to correspond with that at the termination of the sleeve. A triple ruff of lace encircles the throat; and a belt of white watered ribbon is fastened round the waist by a gold buckle in front. The bonnet is of white chip with spring-green ribbons, and ornamented with branches of willow: a cornette of blond is worn under the bonnet, slightly trimmed with green ribbon.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHIONS AND DRESS.

At our public spectacles, we find but little change in the style of dress since our last accounts. For splendour we must look to the magnificent court of our beloved monarch, who, at the latter end of May, gave life to St. James's palace, and cheered the hearts of his loyal sub-



PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS. WALKING COSTUME.

Published by G. B. Whittaker for La Belle Assemblée No 55 new series July 1st 1829



EVENING DRESS. WALKING DRESS.

Published by G. B. Whittaker for La Belle Assemblée N.° 55 new series July 1st 18[illegible]

jects by the short visit he paid to the metropolis.

But these glories have passed away; and though the fashionable winter, as it is called, is not over, full dress is somewhat on the decline; and the more youthful part of our females of rank are seen with their Hebe-like countenances, with no other ornament on their heads than their own beautiful tresses, arranged with becoming grace and elegance.

The out-door coverings consist chiefly of muslin mantelets, or large pelerines richly embroidered, and trimmed with lace; *canezou*-spencers, also, of fine *tulle*, trimmed round with a narrow *ruche* of the same, are much in request. The latter have a pelerine-collar, and are finished at the shoulders in points, which fall over the sleeves of the silk dress worn with them as a *mancheron*. Shawls and scarfs of beautifully-painted crape, terminated at the edges by a rich, though light white fringe, grace the carriages, and are seen at the morning exhibitions and the theatres. The pelisses are the same as last month; of dark or light colours, and very simple in their make and style of trimming. A few shawls of black lace have appeared, but we cannot pronounce, with any decision, their becoming fashionable again: they were certainly seen on very distinguished females, and they, like celebrated beauties, may be allowed to wear anything.

Leghorn and Dunstable bonnets now prevail much: their shape is truly becoming; and though the bonnet is larger, it is very much in the former cottage style. The Dunstable bonnet, intended solely for the morning walk, or morning airings in the country, in an open carriage, is encircled round the crown by a broad, handsome ribbon, of which the strings are formed, and which tie under the chin. A satin lining, the colour of this ribbon, completes the accessories of the bonnet. The Leghorn bonnets are rather more ornamented, and are very much in the shape of those head-coverings, called, by the French, hat-bonnets. They are very short at the ears, and wide in front, where they have much the appearance of a hat. They are trimmed either with bows or puffings of broad, striped ribbon: in either case the loops are very long. Sometimes, particularly in carriages, a few flowers, with green foliage, are added. Coloured bonnets of *gros de Naples*, especially those of pink or green, are much in favour; these are chiefly in the cottage form, and are adopted in walking costume. With white, and also with coloured silk hats and bonnets, in carriages, we generally see a beautiful veil of white blond, or a broad blond trimming at the edge of the brim.

White muslin dresses now increase daily in favour: those of coloured crape are still worn at balls and at evening parties. White Chantilly lace, also, over white satin, is much worn by young ladies in full dress: the *corsage* richly ornamented; a splendid brooch of jewels placed in the centre of the bust; and the short sleeves of rich blond looped up by pearls or diamonds. The dresses of coloured gauze are generally worn over slips of white *gros de Naples*. Some white crape dresses are beautifully painted in a pattern of flowers of various colours. The petticoats are very short, and when the body is made quite plain, it is trimmed round the bust by a falling tucker of blond. Chintz dresses, in Persian patterns, are much in favour for morning dresses and home costume. When these dresses have a ground of some lively colour, they form, with a muslin *canezou*, a very pretty costume for the morning promenade. The sleeves are immensely large, particularly in half dress. A white morning gown, of cambric or jaconot muslin, appears like a surplice; and in every kind of dress they have an untidy, ungraceful appearance. We fear there will be no change in them this summer, as they evidently allow the entrance of cold, or cooling air.

Ears of corn, and various other ornaments in brilliants, are worn in *grande parure*, by young married ladies; who also frequently adorn their hair with rosettes of ribbon in half dress. The younger ladies, as mentioned above, have, in general, no ornament besides their hair. There are exceptions, however, particularly if the party is very splendid. *Bérets* are worn at dinner parties, by many ladies, and are of blond or gauze, ornamented with flowers. The dress hats for the Opera, are of white crape, and are orna-

mented with gauze ribbon and white plumage. Some of the head-dresses in hair are finished by corkscrew ringlets, gracefully falling from the summit of the Apollo knot over the left side. The blond caps have still very broad borders, which are turned back, and the ornaments, either of ribbons or flowers, are placed underneath, and lie on the hair. Many of these ornaments consist of leaves cut out of green ribbon. The hair, under these caps, is arranged in very full clusters of curls on each side of the face.

The most admired colours, are pink, straw-colour, violet, green, Mazarin-blue, slate-colour, milk-chocolate, and yellow.

Cabinet of Taste,

OR MONTHLY COMPENDIUM OF FOREIGN COSTUME.

By a Parisian Correspondent.

COSTUME OF PARIS.

The packing-cases containing summer dresses, the band-boxes filled with the most becoming morning caps, and light hats for the promenade, with various boxes containing gauzes, ribbons, &c.; are now fastened to the travelling calash, and a family carriage thus loaded, as though it were for a voyage round the world, is only going to transport its owners, perhaps, to a very short distance from Paris.

The fashions, however, are fixed there before the sojournment in the country begins. One of our newest articles in the out-door department is a coloured pelerine, trimmed round with a fringe, of the same pattern, and the same breadth as that which may be on the border of the dress. These fringes are very much the rage, and those most admired are made of silk cord. Light scarfs, disposed in elegant drapery, form a favourite out-door addition to a dress made partially high, in the public walks. Many of these scarfs are of black lace. Pelisses of a wrapping kind, either of white or coloured muslin, generally rose-colour, form a very prevailing morning dress in the *Bois de Boulogne*. The sleeves of these pelisses are enormously wide; and the waist is confined by a *cordelière* of red and yellow-twisted cord. Some of these muslin pelisses are left open in front, and discover an embroidered petticoat.

A Leghorn hat, ornamented with the tips of several white feathers, and white, striped gauze ribbon, has been much admired; a *bandeau* crossed the hair, under the brim. Another hat of white chip has been seen on a very pretty young female: it was ornamented with green and cherry-coloured ribbons, with a long branch of purple fox-glove, bent archwise; and all the flowers now worn in branches are bent in that manner. When flowers are placed on silk hats, they are generally composed of either the blossoms of the chesnut or of the marshmallow. Bonnets of light-blue *gros de Naples*, are trimmed with a demi-veil of white blond; but those bonnets formed of gauze ribbons sewn together, are reckoned most elegant for *négligée* costume. One of the fashions of the moment is a bonnet of fancy straw, striped, or figured in diamonds, and lined with coloured sarcenet. Straw hats are ornamented with large flowers and their green foliage. On crape hats the flowers are small, and disposed in aigrettes; or sometimes feathers are preferred.

White Organdy dresses, worked with coloured crewels, of which I made mention in my last, still continue to be the rage. I saw one at the *Théâtre Favart*, lately, on a lady, which was so embroidered, as high as the knee, with wreaths of vine-leaves, and bunches of grapes, in their natural colours. The *corsage* fitted tight to the shape, with a drapery across the bust. Many dresses are made with a stomacher, having a sharp point, and this stomacher is edged round with fringe: ruffles are worn at the wrists, of fine muslin bordered by narrow lace. When dresses are figured in large patterns, or broad stripes of striking colours, they are trimmed at the border with broad bias folds, so that the pattern figures across in bias. The petticoats are worn very short. A grand ball, which we may venture to pronounce the last till next winter, was lately given: I was present, and remarked a very handsome woman in a dress of white crape, ornamented with a broad gold fringe, which almost covered the broad hem at the border. A ribbon of gold gauze formed the sash, tied in a bow

on one side; and a fringe, like that on the border of the dress, was attached to one shoulder, and floated over the sleeve. There were also several dresses of *blond gauze* worn over *gros de Naples*. A pretty young Marchioness wore a poplin dress of Chinese-green, trimmed with a broad fringe. Another lady had a dress of white organdy embroidered in coloured crewels, in a pattern of winter cherries with their foliage. On white muslin dresses, which are now become very general, are seen, at the borders, broad hems headed by a full *ruche*: the muslin of which the *ruche* is formed is edged on each side by a narrow Mechlin lace. On clear muslin dresses are seen fringes formed of white *cordon*; and this sort of fringe is placed beneath a wreath of embroidery, or between two rows of lace or thread-*tulle* let in.

Dress hats are now seldom seen, either at the public spectacles, or at evening parties. Blond caps, adorned with foliage and ribbons, are very general. In full dress, ears of corn, in diamonds and emeralds, are favourite ornaments on the hair. *Bérets* of white crape are often seen trimmed with silver lace; and an Italian *béret-toque* of pink crape *gauffrée*, and ornamented by a forest of pink feathers, has been very much, and justly admired. The hair is arranged quite in the English style, though many young persons still continue to arrange their tresses *à la Chinoise*. Several ladies confine the half of their hair under a Spanish net-work; the curls and ringlets on the other side of the head are very tastefully arranged; and when the features are expressive and the figure good, this style of *coiffeure* is very charming. Another head-dress, *à l'Espagnole*, consists of a tortoise-shell comb with a very high gallery, supporting, in an elevated situation, a group of bows and braids, with a Spanish bow of ribbon of five or six loops and two fringed ends; above which is fastened a black lace veil, which, falling behind, serves for a *fichu* over the back, shoulders, and bust. Many ladies ornament their hair with bows of ribbon, of a very beautiful figure as to pattern; appearing like fine blond over coloured ribbon. Those ladies who have their hair arranged *à la Grecque*, now generally ornament it with a wreath *à la Jardinière*, very full over each temple, but very thin of flowers behind, and over the forehead.

The favourite colours are green, violet, Burgundy, blue, rose-colour, and marsh-mallow-blossom.

The half-boots lace withinside of the ankle; they are most admired when of Burgundy, or of violet-colour.

The newest parasols are of figured taffety, in Chinese patterns; they are smaller than they were seen last summer.

Monthly View

OF

NEW PUBLICATIONS, MUSIC, THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN DRAMA, THE FINE ARTS, LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE, &c.

From the unusual number of books before us, this month, we feel ourselves under the necessity of generalizing far more than is consonant with our wish. Indeed, were we at liberty to gratify our own inclination, we should be desirous of allotting to the two volumes of "*Tales of the Wars of our Times, by the Author of 'Recollections of the Peninsula,' &c.*" greater space than the whole of that which we are confined to in this department of La Belle Assemblée. These tales are given as purely imaginative; and their object, which is admirably achieved, is very happily stated by their author—Captain Sherer, we believe—in his preface. "All I pledge myself to preserve," says he, "is the character of the wars of our times;—to show in what a difficult and unhappy relation to each other individuals of conflicting nations are often placed—to show how domestic happiness is frighted away

—how human loves, human friendships, become broken or destroyed by their cruel operation;—to exhibit, by true inference, that

> ' False the light on *glory's* plume,
> As fading hues of even,
> That youth, and hope, and beauty's bloom,
> Are blossoms gathered for the tomb;
> There's nothing bright but—heaven.' "

Seldom does a writer come to his task with qualifications so well adapted to its successful completion. Possessed of the finest materials, Captain Sherer has the eye of taste and the hand of skill for their disposition. With a correct knowledge of the localities of the countries in which his plots are cast, he has a painter's perception of the beauties of their scenery, and his descriptive powers are of a high order. More than this, he enjoys a profound knowledge of the human heart; he enters deeply into all the good, the amiable, the generous, the benevolent affections of our nature; his discrimination of character is clear, distinct, and forcible; and, with a delicacy of mind, a purity of sentiment, rarely surpassed, he never fails to touch the secret springs of sensibility, to awake the tenderest, the sweetest, the most soul-subduing pathos. Though, perhaps, somewhat too fond of melancholy catastrophes, his stories are full of that which, while it checks our pride, our vanity, and all our evil passions, compels us to sympathize with, and even to love our poor, frail, suffering humanity. Ay, still further—it teaches us to rely with firmness on the spirit's never-failing hope.

There is, too, another noble feeling which pervades these volumes; a feeling which is calculated to impress indelibly upon *man's* heart the truth, the intenseness, the unswerving, undying fidelity of *woman's* love. Were we to speak of "The Lady of Cordova, or the Spanish Brother,"—the first and longest of the tales before us—in the language of a painter, we should say that its composition and its grouping are faultless: the canvas is not crowded: not an incident, not a character is introduced that does not, directly or indirectly, promote, sustain, and heighten the main interest. The most exquisite harmony is produced by the most powerful contrast. Even the minutest accessories bespeak the hand of a master. To say nothing of the principal characters, which are all finely drawn, Bartolomé Perez, the blood-seeking man-hunter of the mountains, is a perfect Rembrandt-sketch, of depth, and darkness, and power. Nor, for its striking originality, ought Presidonio, the wretched goatherd boy, to be passed unmentioned. But we cannot particularize.

In "The Tyroler," the incidents and transitions of the story are more violent—the parts are not altogether so well harmonized. In themselves, however, regarding them as distinct and isolated sketches, these parts are, each and all, wonderfully effective. The meekness, the humility, the resignation of the pious, but love-ensnared pastor, Christian, is exceedingly beautiful. That magnificent fiend, Lorenza*, is dazzling as Lucifer in his brightness. This tale might, we think, with stricter poetical justice, and even, with increased effect, have been terminated happily: enough of suffering had been endured; and, to see the virtuous consigned to irremeable misery, is distressing to the heart.

It is in this view, perhaps, that we have a fonder preference for the story of "The Rivals," the chief scenes of which are laid in Badajos, previously to, at, and after, the storming of that town by the British. The sanguinary horrors of the storm, and all that followed, are described

* "Lorenza Cantonati was above the middle size, and looked not very young; but if enchantment in its awful and fearful power was ever the gift of woman, it was her's. Her black and glossy hair was parted on her forehead, and thrown careless back, not in curls or bands, but in rich luxuriant volumes, with the wave of nature, and it hung in waving tresses on her fine falling shoulders; her eyes were black and large, and wild in their expression, like those of the Lybian Sibyl; her nose strongly defined; her mouth as expressive nearly as her eye; her form was of the most perfect proportion: her dress was white, with the exception of a corset of orange-coloured velvet, with lacings of like colour; her arms were bare to the very shoulder, where ribbons of the colour of her boddice looped up the full muslin; a cross of topaz sparkled on her white bosom; and large ear-rings of gold flashed pendant from beneath her dark tresses; a small Venetian slipper, and stockings of white silk, with open clocks, showed to advantage a foot and ankle of the smallest."

with graphic force. Harry Blount, a fine young English officer, the favoured lover of the generous and noble-minded Juliana, is preserved; but his more touchingly-interesting rival, Ernest Lavalle, an officer of the French garrison, perishes in the enviable act of protecting the worshipped object of his love.

"Maria of Meisen," though slight, is pleasing; but "The Moravian Brothers" we regard as a mere makeweight. Altogether, however, this is one of the most delightful books that we have long had the pleasure of perusing. If it might not be deemed unfair to mention a prose-writer with a poet, we should be disposed to compare Captain Sherer with Mrs. Hemans: his turn of sentiment, and even of expression, reminds us forcibly of hers: Captain Sherer's writings are full of the same rich, deep, solemn, holy feeling by which those of Mrs. Hemans are so pre-eminently distinguished.

"*Geraldine of Desmond, or Ireland in the Reign of Elizabeth, an Historical Romance,*" presents a vivid picture of the moral and political state of that unfortunate country during the distracted period of the sixteenth century, when the family feuds and quarrels of rival chiefs, combined with the national hatred and impatience of the English yoke, produced deeds of violence, bloodshed, and treachery, on the one hand, and of heroism and magnanimity on the other, to which modern and civilized society affords no parallel. Happy in her choice of time, our author has been no less so in her selection from the mass of material which that time offers; the history of the Earl of Desmond, who has been variously represented as "an unprincipled traitor to his sovereign," and as a hero, the champion of his country's freedom, presenting a series of romantic incidents which the pen of fiction, unaided by truth, would fail in supplying. Preserving the distinction between a novel and a romance, and conforming, as far as practicable, with the rules for the construction of an epic, the writer has, though guided by history in her record of facts, elevated her principal characters above the grade of common humanity; and, with this elevation, the poetical colouring diffused over the language and dialogue naturally harmonizes. The heroine, Geraldine, "an abstraction of the mind embodied by the fancy," the daughter of the Earl of Desmond, is a finely imagined and well sustained character; and her devoted attachment to her father, whom she accompanies through all perils and dangers, and her love for the Viscount Thurles, the son of the Earl of Osmond, the hereditary foe of the Desmonds, are wrought into a deeply interesting and exciting narrative, into the details of which we purposely and from necessity forbear to enter. The style is poetic, energetic, and characteristic—many of the scenes are spiritedly drawn—the descriptions are accurate and glowing, the result of deep research in the chronicles of the times.—The author is Miss Crump.

Mr. Carne is well known to the reading world, as the author of "Letters from the East," and "Tales of the West of England," works which have well earned their popularity; and his present effort, "*Stratton Hill, a Tale of the Civil Wars,*" though in some respects it may disappoint expectation, will not diminish his fame. Selecting for his scene of action, Cornwall, a province hitherto little explored by the romance writer, but which, from its remoteness and isolation, has preserved more tenaciously, perhaps, than any other in the kingdom, its primitive customs and feelings—a province with whose peculiar scenery, "its wild hills, and shores, and sullen heaths," he is intimately and familiarly acquainted; choosing for the period of his story the stirring times of the struggles between the unfortunate Charles and his rebellious Parliament; and deeply read in the chronicles of his country, our author has amassed *matériel* for a work of high and commanding interest. Elegantly and forcibly written, abounding with ably drawn and original sketches of character, and of romantic and picturesque scenery, and with spirited descriptions of the camp and battle-field, its every page bearing testimony to the genius and talent of the writer, as a "*tale,*" —*as a continued narrative*—we must consider it as a failure. The work resembles an extensive gallery of paintings: its pictures are all clear, fresh, distinct, and glowing; each in itself a noble effort of art; but they must be viewed separately: they have no connexion that can awaken

or sustain interest. The *dramatis personæ* are too numerous—the transitions too violent and sudden; the narrative, instead of flowing freely on, every incident and character converging to one point, is obstructed and retarded in its progress; and no sooner is the interest of the reader excited on one point, than he is rudely hurried off to another, from which he is as suddenly carried back to the former, or forward to a third. Such are the defects of the work as a novel. We regret, however, that we cannot offer, for the gratification of our readers, even one of the animated and characteristic sketches which occur in rapid succession. Yet even if our limits gave permission, we should be distracted in our choice of one, where all are excellent. The high-souled and patriotic Sir Bevil Granville, the gallant cavalier—Trevanion, and the beautiful, the wildly enthusiatic, and devoted Eleanor—her sister, the more gay and gentle Catherine, and the mild and romantic puritan—Carries, the landlady of the Ivy Bush, and her fair and melancholy and early widowed daughter Elizabeth—Kiltor, the wrestler—Andrew, the standard bearer—the fiery and vindictive Nicholas —Arthur Trenlyon, and his maiden sister Tomasin, holding themselves aloof from society, shutting themselves up in their ancient mansion; their pride of ancestry, and boast of descent from the renowned Prince Arthur, elevating them in their own estimation above all the nobles of the land;—the kind-hearted, but shrewd and self-interested waiting-maid, Honor—are, with many others, all vigorous sketches from the hand of a master. Of the plot it is impossible to speak; the story of each individual, or, at least, of every two individuals, being complete in itself; and the different persons of the drama, though they may occasionally come in contact, have no necessary connection with each other. Were we to select our own hero and heroine, we might be guilty of injustice to the other characters, each of whom holds nearly an equally important station in the work. With the historical events of the period, to which Mr. Carne has strictly adhered, the reader is well acquainted; and, with all its deficiencies, Stratton Hill is a production of high and powerful talent.

"*The School of Fashion, a Novel in Three Volumes;*" is one of those light productions which gaily run the round of the circulating libraries. Its characters are numerous: spiritedly sketched, they make their *entrée* with some *éclat;* but the outline is not sufficiently filled up—the original idea not adequately sustained and carried through. From this it may be inferred, that the author's *forte* lies in the first conceptions of character: these, indeed, are clear, distinct, and natural; they indicate acuteness of observation, and a keen perception of the ridiculous. The story commences with the general peace, when, in consequence of long non-intercourse with the Continent, our unmarried damsels had become "so detestably English as to be unfit for wives to heroes and travelled gentlemen." To remedy this evil with respect to her only child, Mrs. Lovaine departs for the continent with her daughter, Elinor, a simple unaffected child of nature, leaving her husband and his nephew to enjoy themselves in her absence. Poor Elinor is a perfectly passive instrument in the hands of a manœuvring mother: without an eye for pictures, or an ear for music, she is hunted and worried through a varied course of instruction, and at length returns to England, just as wise, and just as highly accomplished, as when she left "her own, her native land." However, these volumes are written in a light and amusing style, and will not be without their admirers.

To the lovers of the wild and the wonderful, of the marvellous and the imaginative, an unexpected treat offers itself in "*The Five Nights at St. Albans,*" certainly one of the most extraordinary, if not one of the most beautiful productions of the season. At a period when the public taste is so decidedly in favour of truth and nature—or of the *vraisemblance* of truth and nature—it was a daring experiment to put forth a tale of necromancy in three volumes—a tale of "pure fiction; founded upon no tradition; derived from no legend; but altogether a creation of the imagination." To sketch the story, which displays great ingenuity of construction, would be to destroy its effect, and to inflict an act of injustice on the reader as well as on the author; suffice

it, therefore, to say, that it is of the most intensely interesting and exciting character, and that it is admirably sustained to the close. The events are comprised in seven days; the scene never changes from St. Albans; the characters, though numerous, are constantly before us; and the incidents follow in such close and rapid succession, that, from the first page to the last, the attention of the reader is scarcely ever, even for a moment, either diverted or distracted. The author is possessed of extraordinary powers of invention; he sways the wand of the magician with a hand of might; his vivid pictures thrill the heart of the spectator, by turns, with horror, pity, and wonder. Without breaking in upon its interest, a short extract will faintly shadow forth the nature of the work; and, for that purpose, we select a portion of the vision presented on the second night, to a party who had boldly determined to spend the midnight hour in the Abbey, with the hope of tracing to its source the supernatural appearance which that building had assumed on the two previous nights.

While they were thus gazing on vacancy, and every bosom (aye, even Peverell's, Overbury's, Lacy's, and they who had no touch of unseemly fear in their composition) beat high with mysterious apprehension, a blush of light, rather than light itself, was gradually diffused over the whole interior of the Abbey. It resembled that delicate vermilion tinge, which, in the height of summer, announces the glorious coming of the sun, before the eastern hills blaze in the splendour of his ascent over their proud tops. It appeared as if the place were filled with a fine transparent atmosphere, steeped in the richest hues of pale red roses. Through this thin veil of charmed air every part of the Abbey was dimly visible; and it sent forth a delicious perfume, more grateful to the senses than all the odoriferous drugs and spices of Arabia, which seemed to dissolve them in the languor of luxuriant repose.

This scene of wonder was contemplated in silent astonishment. Not a whisper was heard. Gradually it melted away, grew fainter and fainter, and at last wholly disappeared.

But it was followed by wonders of another and more appalling kind. For now, a dark blue mist or vapour was seen creeping along the ground, rolling surge on surge, like the tide of the ocean, and ascending higher and higher every moment. It curled up the walls, wreathed itself into shapes of life, or formed objects of nameless horror, striking so cold upon the limbs, and so chilling to the blood, that their knees smote each other, and their teeth chattered.

At this moment the Abbey bell tolled the first hour of twelve. It sounded like the clangor of a hundred enormous bells, each striking at the same instant.

"Gracious God!" exclaimed Peverell; "behold!"

Close by the door stood Kit Barnes, and by his side the old man—the goblin with the iron hand, who, with an exulting look, pointed towards those at the other end. The appearance of Kit was no longer that of one who belonged to this earth. The phantom figure, grizzly and cadaverous, seemed a hideous incorporation of the blue mist itself, rather than a form enveloped in it; for, as the vapour thickened, his spectral shape darkened into obscurity, and at length faded from the sight.

* * * * * *

In the midst of these appalling shadows reappeared one of frightful aspect. Suddenly, the spectral form of Kit Barnes became visible, seated at the table, and clothed in the garb of the grave. His shrouded arm was wound round the body of Walter Wilkins, which seemed gradually to wither away, till at length there sat his ghastly companion ALONE, in his seat. He looked sorrowfully upon the rest, and pointed to his left arm, on which was visibly imprinted the mark of a hand—the iron hand of the goblin. Then addressing himself, as it were to speak, the phantom slowly melted into air!

The writer tells us that there are about thirty pages, part in the first and the remainder in the second of these volumes, which appeared fifteen or twenty years ago. We suppose the fact to be, that he considers he has as much right to an old tradition as Sir Walter Scott himself; especially if, as we presume to be the case, he had made it his own by previous appropriation. Still it would have shewn good taste in the author of "The Five Nights of St. Albans," not to have re-introduced these thirty pages to the public eye. If our memory serve us correctly, the subject was treated of, but not offensively, in one of Sir Walter Scott's notes to "Rokeby:" here it is amplified, and in language not very consistent with the delicacy or fastidiousness of modern ears. It would have been better, too, if in this work, the common-place agency of witchcraft could have been altogether dispensed with.

A slight volume, entitled "*Tales of a*

Physician, by W. H. Harrison," consisting of nine sketches, written in a style somewhat *passé*, has little to distinguish it beyond the moral and religious feelings by which its pages are pervaded. Our author has availed himself of all the opportunities which the medical profession offers, of becoming acquainted with the affairs of his neighbours; and the result has been the present volume, which, unexceptionable in its nature, may not be found destitute of interest and amusement. Without having, according to instructions given in the preface, examined the records of the University of Timbuctoo, for his diploma, we may venture to pronounce "W. H. Harrison" to be "no true man;"—we mean, *no physician.*

We have much satisfaction in announcing the appearance—in its "third edition, considerably augmented,"—of "*A General and Heraldic Dictionary of the Peerage and Baronetage of the British Empire, exhibiting under strict Alphabetical Arrangement, the present State of those Exalted Ranks, with their Armorial Bearings, Mottos, &c., and deducing the Genealogical Line of each House from the Earliest Period; with an Appendix, comprising the Prelates, Surnames of Peers, Titles by Courtesy of their Eldest Sons, Names of Heirs Presumptive, &c., by John Burke, Esq.*" The advantage of alphabetic arrangement, for immediate reference, in a work like this, is so obvious, that we are surprised it should never before have been adopted. So fully and so accurately descriptive of its contents is the title-page of this ably executed volume—comprising about nine hundred closely, yet clearly and handsomely printed pages, in double columns—that we hardly feel it necessary to offer any further illustration. The first edition — every copy "having passed within a very few weeks from the publisher's shelves"—never reached us. More than twelve months were consumed in re-preparing a second edition for the press. From the preface to that edition, we extract the following paragraph:—

It has been re-modelled—almost re-written—and the utmost endeavour has been strained to insure accuracy. It differs from the former edition, in enumerating, in almost all instances, the individual members of the immediate past, and of the existing present generations:—in deducing the pedigrees from the remotest period, instead of limiting the research to the person first dignified by an hereditary title of honour; —and in comprehending the Baronets of Ireland, and (Scotland, or) Nova Scotia, which are not to be found in any other book of reference extant."

The third edition, now before us, having been called for within a few months of the publication of the second, the editor subjected the work to another full and elaborate revisal; and it appears that he has adopted, upon as extensive a scale as possible, numerous alterations, additions, and improvements. As far as we have been able to ascertain, it is entitled to great praise for that essential excellence, denominated accuracy. We hope it will not be long before we shall see Mr. Burke's "Dictionary of the Gentry of Great Britain," which we understand has been some time in progress, and modelled exactly upon the plan of the present work.

At a future time, it is our intention to take up, and to review at considerable length, in its progress, that admirable and valuable work, "*The Animal Kingdom, described and arranged in Conformity with its Organization, by the Baron Cuvier, Member of the Institute of France, &c. &c.*" At present, our limits permit us only to announce the appearance of Parts XVIII. and XIX.; each containing about two hundred pages of letter-press, and, together, thirty-five beautifully executed plates of birds. Combining the useful with the agreeable, Mr. Griffiths, the very able editor of the work, has enabled the present edition of Cuvier to embrace all the scientific detail required by the regular student of natural history, and also —gleaned from a variety of authentic sources—all the light, curious, and amusing information that can gratify the general reader. We should widely overleap our prescribed space, were we only to enumerate the various subjects which are enlarged upon in the two Numbers before us; yet many will be pleased to learn, that, amongst the more prominent of those subjects, are the habits of the lark, goldfinch, nightingale, canary, linnet, raven, magpie, parrot, &c. Ample instructions are given for the breeding, rearing, and educating of such birds as

are domesticated amongst us. By the admirers of animated nature, this publication cannot be too extensively known.

It was with no slight foretaste of weariness that we commenced the perusal of "*Vallery, or the Citadel of the Lakes; a Poem, by Charles Doyne Sillery,*" in two volumes. The author, however, has endeavoured, by the charms of variety, to lighten as much as possible the labour that, in the present age, must attend the arduous undertaking of reading a poem in nine cantos; every form which English verse is capable of assuming has been employed; and as he himself observes,

"—— every stanza brings another note."

The scene lies partly in Spain and partly in an island of the Indian Ocean. Mr. Sillery has resided in India: all his pages glow with eastern scenery; our eyes are dazzled—blinded with the overpowering lustre of eastern gems, eastern birds, insects, fruits, and flowers; our senses oppressed with eastern perfume, and the songs of the bulbul. The story, sufficiently romantic, and not without ingenuity and interest, is somewhat as follows: —The Baron Vallery has two daughters, Ximena and Zara; the former dies from the effects of a concealed passion for her sister's lover, Alonzo. Alonzo joins the Crusaders, and in his absence Zara is borne off at a tournament by a party of Moors, whose chief, Sayd Abeed, has been smitten by the charms of the Spanish maiden. The Moorish vessel is overtaken by a storm, in which Sayd, intent on his own preservation, very ungallantly leaves Zara to perish. She is cast upon a desert island, a second garden of Eden, where

The turf was strewed with flowers of every dye,

* * * * * *

As if the rainbows of a thousand worlds
Had poured from heaven to clothe an emerald;

and where the flowers that fringed the turf

Were far outshone in pomp and paint;
Nay, e'en the Iris' hues were faint
Contrasted with the plumage gay
Which gleamed like gold on every spray.
The peacock strutted o'er the grass,
Where th' emerald lizard was seen to pass,
Like a living gem, or a beam of green light,
Where the gold and silver pheasant white,
The rose-red thrush and the black *cuckoo*,
The turtle dove, and the wild *hoopoo*,
The snow white form of the *cockatoo*,
From blossom to blossom, from tree to tree *flew*
Wherever the crimson berries *grew*.

There she lives, we know not how long, very happily, a female Crusoe, till the arrival of a ship offers a promise of return. We must not forget that during her abode on the island, a party of Hindoos arrive, and finding Zara asleep in her bower, mistake her for the goddess of the island, and pay their adorations accordingly, with hymns and votive offerings of flowery wreaths, &c., after which they retire in their canoes, their wild songs and dances not having broken the sound sleep of the lady. The vessel in which she is homeward bound is taken by a pirate, who conveys her to his cavern home. The pirate has no more *politesse* than the Moor, for, without inviting the lady to partake of the repast prepared in "the nether grotto," he leaves her to her meditations, after the following consolatory address:—

Here thou shalt wait, my fair one, our return;
I'll leave thee for a while unto thy thoughts;
Bethink thee then how thou mayst serve thy lord
To please him, for this night thou art my bride;—
Ere the red sun walks up the mountain slope,
I'll lead thee to a sacred cave—a cave
Sacred to demons—and there call thee mine;
Fiends shall unite us,—thunders thrill thy blood,—
And voices not of earth proclaim thee mine!
Ha! thou shalt be the bride,—the wife,—the slave,
Of one who hates the light of day;—who hates
Himself and all mankind; who knows no God
Save his own passions;—who detests the name
Of heaven, and love, and virtue, and such dreams;—
One who can scorn, and who doth smile at fate,
And fate's first cause;—one who abhors all earth,
All Heaven—and glories in his villany.

* * * * * *

Farewell, my living fountain!—See thy tears
Be wept and wiped away ere I return!

Return we now to Castle Vallery, where the Baron, and Alonzo after his return from the Crusade, live in despair of ever again beholding Zara. But we must be brief. The vaults of the castle are said to be haunted by the ghost of a bleeding

Moor, who had been murdered there by spirits. Alonzo, flushed with wine, pledges himself to the performance of the ceremony that is to lay the troubled spirit. Instead of a bleeding Moor, however, he finds Zara in the cavern, which communicates with the sea, where she had been left by the pirate. Alonzo leads her to the castle, where the whole household come out to meet her—

The matrons (who with joy arise,)
The maidens with their sparkling eyes,
And locks in golden flow;
All crowd into the castle hall,
To welcome back their Zara.
There's Juliana fair and tall,
There's sweet and lovely Lara,
There's Arabella ever gay,
And elegant young Flora,
And happy Chloe full of play,
And eloquent Deborah.
Next Rachel, with her silken plaid,
Then beautiful Minguela,
And blooming Rosa, healthful maid,
And laughing Juanilla.

The pirates are duly exterminated by Alonzo, when another foe appears in Sayd Abeed, who openly attacks the castle. Lord Vallery and Sayd kill each other in combat, and, every impediment removed, Alonzo and Zara are united for better or worse.

As a poem, its greatest fault is want of originality. As the author has employed every form of versification, so has he laid every English poet under contribution. Yet can we not accuse him of plagiarism, since he refers us, verse and stanza, to the poem which he has quoted, copied, or mutilated. With what success he has imitated, or rather *improved* upon, Pope, let the following lines, taken almost at random, serve as a specimen:—

Oh! guard me through the dangers of this day,
And give me what Thou see'st alone is good.
If I am right, impart Thy heavenly grace,
That I may still continue in that path.
If I am wrong, O! teach my heart to find
A better way, and lead me by thine arm
Where'er I go, through this day's life or death.

Another serious objection is the frequent adoption, literally and periphrastically, of the words of Holy Writ. Religion is too sacred a subject to be mixed up with tales of wild romance. The instances of this want of taste, to speak in no harsher terms, are innumerable. The notes, which are extremely verbose, occupy nearly the half of each volume. We learn from the concluding stanza, that Mr. Sillery is a "youthful bard:" we fear that he has mistaken his *forte*, in attempting the tuneful art. With a memory stored with the productions of our best poets, with a mind alive to all the beauties of nature, he has mistaken feeling for inspiration—the love of poetry for the capability of writing poetry.

There is more freshness, more originality, more of the strong natural spirit of our glorious old English dramatists, in "*John Overy, the Miser of the Southwark Ferry, a Drama, in Three Acts, by D. W. Jerrold, Author of Ambrose Gwinett,*" &c., than three-fourths of the tragedies and comedies that have been written within the last twenty years can boast. The story is not altogether so skilfully, or so effectively constructed as it might have been; but the respective characters are very ably sketched and sustained; and the possession of dramatic tact and power is evident in every scene. Were talent of such promise to be duly encouraged at the winter theatres, the degeneracy of the British stage would not long remain a subject of legitimate complaint.

Whether we regard correctness of moral, general excellence of subject, accuracy and elegance of style, beauty of embellishment, or neatness of topography and binding, Mr. Harris may fairly be said to distance all competitors in the production of books—whether amusing or instructive—for the juvenile part of the community. Thus, we have just now before us, in two charming little volumes, which far more than fulfil the promise held forth in the title-page, "*Winter Evenings at College; a Familiar Description of the Manners, Customs, Sports, and Religious Observances of the Ancient Greeks; with a Short Account of the State of Modern Greece; and Reflections on the Revolutions of Empires; by a Clergyman.*" These volumes are, to the Greek States, what The Travels of Polycletes are to the Roman Empire: without the aid of fictitious narrative, or of the incident which enlivens the latter work, to which they form an admirable companion, their copious and richly varied information is

conveyed in a style more succinct and luminous. The "Evenings"—nineteen in number—are passed by three young collegians at the apartments of their tutor, who, in a cheerful, colloquial strain, imparts to his pupils, under prescribed heads, the results of his extensive and multifarious reading. While the inconveniences attending the conversational form are avoided, occasional observations and remarks, from the respective parties, invest these "Evenings" with strong dramatic interest. The work is illustrated by engravings from an antique vase, representing wrestlers and boxers of the ancient Greek school.

Another handsomely printed and embellished work of Mr. Harris's—as ably executed as happily conceived—claims our notice, under the title of "*The County Album, containing four hundred Topographical Hieroglyphics, indicative of the Products, Staple Commodities, Manufactures, and Objects of Interest, in England and Wales, for the Amusement and Instruction of Fire-side Tourists.*" Perhaps the title does not sufficiently indicate, that this is a book expressly for the use of children, to whom it must afford an exhaustless fund of amusement, interest, and instruction. It presents a short and judiciously-written description of every county in England and Wales; the products of which, natural and artificial, are particularly brought into notice. The *names*, however, of such products are supplied by ingeniously designed emblematic wood-cuts, representing the precise words, or, more frequently, in reference to manufactured articles, of the implements employed in their manufacture; thus exciting the curiosity and exercising the judgment of the reader. To guard against the possibility of misconception, the denomination of each emblem is given, as a note, at the bottom of the page; the notes to be consulted only when the child may have failed in discovering the signification of the emblems, or to justify his conclusion. The cuts are well calculated at once to charm the eye and inform the understanding of childhood."

"*The Anthology, an Annual Reward Book for Youth; consisting of Amusing and Instructive Selections from the best Authors, by the Rev. J. D. Parry, M. A.,*" is well adapted for its intended purpose, and contains, within the compass of a small, but very closely and neatly printed volume, a mass of useful information, which entitles it to, at least, an equal share of patronage, with the more rich and costly juvenile annuals. Curiosities in Zoology, Botany, &c.; Tales, Apologues, and Anecdotes; Voyages and Travels; Moral, Eloquent, and Miscellaneous Extracts, and Poetry, are the heads under which the respective articles are arranged. Utility has been the editor's principal aim, and his selections have been judiciously made, in most instances, from works whose authenticity and merit have stood the test of time.

"*The Village Nightingale, or the Story of Esther Wallis, and other Tales, by Elizabeth Frances Dagley, author of 'The Birth-Day,' 'Fairy Favours,'" &c.*, is one of the prettiest of the many pretty presents prepared for our young friends, at this holiday season. Light and airy, as joyous as the month, with bright flowers, sweetly singing birds, and gay butterflies, it admirably blends instruction with amusement, and its fairy tales inculcate the most important moral lessons. The story of Esther Wallis, displaying the dangerous effects of injudicious praise, is excellent of its kind, but does not harmonize with the other contents of the volume, which are adapted to children of an earlier age. A frontispiece, engraved by Kennerly, from a design by R. Dagley, and a vignette of a group of four kittens, designed by G. Stevens, embellish this pleasing little volume, which cannot fail of proving a favourite with the merry class of readers to whom it is addressed.

"*Shreds and Patches of History, in the Form of Riddles,*" are two very neat and compact little volumes, constructed upon an admirable plan, and executed with equal ability. The first volume consists of a collection of historical anecdotes, related in a concise and spirited style; but, from the omission of names of persons and countries, dates, &c., tending rather to excite than gratify curiosity. Each anecdote is numbered; and, on reference to the second volume, the *solution* of the *riddle* is found in a condensed narrative of the event, with all its bold and prominent

circumstances, citing the authorities, &c. The second volume is perhaps the more interesting of the two, and as well adapted to engage the attention of youth, as its professedly more amusing companion. The selection is likely to operate as a strong and salutary stimulus to historical research.

The second edition of "*Stories from the History of Scotland, in the manner of 'Stories selected from the History of England,' [by Mr. Croker]; by the Rev. Alexander Stewart,*" author of "The History of Scotland," and many other valuable elementary works, will be found an acceptable little present. The new edition has been enlarged by many additional stories; and Mr. Stewart holds forth the promise of another volume, to complete his original intention of bringing the selection down to the Rebellion of 1745.

NEW MUSIC.

VOCAL.

Slumber lie soft, a Canzonet, composed by John Barnett.

The Young Bernardine, a Romance, by Do.

The Disowned, a Ballad.

We happen occasionally to have had a glance into Mr. Barnett's *portefeuilles*, and have seen some truly splendid conceptions in the higher lines of composition, which were of too original and scientific atexture to suit the ideas of some of our publishers, whose notions seldom soar above "I'd be a Butterfly," or, "Love's a Tyrant." (We do not, *par parenthese*, intend the slightest personal application in naming these songs, it is the class of composition, not the individual, which we allude to). Mr. Barnett having lately taken to the more lucrative occupation of music-seller, we were in hopes, at his outset, that he would have ransacked his scores, and made something like an era in musical publication, by giving the musical world some of his more scientific productions. We are sorry to see from these three songs, just received, that he is walking in the beaten path, and writing more for profit than fame. Though these are not exactly the songs we should have wished to see, yet we have been much pleased with them. There is merit, more or less, in every production of Mr. B.'s pen. The subjects before us do not admit of grandeur, but are elegant, and in good keeping. To the first we give the preference. Mr. Hervey's lines are the soul of poetry, and the composer has entered into the idea, though he has not quite done justice to the expression. The Disowned is a very pleasing ballad, natural in the melody, but not common-place, and we are frequently reminded of one of *Gretry's* popular songs. There is a little inattention occasionally to the poetical accentuation, such as, "And here *did* my childhood dwell." In the first page the third ballad is almost too simple for our taste.

If the Heart but truly love, a Song, by C. Walther.

Mr. Walther, we presume, was anxious to earn the reputation of being a composer with as little trouble as possible. We have seldom seen a more common-place production.* There are several glaring harmonic inaccuracies in the piano-forte accompaniment; the guitar part is more correct: we should not imagine them by the same hand.

Rose upon the Tree, a Ballad, by Charles Phillips.

Friendship's Band, a Song, by Mons. Fetis.

In spite of the nonsensicality of the poetry, which, purporting to be a translation from Goethe, we should not have expected, Mr. Phillips has composed as pretty and *naif* a little ballad as we have seen for some time.

Friendship's Band is an effective tenor song, from "Love in Wrinkles," but completely tinged with the French peculiarity of manner.

Yes, thou may'st sigh, composed by Mr. Horsley.

Tired Nature's Sweet Restorer, a Song, by ditto.

It is quite refreshing, in these sultry months, to meet with any thing in the chaste old style, placid and soothing. Mr. Horsley does not often favour the world with his lucubrations; but when he does so condescend, we are sure of something worth our hearing. The first of these songs, from Sir Walter Scott's "Chronicles of the Cannongate," is a beautiful melody, but scarcely plaintive enough for the sentiment. We are inclined to doubt the judgment of the composer, in selecting words from "Young's Night Thoughts," as a subject for music; but having made the selection, he has done every justice to his subject.

PIANO-FORTE.

Two Spanish Airs, with Variations, for the Piano-forte; composed and dedicated to the Countess of Pembroke, by F. M. Ravizzotti.

Introduction and brilliant Rondo, composed by E. Solis.

The name of Miss Ravizzotti is new as a composer, but she appears before us in so pleasing a form, that we trust ere long to become familiar with it in a musical light. Though we

* He has not even done justice to the words, which would not have been very difficult.

do not think that the lady has ever previously appeared before the English public, there are sufficient evidences before us to prove that this is not an early composition. The judgment has been matured and the pen well practised before these pages were ushered to the world. The first air, a Muleteer's song; and the second, "Que Quieres Panchito," are themes of the simplest character, and in consequence well selected for the purpose of variations. These are nine in number, and calculated to exhibit a brilliant touch without requiring any great powers of execution; the C flat in the first bar of the third variation evidently indicates a change to the minor key, which we consider would have better assimilated with the general style of the variation.

The Rondo, by Mr. Solis, is a composition of the second or third class, but is extremely brilliant and very easy, two qualities which will ensure its popularity much beyond its deserts.

HARP.

The Harpist's Sketch Book, by Gustavus Holst.

The author's title page is probably the best description of this little work, which professes to be a collection of the most favourite melodies, with embellishments and variations, arranged in a familiar and briliant style, by G. Holst. The composer must pardon our saying, that the familiarity frequently borders on triteness; but though we do not admire in all instances the manner of execution, the matter of this number affords a sufficient variety to please all palates. The contents are, "Auld Robin Gray;" "The Bells of St. Petersburgh;" Spanish Air, from "Bayley's National Melodies;" Air from "La Vestale;" two Tyrolese songs; "Sound the loud Timbrel;" "Meyerbeer's Crusaders' March;" Larghetto, from L'ultimo giorno di Pompeii; "The Swiss Boy," and two of the Bohemian Melodies, as they are called, which are, in reality, Haydn's "God Preserve the Emperor Francis," and the subject of Kalkbrenner's Thema Almagne.

Meyerbeer's Crusaders' March in the Crociato, arranged for the Harp, by N. C. Bochsa.

This March forms a pleasing bagatelle; as we observed, original matter cannot be expected, but the general effect is spirited and pleasing.

THEATRICALS.

THE KING'S THEATRE.

We know not why, but Rossini's compositions have completely taken the lead this season, to the almost total exclusion of the operas of Mozart. How it is, that those who listen with delight to such splendid and magnificent productions as the *Zauberflöte*, *Don Giovanni*, &c. can allow the first-mentioned composer to take precedence, we are at a loss to conceive. We do not pretend to greater taste in these matters than falls to the share of our neighbours, but we think, with reference to the *genius* of Mozart and Rossini, that it is manifest injustice to the memory of the former, to allude to him in the same breath with the latter. With the impression, however, that every one considers it a duty to lavish inordinate praises upon the productions of the Italian composer, we feel no regret at our inability to fall in with the prevailing fashion.

On the 28th of May, we were indebted to Zuchelli for a very rich treat, that gentleman having selected *Il Don Giovanni* for his benefit. Finely cast and finely played, the opera went off in very capital style. Malibran's *Zérlina* was an exquisite piece of acting—she so perfectly identified herself with the character, that the *villageoise* was every thing that the most fastidious could desire. This opera, owing possibly to the indisposition of Zuchelli, was repeated but once. *Semiramide*, *La Donna del Lago*, &c. were amongst the representations and repetitions until the 11th of June, when Malibran took her benefit, presenting herself as *Susanna*, in *Le Nozze di Figaro*. She richly merited the plaudits of a crowded house for this chaste and talented performance. Mlle. Sontag's *Countess* was truly elegant and graceful, and Donzelli's *Almaviva* was in every respect a very fine representation.—Thursday, June 18th, was appropriated to the benefit of Mlle. Sontag. On this occasion, we were presented with a selection of the principal scenes in the *Zauberflöte*, the characters in which were personated by Mlle. Sontag, in conjunction with the powerful aid of M. Shütz's German company. This selection was succeeded by *Tancredi*, in which Malibran sustained the principal character. Throughout the opera her every look and every action proclaimed the hero, and the performance was altogether highly classical. In one respect we felt a slight disappointment—we thought that the delivery of *Doloe è di gloria*, &c., where *Tancredi* alights from the triumphal car, might have been somewhat more efficient.

THE WINTER THEATRES.

The novelties of the month have been almost exclusively confined to the benefit nights of the performers. Among those at Covent Garden that of Miss Smithson is most deserving of notice, as it introduced that lady to the public in a new and very important character. Her *Belvidera* has unequivocally advanced her in the estimation of many who entertained prejudices towards her previous efforts; and we feel confident that the

feeling, sensibility, and intellect exhibited in this performance will be warmly and increasingly welcomed on her appearance next season. The benefit of Miss Hughes has excited considerable attention, and given rise to much epistolary amusement, in consequence of the determination of Mr. Watson, who had a share in the benefit, to present to the public *The Beggars' Opera* with the characters reversed—that is to say, Mr. Reeve personating *Polly*, and the rest of the company exhibiting an equal degree of absurdity. Miss Hughes, by public advertisement, withdrew her name from the announcement of this extravagant exhibition, and withheld her talents for better things. Whatever her motive might be, we are glad that she did so, and we are no less glad that the respectable portion of the town offered so little encouragement to an attempt so scandalous and disgraceful.

At Drury Lane the only performance meriting particular notice was a carnival, which was a decided improvement on this species of entertainment, as it has been of late years conducted. It is announced to be repeated. We cannot, however, take any pleasure in the revival of this mode of depraving the public taste in a national theatre; but as masquerades have long been left to the enjoyment of mere vulgarity, we trust that the vulgar will very soon grow as tired of them as the rest of the world. This theatre closed on the 20th of June, with an address from Mr. Cooper, expressing a proper portion of gratitude, and making the usual number of managerial promises for the next season.

HAYMARKET.

We are sometimes at a loss to guess why this house possesses such singular attraction at a season of the year, when cheerfulness and enjoyment are more apt to steal forth to the fields and the fresh air, than to encounter the stifling atmosphere of a theatre—though Liston, Farren, Mrs. Glover, and Miss Kelly—persons on whom they very much depend for sustenance and animation—be ready there to encourage them. The secret consists, not in the form of the theatre, which is inconvenient, but in its size, and the fitness of the pieces selected for representation. The success of this house for many seasons past is a proof that the public prefers legitimate comedies, at the most fatiguing period of the year, and in an ill-constructed theatre, though one of moderate dimensions, to the melancholy mummeries and multiplied processions that are provided for us in the great temples of the drama. Is it not strange that the acute and comprehensive eye of Mr. Kemble cannot see this? and is it not still more extraordinary that his taste and intellect should descend to any participation in the wretched mockeries in which we find him so busily engaged. If a third of the profits of one season were appropriated to reducing the great desert of the theatre, and bringing it within reasonable limits, the scenes of Shakspeare, Congreve, Farquhar, and Sheridan, would be found a mine not only of moral, but of mercantile wealth. The notes of the poet would then be answered by others that would pass current through the land—the lines of Shakspeare would be converted to ingots of gold—the brazen qualities of Farquhar would be transmuted into a richer metal—and the brilliant points of Sheridan would be diamonds indeed.

But we have been waiting in the lobby of our inviting little theatre too long—let us enter, and behold what is prepared for our amusement. Here, on the first night, we have "*Spring and Autumn*," in which Farren, as *Sir Simon Slack*, walks, or rather glides, about in a state of the most enviable ease, and represents the most passive philosopher we ever encountered. It is not indeed a person, but an abstract principle that he personifies. Nothing that we ever saw, or expect to see, can surpass this rich and perfect realization of the sketch of the dramatist. After this we were treated with a new *petite comédie*, called "*Lodgings for Single Gentlemen*;" and pleasanter lodgings can hardly be conceived. They are delightfully situated, and the prospect is a very agreeable one; it extends over the whole domain of frolic and fun, exhibits a bird's eye view of wit, has a very pretty fore-ground of laughter, and provides proper space for extravagance to ramble in. The plot we must leave to those who never laugh—for our own parts, we must confess that we cannot hold our sides and take notes at the same time. It is, however, full of bustle, and not more intricate than it ought to be. The dialogue is smart and lively—occasionally something more; and the actors complete the charm admirably. Mrs. Ashton, from Bath, made her first appearance, and will not only be useful but ornamental in many parts of light comedy requiring pretty features and a pleasing figure. We are heartly glad to welcome back Miss F. H. Kelly—we trust we shall not part with her again speedily. Provincial audiences must fancy that we have a vast superabundance of talent in the metropolis, when we can spare such an actress all the winter. We hope next month to have many novelties to notice.

MR. PHILIPPS'S LECTURES ON SINGING.

We were much pleased, and not slightly instructed and informed, by two lectures delivered by Mr. Phillips, at the Russel Institution, on the 12th and 17th of June. Mr. Philipps, if we mistake not, was a singer much in favour with the public about the time that Braham was first

ntroduced to the stage. He has since enjoyed considerable celebrity at concerts, and as a teacher of singing. His avowed object, in the lectures of which we are speaking, was, to exhibit "an original improvement in the mode of teaching the above art, by combining the Italian practice for improving and forming the singing voice, with the just delivery, pronunciation, and accent of words, especially in the English language, calculated to lead to the highest excellence in singing, by a more simple, and also a more comprehensive method, than any hitherto adopted; applying equally to the purposes of the professor and amateur, and to those of all who may be desirous of either teaching or acquiring the vocal art." We must do Mr. Philipps the justice to say—to our comprehension at least—he was perfectly successful. The basis of his system—and it ought to be the basis of *all* systems — is simplicity. Notwithstanding that he pledged himself to show—and we think he did show—that the singer's rule of practice and lessons (variations excepted) may be comprised in *two pages* of music, instead of *a volume*, there is no quackery in his mode. His illustrations were clear, pleasing, and scientific.

FINE ARTS' EXHIBITIONS, &c.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

Last month we were very full in our notices respecting the fine arts; consequently, with reference to the leading exhibitions, little remained for us to say. We are pleased that it is so; since, for some weeks past, the novelties of literature have been so numerous as to usurp the greater portion of our time and space. Yet, in addition to those already indicated, there are some pictures at the Royal Academy to which we must cursorily direct the attention of the reader.

Some extraordinary effects of light are produced in that truly French painting, the Expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise (1) by Dubufe. The stone-like colour of the flesh is also remarkable.

The Return, a Cottage Scene in the Campagna di Roma (30) by P. Williams, of Rome, has all the truth, and warmth, and mellowness, by which the style of this artist is so happily distinguished.

Sir William Beechey's Lady in Saint Swithin's Chair (43) from the fragment of a ballad in Waverley, is poetically conceived; and altogether, as a painting, it reflects high credit on the veteran academician.

Ramsay has several good portraits: Mrs. Manners (99); the Hon. Mrs. Clifford (141); Lord Clifford (171); Dr. Weld (368); and E. Weld, Esq. (436).

Mrs. Carpenter has an admirably painted portrait of the late Major Gage (219); and another (156) of Mrs. Panton Corbett. This lady's productions shame those of many of our male artists.

Milton's Reconciliation with his Wife (207) by Boxall, is a well painted picture, with considerable force of characteristic expression.

In the First Child (213) Kidd has told the story admirably well: the details are good, and in a very pleasing style.

It is seldom that we meet with a battle piece to our taste; but we are pleased with the clearness and distinctness with which the scene is brought before us in Jones's Battle of Borodino (257). This artist also has a view of Rotterdam (85); and, in the Antique Academy, a fine drawing of The Punishment of David for Numbering the People (513). It is impossible to look at Jones's drawings without being eminently gratified.

Singleton's Sabrina (268) is a meritorious composition; and R. T. Bone's Troubadour relating his Adventures (282) is a pleasing and harmonious little picture.

R. R. Reinagle has various productions; with none of which are we so well pleased as his Portraits of Two Dogs (318). As a painting, his Hamlet (381) has considerable merit; but it bears as much resemblance to Hamlet, the goldsmith, as it does to the Hamlet of Shakspeare.

Simpson's Portrait of Clarkson Stanfield, the painter (859), is a faithful and highly characteristic likeness.

Excelling, as he does, in water colours, who could expect Copley Fielding to make a figure in oil? Yet his distant View of Winchester—a shower passing off—(397) will be found to rank very high in art.

With few exceptions, the sculpture this year is of a common-place character. Westmacott, however, has several portions of a large monument in marble, proposed to be erected at Calcutta, to the memory of the Right Hon. Warren Hastings. Chantrey has two or three groups from Homer, a bust of the Marquess of Stafford, &c.—Baily also has two or three busts, and a monument; and Behnes, with his accustomed industry and talent, has produced very fine busts of H.R.H. Prince George of Cumberland (1182)—the Duke of Cumberland (1215)—and the Princess Victoria (1216) all in marble, for his Majesty: also Lady Elizabeth Gower (1214), and W. Manning, Esq., M. P. (1192.)

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

The British Institution has been re-opened for the summer season with a collection of pic-

tures by Italian, Spanish, Flemish, Dutch, and English masters. The assemblage, though less rich and splendid than that with which we were twice indulged, through the special favour of His Majesty, contains many fine and rare productions. These come not fairly within the pale of criticism; yet we shall point out some of the more prominent subjects.

Amongst the lions of the gallery are a full-length portrait of an elderly gentleman (18) and another of an elderly lady (23) both by Vandyke, from the collection of Mr. Peel. They present such truth, such force, such distinctness of character, that it is impossible to regard them otherwise than as amongst the finest specimens of the art, even by this great master.

The present collection is very rich in the productions of Cuyp. Two portraits of Rembrandt, by himself, are at once curious and important: one of them, in early life, is remarkable for the elaborateness and high finish of its style; the other, taken at a much later period, when the smoothness of skin and brilliancy of complexion had yielded to the advance of age, is equally remarkable as a specimen of the powerful effects which may be produced, by the practised hand of genius, in a few comparatively rough and rapid touches. Here are also two portraits of ladies, by Rembrandt, to which, amongst other subjects, we may hereafter return.

A Landscape, with Europa, by Claude, in the possession of His Majesty, is remarkably brilliant, yet exceedingly soft. Immediately opposite is another of Claude's landscapes (59) belonging to Frederic Perkins, Esq.; and, in the middle room, is a Sea-Port, with Buildings and Figures (115) by the same artist, the property of Sir R. Frederick, Bart.

Of Salvator Rosa's productions, we find two specimens: a Landscape with Figures (12) belonging to G. J. Cholmondeley, Esq.; and a Woody Landscape, with Figures (149)—a splendid effort of genius—from the collection of G. Wilbraham, Esq., M.P.

The finest Correggio that we have ever seen is the Head of Christ (188) also belonging to Mr. Wilbraham.

The Earl of Hardwicke's Portrait of Ignatius Loyola, by Titian (83), is a fine and singularly striking picture.

That magnificent picture, The Tribute Money (156), by Rubens, might of itself be regarded as a noble exhibition. But at present we cannot further particularise.

Amongst the great names, yet unmentioned, in this collection, are those of Netscher, Teniers, Reynolds, Both, Polemburgh, Vandevelde, Ostade, Murillo, Le Sueur, Ruysdael, Jan Steen, Paul Potter, Wouwerman, A. Carracci, Vandemeer, Watteau, Hobbema, De Witt, Paul Veronese, Carlo Dolci, Spagnoletto, Berghem, Gaspar Poussin, Hondekoeter, P. Da Cortona, Gainsborough, Gerard Douw, L. Caracci, Mieris, Canaletti, Tintoretto, Carlo Maratti, Velasquez, De Hooge, Guido, Raphael, Luca Giardino, Sir Peter Lely, Weenix, Pynacker, Guercino, Leonardo da Vinci, Sir Godfrey Kneller, Borgognone, &c. The number of pictures in the collection is 194.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

The Suffolk Street rooms still remain open, continue to be well attended, and the purchases, we are happy to learn, have been at once numerous and extensive.

Howard's Emmeline (29)—evidently a portrait—affords evidence of great improvement in this meritorious young artist.

Tennant's Wrecked Fisherman restored (149) possesses considerable merit in composition and in feeling, but it is somewhat hard in manner.

R. B. Davis's Portraits of Horse and Hound (225) are well executed.

Hot Baths, Cleveden, near Bristol—Moonlight—(329) by B. Barker, will be regarded as a very pleasing and effective little picture.

Carse's Study of a Wild Duck (475) affords proof of great and successful attention.—We had marked many other subjects for notice, but we are here compelled to close.

PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

This—one of the most delightful of all our exhibitions—gained upon us at each successive visit. We were never weary of gazing upon its beauty, its grace, and its brilliancy. It terminated a most deservedly successful season on the 27th of June.

TURNER'S DRAWINGS.

Mr. Charles Heath, with the view of attracting the attention of the town to his publication of Views in England and Wales, from drawings by J. M. W. Turner, Esq., R.A., has gratuitously opened an exhibition of the drawings at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. The entire number exhibited is forty-one; but three of these—Florence, Lake Albano, and Lago Maggiore—are for a work on Italy, which is intended to appear next spring, on a plan similar to that of the Views in England and Wales.

Many of these light and graceful productions are, like the greater part of Mr. Turner's more elaborate performances of late years, very *poetic* in their character. Others, however, are more sober and more true to nature. The work is altogether one of those meritorious undertakings which, we trust, will be duly patronised.

Melanges of the Month.

The Royal Banquet.

Before his departure for Windsor His Majesty had a grand dress dinner party, in the Banquetting-room at St. James's, each end of which was covered with draperies of crimson silk, divided into compartments, serving as a back ground to a large side-board, which extended the whole length of the apartment. Its centre projection was surmounted by a gold fount, taken from the vessel of the Admiral of the Spanish Armada; under this fount was a superb vase; the next pieces were the celebrated shield of Achilles; an Egyptian temple, dedicated to the god Apis, with the Sacred Ox in the middle of the temple; and a superb piece of gold plate, the largest in this country; with a star in the middle, encircled by the motto of the Garter; the Stars of the Order, of which his Majesty is Sovereign, engraved round it, and at the sides are those of twenty Foreign Orders, with which his Majesty has been invested by different Sovereigns; in front of each of the side projections was a large candelabra, representing Mercury delivering Bacchus to the Nymphs, and the Dragon, in the Garden of the Hesperides. There were also golden ewers for rose water, in the form of deep shells, supported by sea-horses, with a variety of marine subjects at bottom. Two ancient Scotch flagons, together with a number of vases filled with artificial flowers, were tastefully arranged on different parts of the sideboard; and at the dinner-table none but gold plate was used. On the table at which his Majesty and party dined, the centre piece represented Neptune holding his trident, supported by sea-monsters, resting on a platform, the corners of which were upheld by marine horses. There were also some large vases decorated with a variety of allegorical subjects, and surrounded by Tritons.

Parrots.

It was for a long time imagined that these birds could procreate in their native country only. Many parrots, however, were born in Europe, as far back as 1740 and 1741. In 1801 some Amazons' parrots were born at Rome. M. Lamouroux has given us considerable details respecting the broods of two blue macaws that were at Caen some years ago. These birds, in four years and a half from the month of March, 1818, to the end of August, 1822, laid sixty-two eggs, in nineteen broods. Of this number, twenty-five eggs produced young ones, of which ten only died. The others lived, and became perfectly accustomed to the climate. They laid eggs at all seasons; and the broods became more frequent and more productive, in the course of time; and in the end much fewer were lost. The number of eggs in the nest used to vary, six having been together at a time; and these macaws were seen to bring up four young ones at once. These eggs took from twenty to twenty-five days to be hatched, like those of our common hens. Their form was that of a pear, a little flatted, and their length equal to that of a pigeon's egg. It was only between the fifteenth and five-and-twentieth day that the young ones became covered with a very thick down; soft, and of a whitish slate grey. The feathers did not begin to make their appearance until towards the thirtieth day, and took two months to acquire their full growth. It was a dozen or fifteen months before the young arrived to the size of their parents, but their plumage had all its beauty from six months old. At three months old they abandoned the nest, and could eat alone; up to this period they had been fed by the father and mother, which disgorged the food from their bill, in the same manner as pigeons do.—*Cuvier's Animal Kingdom, &c.*

Thin Legs.

M. de Talleyrand being at court one day, when the *corps diplomatique* went to pay their respects to the King, he was observed to gaze very earnestly at one of the personages admitted to the *salon bleu*, and who was remarkable for his excessively thin legs. On being asked what engaged his attention, M. de Talleyrand replied: "I am puzzled to discover whether the Bailli de F—— wears three swords, or has got three legs."

Anodyne Paste for stopping Carious Teeth.

A cement, composed of powdered sulphate of lime, made into a paste with water and a small portion of acetate of morphine, is now used by some dentists for stopping painful carious teeth, in lieu of gold leaf or silver. After cleaning out the tooth with lint and warm water, the cavity is again washed with a weak solution of acetate of morphine, by means of a camel's hair pencil; the anodyne powder is then mixed with a little water, and instantly introduced, so as to fill the cavity about half full; after which it is filled up with powdered sulphate of lime, immediately on its being formed into a thick paste with water, which becomes rapidly solid. This practice, where the cavity of the tooth will admit of the cement being retained, has proved very successful.

Eau de Cologne.

A late number of the *Journal des Connaissances Usuelles* contains the following receipt for making Eau de Cologne of the purest quality:—Spirits of wine of thirty-six degrees, four litres (the litre is about an English quart); essential oil of cedrat and of citron, each three drachms; oil of bergamot, two ounces; oil of lavender, one drachm and twenty-four grains; oil of thyme, twelve grains; neroli, three drachms; oil of rosemary, three drachms and twenty-four grains. Put the oils into the spirits of wine, and leave them to infuse for one month, then filter through blotting-paper: put into the mixture when bottled one pint of eau de melisse.

A Ghost Story.

A very odd accident this year befel mee, for being come about a law-sute to London, and lying in a lodging with my door fast locked (and by reason of the great heat that summer, all the side curtains being flung atop of the teaster of my bed), I, waking in the morning

about eight o'clock, and turning myselfe with intention to rise, planely saw, within a yard of my bed-side, a thing all in white like a standing sheet, with a knot atop of it, about four or five feet heigh, which I considered a good while, and did rayse myselfe up in my bed to view it the better. At last, I thrust out both my hands to catch hold of it; but, in a moment, like a shadow it slid to the feet of the bed, out of the which I leaping after it, could see it no more. The little beliefe I ever had in things of this nature, made mee the more concerned, and doubting least some ill might have happened to my wife, I rid home that day to Petworth in Sussex, where I had left her with her father the Earl of Northumberland; and, as I was going up stairs to her chamber, I met one of my footmen, who told mee that hee was comming to me with a packet of letters, the which I having taken from him went to my wife, who I found in good health, being in company with the Lady Essex, her sister, and another gentlewoman, one Mrs. Ramsay. And, after the first salutation, they all asked mee what made mee to come home so much sooner than I intended? Whereupon I told them what had happened to mee that morning; which they all wondering at, desired mee to open and read the letter that I had taken from the footman; which having stil in my hand I immediately did, and read my wife's letter to mee aloud, wherin she desired my speedy return, as fearing that some ill would happen to mee, because that morning she had seen a thing all in white, with a black face, standing by her bed side, which had frighted her so much as to make her scrike out so loud, that her weemen came running into the room. I confess all this seemed very strange, for by examining all particulars, wee found that the same day, the same hour, and (as neer as could be computed) the same minute, all that had happened to mee had befallen her, being fortie miles a sunder. The Lady Essex and Mrs. Ramsay were witnesses to both our relations, and acquainted the Lord of Northumberland with it, who thought it a very extraordinary thing.—*Letters of Philip, second Earl of Chesterfield.*

Animal Magnetism.

The animal magnetisers of Paris pretend that when they have thrown any one into a state of what they are pleased to call "ecstasy," the body is insensible to suffering; and they are just now circulating and attaching great importance to the case of an old lady of sixty-four, who, having been thrown by them into a state of ecstasy, underwent, as they say, the severe operation of having an ulcerous cancer cut out of her neck, without experiencing the slightest pain! During the whole of the operation, adds the statement, she exhibited no sense of suffering, or even of sensation, until towards the end, when she laughed, like a person who was being tickled, and exclaimed, "Finissez, ne me chatouiller pas —Leave off, do not tickle me." Previous to each dressing of the wound she was again magnetised with perfect success, and the cure was complete.

Lares and Penates.

March 17th.—This day, being the second day of the second moon, is an annual festival in China, in honour of the Fokshin Towte Taan, "felicitous gods of the districts' apotheosis." Taan means, in ordinary language, the birth-day of a mortal; but in this connexion means the day when a mortal became a god. As you walk the streets of Canton, you (if observant) will see in niches and corners, stone figures of a little bearded old man and old woman, sitting beside each other. These are the Towte Powsaat—the district gods and goddesses. On this day, atheistical literati, magistrates, mandarins, merchants, shopmen, and plebeians, all let off crackers, and light candles, roast pigs, and present them with geese, ducks, fowls, &c. as sacrificial victims, with dumplings, fruits, and spirituous liquors, as offerings to the Towte Powsaat. Caps, boots, jackets, &c. made of paper—a complete wardrobe—being placed in a red paper trunk, are all burnt, and sent into the invisible state, for the use of these deified personages. These foolish observances are attended to with special devotion, in all the government offices. The thing most dreaded on this day is the falling of rain; which indicates the opposite, viz. a drought in the course of the year. The proverb runs thus:—

Tapshap Towte eechay,
Yatpakyat shai.

"The wetted divinity's clothes will take a hundred days to dry."—*Canton Register.*

A New Religion.

Salisbury Crags, in the vicinity of Edinburgh, present some rare and beautiful minerals, and geological specimens, to the consideration of the curious and scientific. Thither occasionally resort, furnished with hammers, for breaking the rocks and stones, the mineralogical students and professors of the University, when the latter illustrates his lectures by, or discourses upon, the specimens found. "A reverend grannie," who lived in the neighbourhood of the Crags, one day informed a lady, whom she observed looking with apparent interest at the granite and spars, which usually bestrew the road, that "a grand *new* religion had been discovered!"—"Indeed!" exclaimed the fair stranger. "Deed, and ye maunna doot it!" quoth the old dame; "for dinna they carles come, ae makin' their prachments here!"—"Did they? and when they were last here, what did they say and do?"—"Oh!" exclaimed the honest woman, "for the matter o' that, they dinna *spak* muckle, but they a' chappit the stanes wi' wee hammers, and then gang'd awa'!"

Don Pedro.

Don Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, was sitting to a painter for his portrait, when an officer came into the room to make a report respecting the arrival of certain vessels, &c. He was desired to read the report; but being unable to make out some of the foreign names, and to pronounce others properly, the emperor got into such a passion with him, that at last he rose from his chair, caught hold of a stick, and tried to give him a good thrashing; but the officer escaped from the royal chastisement for a long while, by dodging his Majesty round the room, and in particular, by sheltering himself behind the easel

on which the canvas was extended for the whole-length portrait of his Majesty.

Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

Lord Hertford, who is residing at Rome, is said to have purchased the celebrated Pompey's pillar, at the foot of which Cæsar fell, for the sum of 5,100l.

An apple tree, at Gœllnitz, in a healthy state, and sixty years of age, has been engrafted with no fewer than 330 varieties of apples, since the year 1804. The first year 175 varieties were engrafted on the body of the tree, without any order being followed. It has always been productive: in 1813 it yielded twelve Altenburgh bushels.

The King of Prussia has granted 12,600 dollars to the Observatory at Berlin, 8,500 of which are for the purchase of a fourteen feet telescope of Frauenhofer, at present in Munich; 3,500 for a meridian circle, by Pistor; and 600 for a chronometer, by Tiede. He has also presented the Konigsberg Observatory with 4,000 dollars, for the erection of a tower for a Keliometer, by Frauenhofer.

The remains of a Roman villa, and other antiquities, were lately discovered at Littlington, in Cambridgeshire.

A German artillery officer, at Amberg, has effected an improvement in the air gun, by which the air is condensed to the amount of 200 atmospheres. The ball is introduced by means of a small spring.

Mr. Vignolles, the civil engineer, has produced a model for completing the Thames tunnel upon a new, safe, and economical principle. The design is sanctioned by many of the directors and proprietors of that undertaking.

Mr. Jeffrey has resigned the editorship of the Edinburgh Review, in which it is understood he will be succeeded by Mr. M. Napier.

The British Institution has complimented W. H. Pickersgill, Esq., R. A., with one hundred guineas, as a tribute of respect for the high talent which, in several works, he has recently displayed.

At Paris, Madame Louis has succeded in producing flowers in wax, of such exquisite delicacy, as to be suited for botanical study.

The Liverpool monument to the memory of Mr. Canning, is to be of marble. Its execution has been entrusted to Chantrey.

On the afternoon of May 27th, the New Bazaar, in Oxford-street, was totally destroyed by fire. The accident was occasioned by the ignition of certain combustibles employed in exhibiting the dioramic picture of the burning of York Minster.

In the year 1827, the number of young men at Lyons, who were twenty years of age, was 835; of whom 285 could write and read; 329 read only, and 221 neither write nor read.

The use of iron wire bridges is becoming general in France; they are constructing two of these light but durable structures on the Rhone, and many others have been ordered for different rivers.

Egyptian antiquity will shortly be illustrated by a series of engravings of the valuable collection of gems, cameos, scarabi, &c. found on the banks of the Nile, by Baron Paulin, while Ambassador from Sweden to Constantinople.

Mr. T. W. C. Edwards, lecturer on experimental philosophy and chemistry, has invented an apparatus, called the *Antecatelephor*, for the instantaneous conveyance of intelligence to any distance—the Cape of Good Hope, Calcutta, &c.—and receiving back again at London, within one minute, a reply. In its action, the apparatus is totally unconnected with electricity, magnetism, galvanism, or any other subtle description of matter.

The French Minister of Marine has ordered certain steam engines invented by an engineer named Frimot, to be applied to two frigates to be constructed for the purpose at Brest.

The number of individuals vaccinated under the direction of the Committee appointed by the Academy of Medicine at Paris, within twenty years past, is about eight millions; and the number vaccinated throughout France in the same period, thirty millions.

Turkey in Europe contains at this time, 2,000,000 Turks, 3,000,000 Greeks and Albanians, 1,800,000 Servians, 1,500,000 Bulgarians, 1,500,000 Moldavians and Wallachians.—Total, 9,800,000.

The Viscount Villeneuve Bargemont has published, at Paris, a work on the Grand Masters of St. John of Jerusalem, containing views of their tombs at Jerusalem, Rhodes, Malta, &c. with historical and biographical notices.

The use of gelatine from bones is becoming general in the French hospitals, as an article of diet. In the Hospital of La Charité, in Paris, upwards of a thousand rations a day are produced by means of a steam apparatus.

Works in the Press, &c.

A Life of Sir Walter Raleigh, by Mrs. Thompson, author of the Memoirs of the Court of Henry the Eighth.

The second edition of Mr. Brandreth's Garland, with additional Poems.

A new Annual, for Scotland, by James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd.

The Life of Herman Cortes, including the Conquest of Mexico; by Don Telesforo de Trueba y Cosio.

Laurence Mertoun, or a Summer in Wales; by the author of Reginald Trevor.

A Circumstantial Account of Persons remarkable for their Health and Longevity; exhibiting the Habits, Functions, and Opinions of such Persons in regard to the best means of prolonging Life; by a Physician.

Gideon, and other poems, by the author of My Early Years, &c.

Views of Bath and its Environs, by Mr. Worsley, an artist of that City.

Sir Jonah Barrington has nearly ready a third volume of his amusing work.

The Edinburgh Journal of Natural and Geographical Science, is announced to appear in September next; it is to be conducted by an association of Naturalists, and will embrace all the departments of Natural History and of Geography, both Physical and Descriptive.

BIRTHS.—MARRIAGES.—DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

Of Sons.—The lady of Col. P. D. Sherston.—The lady of Captain Cotgrave, R. N.—The lady of the Rev. Francis Lear.—The lady of Lieut.-Col. G. Pollock, C. B.—The lady of Sir C. H. Coote, Bart., M. P.—The lady of G. W. Tapps, Esq., M. P.

Of Daughters.—The lady of J. P. Orde, Bart.—The lady of J. O'Hara, M. P.—Lady Mary Stephenson.—The lady of W. B. Kitchiner.—The lady of the Rev. John Crabbe.—The Countess of Chichester.—The lady of Lieut.-Col. Lindsay.—The lady of Major General Tolley.—The lady of J. Browne, Esq., M. P.—The Countess of Mountcharles.

MARRIAGES.

At Hildersham, W. Stutfield, Esq., of Tavistock Square, to Mary, only child of John Burgoyne, Esq.

The Rev. W. S. Phillips, B.D., to Penelope, youngest daughter of the late Commodore Broughton, and niece of Sir J. D. Broughton, Bart.

At Cheltenham, Lieut.-Col. Leggatt, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Rev. B. Grisdale, Rector of Withington, and Vicar of Chedworth, Gloucestershire.

At Malta, T. L. Gooch, Esq., youngest son of Sir Thomas Gooch, Bart., to Ann Europa, eldest daughter of Col. the Hon. W. H. Gardner, and niece to the late Vice Admiral Lord Viscount Gardner, G.C.B.

At Florence, Sir G. T. Temple, Bart., to Mary, daughter of George Baring, Esq.

At St. James's, Westminster, T. Gabb, Esq., to Maria, daughter of the late Sir C. Willoughby, Bart.

The Rev. W. Brownlow, A.M., to Fanny, only daughter of R. J. Chambers, Esq., of the Middle Temple.

At Abergwilly, the Rev. D. T. Thomas, Vicar of Treleach, and Clydey, to Eliza, youngest daughter of the late Morgan G. Davies, Esq., of Cwm.

R. Dering, Esq., nephew of the late Sir E. Dering, Bart., to Letitia, second daughter of the late Sir G. Shee, Bart.

E. G. Stone, Esq., of Chambers Court, Worcestershire, and of Coptford Hall, Essex, to Susan, third daughter of the Rev. Dr. Shepherd.

At Christchurch, Gerard, eldest son of Lieut.-Gen. Gosselin, to Amelia, youngest daughter of the late D. Tupper, Esq., of Hauteville, Guernsey.

At Bramdean, Hampshire, Sir. J. Tylden, late Lieut.-Col. of the 52d Regt., to Elizabeth, only daughter of the Rev. H. L. Walsh, L.L.D.

C. R. Pemberton, Esq., to Henrietta, eldest daughter of H. W. Peach, Esq., M. P.

J. M. Lany, Esq., to Marion Agatha, third daughter of R. Downie, Esq., M. P.

At Edinburgh, C. Fergusson, Esq., eldest son of Sir G. Fergusson, Bart., to Helen, daughter of the Hon. D. Boyle, Lord Justice Clerk.

At Charlton, Captain Crawford, R. A., to Harriet Bennett, youngest daughter of the late J. Gell, Esq., of Peeling House, Sussex.

At Bath, Captain W. Huntley, to Emily Theresa, eldest daughter of Sir L. Vesturme.

DEATHS.

At Edgeworth's Town, William Edgeworth, Esq., son of the well-known Richard Lovell Edgeworth, Esq.

At his seat, at Scotton, Norfolk, Sir. T. Durrant, Bart.

The infant son of Mr. and Lady Georgiana Ryder.

At Bath, Lady Holborne, relict of Sir F. Holborne, Bart.

In St. James's Square, aged 24, Captain S. Erskine, second son of the Earl of Rosslyn.

At Wisbaden, in Germany, the reigning Duke of Oldenburgh.

At New York, Mr. George Washington Adams, eldest son of the late President of the United States.

On the 17th of May, Her Majesty the Queen of Spain.

At Bath, the lady of Captain Cotgrave, R.N.

At Taunton, Elvira Frances, eldest daughter of Colonel Barrow.

By accidental drowning, the Right Hon. Henry Leeson, brother to Lord Miltown.

At Paris, Prince Hohenlohe, a Marshal of France, brother to the German Prince of that name.

At Paris, aged 55, General Count Curial.

At Paris, aged 47, the Right Hon. Charles John Gardiner, Earl of Blessington.

In Whitehall-place, the Right Rev. Charles Lloyd, D.D., Bishop of Oxford, and Regius Professor of Divinity in that University.

In St. James's Place, F. Bonham, Esq., second son of J. B. Carter, Esq., M.P.

In Portman-square, the Dowager Viscountess Melville.

At Hamburgh, Mrs. H. Ross, daughter of Sir A. Crauford, Bart.

At Northlands, Sussex, the Rev. G. A. F. Chichester, youngest son of the late Lord Spencer and Lady Harriet Chichester.

At Brighton, aged 48, the Right Hon. Edward Hovell Thurlow, Baron Thurlow.

At Geneva, aged 50, Sir Humphrey Davy, Bart., late President of the Royal Society.

Sir William Burroughs, Bart.

At Llangollen, Lady E. Butler.

Aged 37, the Hon T. Stapleton, eldest son of Lord Despencer.

At the Isle of Wight, Lady Thompson, wife of the Rev. Sir H. Thompson, Bart., and daughter of the late Hon. Commissioner Sir G. Grey, Bart.

At Cheltenham, Sophia, relict of the Hon. R. Walpole.

In Great George-street, Westminster, Lady Elizabeth Fane, relict of John Fane, Esq., M. P., and sister of the Earl of Macclesfield.

La Belle Assemblée,

OR

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES, No. LVI., FOR AUGUST, 1829.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

A Portrait of CAROLINE HARRIET, VISCOUNTESS EASTNOR, engraved by SCRIVEN, from a Painting by Mrs. CARPENTER.

An elegant whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Home Costume.

An elegant whole-length Portrait Figure, in an Evening Dress.; Lacking.

An elegant whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Morning Dress.

An elegant whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Public Promenade Dress.

LITERARY CONTENTS.

TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

AMONGST other publications now on our table for review next month are—*The Adventures of a King's Page*—*Oldcourt*—*D'Erbine, or the Cynic*—*Gabrielle, a Tale of the Swiss Mountains*, by C. REDDING—*Lays of Leisure*, by the Rev. W. B. CLARKE—*Portraits of the Dead*—*Cain the Wanderer, A Vision of Heaven, Darkness, and other Poems*—HEAD's *Forest Scenes and Incidents in the Wilds of North America*, &c.

We are exceedingly glad to hear again from our fair and accomplished young friend, "E. M. P."

"A. E. M." will perceive that we have at last redeemed our pledge to him.

Our friend "W. G——y" will find that we have also promptly met his wishes.

"*The Palace of Ideas*" is fanciful and pretty; but it seems to be adapted to the taste of juvenile rather than of adult readers.

Beautiful as is "*The Fair Maid of Norway*," her violation of the spirit of history is such that we fear to introduce her in LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE. Where history presents only a faint and shadowy outline, the picture may without impropriety be filled up by the creative pencil of imagination; but, in grand and well known points, *truth* ought not to be departed from, even in works of *fiction*.

We have been considerably amused with "*My Uncle's Tale*," but its character is not suited to our purpose. If the writer be so disposed, we have no doubt of his ability to produce something that may be acceptable to the readers of LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

"*The Victim of Passion*" savours too much of the old school. Cannot its author favour us with something resembling, in spirit, her "Vale of Langollen?" She is in error respecting her paper upon Education.

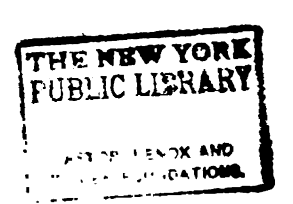
To Mr. BRANDRETH our thanks are again due.

To "*Mary Falconer*," we beg leave to say—"No, I thank you."

We are sorry to be under the necessity of returning the same answer to the author of "*The Protégée*."

PRINTED BY SHACKELL AND BAYLIS, JOHNSON'S-COURT, FLEET-STREET.

AUGUST, 1829.


THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY



THE RT. HON. CAROLINE HARRIET,

VISCOUNTESS EBRINGTON.

Engraved by [illegible] from a Painting by Mrs [illegible]

No 63 of Portraits of the Female Nobility.

Published by Whittaker & Co. in La Belle Assemblée for August [illegible]

LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE,

FOR AUGUST, 1829.

ILLUSTRATIVE MEMOIR OF CAROLINE HARRIET, VISCOUNTESS EASTNOR.

CAROLINE HARRIET, Viscountess Eastnor, is the fourth daughter of Philip, third and present Earl of Hardwicke, by his Countess, the Lady Elizabeth Lindsay,* daughter of James, fifth Earl of Balcarras. Her Ladyship is the younger sister of Lady Elizabeth Margaret Stuart, wife of the Right Hon. Sir Charles Stuart (now Lord Stuart de Rothesay) Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, &c., whose portrait we have already had the honour of introducing in our PICTURE GALLERY of THE BRITISH FEMALE NOBILITY.† The Lady Caroline Harriet Yorke, born on the 15th of October, 1794, was married, on the 4th of March, 1815, to John Somers, Viscount Eastnor, eldest surviving son of John, Earl Somers. Four children have been the fruits of this marriage:—Caroline Margaret, born in August, 1817; Charles Somers, born in July, 1819; Harriet Catherine, born in January, 1823; and Isabella Jemima, born in August, 1828.

The descent of the noble family of Hardwicke is so distinctly sketched in our Memoir of Lady Elizabeth Stuart, Lady Eastnor's sister, that it would be unnecessary again to go over the same ground. Requesting, therefore, the attention of the reader to that Memoir,‡ we pass immediately to a brief genealogical notice of the house of Somers, to the honours of which Lord Eastnor is the heir apparent.

The family of Cocks, Le Cock, or Cokkys, was seated at Ospringe, in Kent, so far back as the time of our first King Edward; and there they continued, in high estimation, until the reign of Henry the Eighth, when they removed into Gloucestershire. Thomas Cocks, of Bishop's Cleeve, in the county of Gloucester, Esq., married Elizabeth, daughter of —— Holland, of Lancashire, Esq., by whom he had ten sons and three daughters. One of his descendants was,

Charles Cocks, Esq., the fifth son of Thomas Cocks and his wife, Anne, daughter of Ambrose Elton, of Ledbury, in the county of Hereford, Esq. This gentleman was one of the Justices of the Peace for the county of Worcester; he was elected M.P. for the city of Worcester, in 1692; and he represented the borough of Droitwich in seven parliaments. He married Mary, daughter of John Somers, of Clifton-upon-Severn, Esq., and sister and co-heir of John, Lord Somers, Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain. By that lady, he had two sons and three daughters. Margaret, his youngest daughter, was married, in 1719, to Philip Yorke, Esq., afterwards Earl of Hardwicke, and Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain. His eldest son and successor was,

James Cocks, Esq., of Brookmans, in the county of Hertford, M.P. for the borough of Reigate. He married, *first*, in 1718, the Lady Elizabeth Newport, eldest daughter of Richard, Earl of Bradford, by whom he had no surviving issue; *secondly*, in 1737, Anne, youngest daugh-

* For the descent of the Lindsays, Earls of Balcarras, the reader is referred to the Illustrative Memoir (accompanied by an exquisite Portrait) of the Hon. Mrs. Charles Lindsay, LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE, Vol. IX. page 93.

† LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE, Vol. VI. page 185.

‡ *Ibid.*

ter of William, fourth Lord Berkeley, of Stratton, who died in giving birth to their only child, James, who was killed at St. Cas, on the French coast, in 1758. Dying unmarried, his extensive estates in Herefordshire, Surrey, Kent, &c., descended to his uncle,

John Cocks, of Castleditch, Eastnor, in the county of Hereford, Esq.; an estate which he obtained in marriage with his cousin, Mary, daughter of the Rev. Thomas Cocks, of Castleditch, to whom he was united in the year 1724. From this marriage came a family of twelve children; of whom the eldest son,

Charles, first Lord Somers, succeeded to the hereditary estates on the death of his father, in 1771. He represented the borough of Reigate in three parliaments; was created a Baronet on the 19th of September, 1772; and was raised to the dignity of the peerage, by the title of Lord Somers, Baron of Evesham, in the county of Worcester, on the 17th of May, 1784. His Lordship married, *first*, in 1759, Elizabeth, daughter of Richard Eliot, of Port Eliot, in the county of Cornwall, Esq., and sister of Edward, first Lord Eliot, by whom he had—

1. John, his successor, born May 6, 1760;—2. Mary Judith, born in 1762;—3. Harriet Margaret, died an infant;—4. Edward Charles, born in 1767, accidentally drowned, while at Westminster School, at the age of fourteen;—Charles Edward, twin brother with Edward Charles, died an infant;—6. Harriet, born in 1769.

Lord Somers married, *secondly*, in 1772, Anne, daughter of Reginald Pole, of Stoke, in the county of Devon, Esq., by whom he had—

1. Philip James, a Colonel in the army, and a Captain in the 1st Regiment of Footguards; born in 1774, married, in 1812, Frances, daughter of Arthur Herbert, Esq.;—2. Reginald, born in 1777, married, in 1802, Anne, daughter of his uncle, James Cocks, Esq.; died in 1805;—3. Anna Maria, born in 1773; married, in 1797, the Rev. Philip Yorke, Prebendary of Ely (who died in 1817) fourth son of James, late Bishop of Ely.

Lord Somers died on the 30th of June, 1806; and was succeeded by his son, the present peer,

John Somers Cocks, Earl Somers, Viscount Eastnor, Baron of Evesham; a Baronet; Recorder of Gloucester; High Steward of Hereford, &c. It was on the 17th of July, 1821, that his Lordship was created Viscount Eastnor and Earl Somers. He married, in 1785, Margaret, only daughter of the late Rev. Treadway Russel Nash, D.D., F.S.A., &c.,* of Bevere, near Worcester, by whom he has had issue as follows:—

1. Edward Charles, Major in the 79th Regt. born July 27, 1786, killed at the siege of Burgos, in Spain, October 8, 1812;—2. John, Viscount Eastnor, M.P. for the city of Hereford, born March 19, 1788; married, March 4, 1815, the Lady Caroline Harriet Yorke, fourth daughter of the Earl of Hardwicke, K.G.;—3. James Somers, in holy orders, born January 9, 1790;—4. Margaret Maria, born August 6, 1791.

The marriage of Lord Eastnor and his lady has, as already stated, been blessed with four children.

* Dr. Nash, the celebrated antiquary, and historian of the county of Worcester, studied at Worcester College, Oxford, where he took his degree of D.D. in 1758. He obtained the rectory of St. Peter's, at Droitwich, in Worcestershire; but, coming into the possession of his family estate, he employed his time and his fortune in the investigation of the antiquities of the county in which he resided. He published, in 1782, *Collections for the History of Worcestershire*, in two volumes, folio, comprising materials collected by the Habingtons, in the seventeenth century, and augmented by Dr. Thomas and Bishop Lyttleton. Subsequently, he published, in the Archæologia, *Observations on the Time of the Death and Place of Burial of Queen Katherine Parr*. He also edited Butler's Hudibras, in three volumes, quarto. Dr. Nash died in the year 1811, at the age of eighty-seven.

CONTEMPORARY POETS, AND WRITERS OF FICTION.

No. XXX.—S. T. Coleridge.*

It appears to be a tacitly received axiom, that our's is not an age of dramatic literature;—that, while the bards of Britain, in every other branch of the divine art, have "into the heaven of heavens presumed, and drawn empyreal air," as writers of tragedy they have shewn themselves incapable of rising above their native earth—of even attempting those bold and daring flights which raise *men* towards the stars, and prove them all but *gods*. This is not quite correct: it is sacrificing the present upon the altar of the past. With few and rare exceptions, we could produce tragedies of the present day, equal to any, and superior to most, that have appeared since the golden times of Elizabeth and James. The plays of Hill, Murphy, Johnson, Phillips, Thomson, Young, Addison, Rowe, &c., were tamely imitated from the cold French imitations—bodies without souls—of the ancient Greek drama. Coleridge, to say nothing of the authors of *De Montfort*, *Fazio*, *Evadne*, &c., might, by his *Remorse*, put a whole host of such writers to flight, and extinguish them for ever.

We have renewed our acquaintance with the tragedy of *Remorse*, under the influence of a zest more keen than that with which we enjoyed its first perusal in years gone by; or even that with which we witnessed its impassioned scenic representation, when, by breathless silence, not by vulgar shouts, its proud merit was attested. This play is at *least* as delightful in the closet as on the stage. The plot of *Remorse* is well constructed, and ably carried on; its scenery is happily imagined; many of its "situations" are very striking; and its general stage effect is good. The characters, too, are boldly conceived, skilfully developed, and adequately sustained; yet, perhaps, like many of Schiller's, they must be regarded as beautiful mental abstractions — poetical idealisms — rather than as transcripts of nature. It seems to have been reserved for Shakspeare, alone, to give us nature herself.

Remorse appears to be purely the child of imagination; and, as such, it may be considered as one of the few instances in which dramatic productions, not having history or tradition for their basis, have proved successful. The scene is laid in Granada; its time is in the reign of Philip II., just at the close of the civil wars against the Moors, and during the heat of the persecution that raged against them; circumstances which render the costume and scenery of the piece as picturesque as the characters are poetic. To enter into the detail of a tragedy so well known as that of *Remorse*, would be useless and impertinent. Presuming, therefore, the general reader to be acquainted with its structure, we shall, in this place, content ourselves with little more than indicating some of its more prominent and impressive features. Two very fine contrasts of character are presented in this drama: one, by Alvar and Ordonio, the sons of the Marquis Valdez; the other, by Donna Teresa, the orphan ward of Valdez, and Alhadra, the persecuted wife of Isidore, a Moorish chieftain. In Alvar we find all that is noble, and generous, and confiding; in Ordonio all that is base, cruel, and malignant. Teresa is the very *beau idéal* of an amiable, lovely, and devoted woman; Alhadra, unsexed by the cruel wrongs that have been heaped upon her, is a personification of unshrinking, remorseless revenge. How thrillingly powerful is this passage in the mouth of Alhadra:—

I was a Moresco!
They cast me, then a young and nursing mother,
Into a dungeon of their prison-house,
Where was no bed, no fire, no ray of light,
No touch, no sound of comfort! The black air,
It was a toil to breathe it! when the door,
Slow opening at the appointed hour, disclosed
One human countenance, the lamp's red flame
Cowered as it entered, and at once sunk down.
Oh miserable! by that lamp to see
My infant quarrelling with the coarse hard bread
Brought daily: for the little wretch was sickly—

* For *Contemporary Poets and Writers of Fiction*, No. XXVIII. in which the poetic powers of Coleridge are treated of generally, *vide* La Belle Assemblee, Vol. IX. page 235. It is as a dramatist only that Coleridge is regarded in the present paper.

My rage had dried away its natural food.
In darkness I remained—the dull bell counting,
Which haply told me that the all-cheering sun
Was rising on our garden. When I dozed,
My infant's moanings mingled with my slumbers,
And waked me.—If you were a mother, lady,
I should scarce dare to tell you that its noises
And peevish cries so fretted on my brain,
That I have struck the innocent babe in anger.

And, on the other hand, passing from the gloom of night, to the first freshness of the morning, what a sweet, what a fascinating picture might we not anticipate from the easel of Pickersgill, were he to determine on embodying these lines:—

We were alone: the purple hue of dawn
Fell from the kindling east aslant upon us,
And blending with the blushes on her cheek,
Suffused the tear-drops there with rosy light.
There seemed a glory round us, and Teresa
The angel of the vision!

This, too, is a sweetly poetic fancy, but greatly heightened in its effect by the context:—

I knew a crazy Moorish maid,
Who drest her in her buried lover's clothes,
And o'er the smooth spring in the mountain cleft
Hung with her lute, and played the self-same tune
He used to play, and listened to the shadow
Herself had made.

Here, in a speech of Alvar's, is a specimen of strong painting:—

On a rude rock,
A rock, methought, fast by a grove of firs,
Whose thready leaves to the low breathing gale
Made a soft sound, most like the distant ocean,
I stayed, as though the hour of death were passed,
And I were sitting in the world of spirits—
For all things seemed unreal! There I sate—
The dews fell clammy, and the night descended,
Black, sultry, close! and ere the midnight hour,
A storm came on, mingling all sounds of fear,
That woods, and sky, and mountains seemed one havock.
The second flash of lightning showed a tree
Hard by me, newly scathed. I rose tumultuous:
My soul worked high, I bared my head to the storm,
And, with loud voice and clamorous agony,
Kneeling I prayed to the great Spirit that made me,
Prayed, that REMORSE might fasten on their hearts,
And cling with poisonous tooth, inextricable
As the gored lion's *bite!*

In the third act, where Alvar, in the disguise of a sorcerer, pretends, in the presence of Valdez, Ordonio, and Teresa, to the power of calling forth the spirits of the dead, the author of "Religious Musings" must be recognised, in all his wild and deep imaginings:—

With no irreverent voice or uncouth charm,
I call up the departed!
Soul of Alvar!
Hear our soft suit, and heed my milder spell:
So may the gates of Paradise unbarred,
Cease thy swift toils! Since haply thou art one
Of that innumerable company
Who in broad circle, lovelier than the rainbow,
Girdle this round earth in a dizzy motion,
With noise too vast and constant to be heard:
Fitliest unheard! For oh, ye numberless,
And rapid travellers! what ear unstunned,
What sense unmadden'd, might bear up against
The rushing of your congregated wings?
[*Music.*
Even now your living wheel turns o'er my head!
[*Music expressive of the movements and images that follow.*
Ye, as ye pass, toss high the desart sands
That roar and whiten, like a burst of waters,
A sweet appearance, but a dread illusion
To the parched caravan that roams by night!
And ye build upon the becalmed waves
That whirling pillar, which from earth to heaven
Stands vast, and moves in blackness! ye too split
The ice mount! and with fragments many and huge
Tempest the new-thawed sea, whose sudden gulphs
Suck in perchance, some Lapland wizard's skiff!
Then round and round the whirlpool's marge ye dance,
Till from the blue swoln corse the soul toils out,
And joins your mighty army.
[*Here, behind the scenes, a voice sings the three words, "Hear, Sweet Spirit!"*
Soul of Alvar!
Hear the mild spell, and tempt no blacker charm!
By sighs unquiet, and the sickly pang
Of a half-dead, yet still undying hope,
Pass visible before our mortal sense!
So shall the church's cleansing rites be thine,
Her knells and masses that redeem the dead!

Were we criticising a new play, we should feel it necessary to point out in succession the principal scenes, incidents, and "situations;" but, as it is, we must leave to the readers of *Remorse*, or to those who may witness its representation at the theatre, all that relates to the development of character, and the progress of the story. Isolated as are the passages we have introduced, they are more than sufficient to evince the dramatic power and skill of the writer.

Zapolya, a Christmas Tale, in two parts, is a dramatic poem "in humble imitation of the Winter's Tale of Shakspeare." Its pretension is not high; it would not be likely to succeed in representation; yet it possesses much poetic beauty, and many fine characteristic sketches. The imagery of these lines is remarkably spirited and brilliant:—

———————— A spring morning,
With its wild gladsome minstrelsy of birds,
And its bright jewelry of orbs and dew-drops,
(Each orbed drop an orb of glory in it).

Here is a pleasing passage to the eye, and to the ear; but, in our view, it is

without the essential recommendation—truth:—

> To be innocent is nature's wisdom!
> The fledge-dove knows the prowlers of the air,
> Feared soon as seen, and flutters back to shelter,
> And the young steed recoils upon his haunches,
> The never-yet-seen adder's hiss first heard.
> O surer than Suspicion's hundred eyes
> Is that fine sense which to the pure in heart,
> By mere oppugnancy of their own goodness,
> Reveals the approach of evil!

Surely it is to *instinct*, rather than to *innocence*, that the dove and the steed are indebted for that intimation which "reveals the approach of evil."

In Coleridge's collected works, *Zapolya* succeeds *Remorse*, in order: which of the two might happen to be written first, we know not; but, dramatically considered, less pains have evidently been taken with *Zapolya* than with the more regularly constructed tragedy, *Remorse*. In particular, the death of the usurping tyrant, Emerick, is, by its very suddenness, comparatively poor and ineffective.

Although *The Piccolomini*, and *The Death of Wallenstein*, which Coleridge has, by translation, made his own, are generally regarded as the most elaborate and the most splendid of Schiller's dramas, it will, we imagine, be conceded, that the tragedy of *The Robbers* displays a far greater portion of what has been most aptly denominated "the intoxication of genius." We, therefore, conceive Coleridge to be correct in his opinion, when he says—"The admirers of Schiller, who have abstracted their idea of that author from *The Robbers*, and the *Cabal and Love*, plays in which the main interest is produced by the excitement of curiosity, and in which the curiosity is excited by terrible and extraordinary incident, will not have perused without some portion of disappointment, the dramas which it has been my employment to translate." *Wallenstein*, as a whole—for, in fact, the two parts constitute but one entire drama—is a fine but very unequal tragedy. It contains, as Coleridge remarks, "more individual beauties, more passages, whose excellence will bear reflection," than any of the former productions of Schiller; but, independently of its prolix speeches, and its scenes of almost interminable length, it appears to be marked by certain radical defects, not the least of which is the unsatisfactory character of its hero. It is impossible to respect or esteem, to admire or to love, Wallenstein. With difficulty even can we commisserate his fall. We hardly know whether the truth of his chararter, as a historical portrait, can be considered as compensating for its disloyalty, its inconsistency, its moral unworthiness. On the other hand, the character of Maximilian Piccolomini is most admirably conceived; that of the Countess Tertsky, an accomplished *intriguante*, is very elaborately and effectively developed; and Thekla, the daughter of Wallenstein, is a lovely abstraction of the single mindedness, the deep, the intense, the exclusive devotion of woman's love—of that love which owns no selfish thought or feeling—that love which, as it comes *from* heaven must *return* thither—that love, that enduring affection, which can perish neither here nor hereafter. Butler, too, a most difficult character to manage, is a master-piece of its kind; and the rough, honest soldier, Gordon, though only a sketch, is a sketch of extraordinary merit. However, with the construction of the story, or with the conception and portraiture of its characters, we have here little to do: they rest with Schiller, not with Coleridge.

But, in congeniality of spirit, Coleridge, in fixing upon his original—upon Schiller, the wild, the enthusiastic Schiller—has made a strikingly felicitous choice. It would be sacrilege, it would be insanity, to compare Schiller with Shakspeare; yet it must be confessed, that the genius of Schiller is original, and splendid, and powerful, in an eminent degree. We dare not trust ourselves with the attempt to analyse, howsoever slightly, the play of *Wallenstein*, for the attempt would carry us through sheets instead of pages; but, for the sake of those who may not be in possession of the work, we cannot resist the inclination to make a brief extract or two, illustrating, at once, the power of the original poet, and that of his equally able translator. All that relates to the astrological tower, in the first part of *Wallenstein* is excellent, but it is of too great a length, and too well known, for insertion here. Favouring the influence of the stars, John Varley must be in raptures with it;—that is, if he be as

great an enthusiast in poetry as he is in painting, and in the occult science. Thekla says—

It is a gentle and affectionate thought,
That in immeasurable heights above us,
At our first birth, the wreath of love was woven,
With sparkling stars for flowers.

In another scene, Thekla exclaims—

There's a dark spirit walking in our house,
And swiftly will the destiny close on us.
It drove me hither from my calm asylum,
It mocks my soul with charming witchery,
It lures me forward in a seraph's shape,
I see it near, I see it nearer floating,
It draws, it pulls me with a godlike power,—
And lo! the abyss—and thither am I moving—
I have no power within me not to move!

In the fourth act of *The Death of Wallenstein*, the scene between Thekla and the Swedish Captain, in which the former, collecting all her energies, listens to a recital of the death of Maximilian Piccolomini, is awfully impressive; so also is the immediately succeeding scene, in which Thekla announces her determination to seek the grave of her beloved—

His spirit 'tis that calls me: 'tis the troop
Of his true followers, who offered up
Themselves to avenge his death: and they accuse me
Of an ignoble loitering—*they* would not
Forsake their leader even in his death—*they* died for him:
And shall *I* live?

We differ totally from Coleridge, in the opinion that the latter scene might have been omitted without injury to the play. It certainly presents one of the finest and most powerful exhibitions of deep, intensely wrought natural feeling, that is to be found in the whole drama. We must give it nearly entire. Thekla, after the departure of the Swedish Captain, falls on her attendant's neck, and exclaims—

Now, gentle Newbrunn, shew me the affection
Which thou hast ever promised—prove thyself
My own true friend and faithful fellow-pilgrim.
This night we must away!
Newbrunn. Away! and whither?
Thekla. Whither! there is but one place in the world.
Thither where he lies buried! To his coffin!
Newbrunn. What would you do there?
Thekla. What do there?
That wouldst thou not have asked, hadst thou e'er loved.
There, there is all that still remains of him;
That single spot is the whole earth to me.
Newbrunn. That place of death——
Thekla. Is now the only place
Where life yet dwells for me: detain me not!
Come and make preparations: let us think
Of means to fly from hence.
Newbrunn. Your father's rage——
Thekla. That time is past;
And now I fear no human being's rage.
Newbrunn. The sentence of the world! the tongue of calumny!——
Thekla. Whom am I seeking? Him who is no more.
Am I then hastening to the arms——O God!
I haste but to the grave of my beloved.
Newbrunn. And we alone, two helpless feeble women?
Thekla. We will take weapons: my arm shall protect thee.
Newbrunn. In the dark night-time?
Thekla. Darkness will conceal us.
Newbrunn. This rough tempestuous night——
Thekla. Had he a soft bed
Under the hoofs of his war-horses?
Newbrunn. Heaven!
And then the many posts of the enemy!
Thekla. They are human beings. Misery travels free
Through the whole earth.
Newbrunn. The journey's weary length——
Thekla. The pilgrim, travelling to a distant shrine
Of hope and healing, doth not count the leagues.
Newbrunn. How can we pass the gates?
Thekla. Gold opens them.
Go, do but go.
Newbrunn. Should we be recognized!
Thekla. In a despairing woman, a poor fugitive,
Will no one seek the daughter of Duke Friedland.
Newbrunn. And where procure we horses for our flight?
Thekla. My equerry procures them. Go, and fetch him.
Newbrunn. Dares he, without the knowledge of his lord?
Thekla. He will. Go, only go. Delay no longer.
Newbrunn. Dear lady! and your mother?
Thekla. Oh! my mother!
Newbrunn. So much as she has suffered too already!
Your tender mother! Ah, how ill-prepared
For this last anguish!
Thekla. Woe is me! my mother! *(Pauses.)*
Go instantly.
Newbrunn. But think what you are doing!
Thekla. What *can* be thought, already has been thought.
Newbrunn. And being there, what purpose you to do?
Thekla. There a divinity will prompt my soul.
Newbrunn. Your heart, dear lady, is disquieted,
And this is not the way that leads to quiet.
Thekla. To a deep quiet, such as he has found.
It draws me on, I know not what to name it,
Resistless does it draw me to his grave.
There will my heart be eased, my tears will flow.
O hasten! make no further questioning!
There is no rest for me, till I have left
These walls—they fall in on me! A dim power
Drives me from hence.—Oh mercy! what a feeling!
What pale and hollow forms are those! They fill,
They crowd the place! I have no longer room here!
Mercy! Still more! More still! The hideous swarm!
They press on me; they chase me from these walls—
Those hollow, bodiless forms of living men!

The whole of the first scene of the fifth act is also wonderfully fine; but the boundaries of space forbid us to proceed. Let us close therefore with recommending every reader of poetry—of dramatic poetry—to peruse *Wallenstein*.

H.

JANE REDGRAVE:—A VILLAGE TALE.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

By Susanna Strickland.

" You must have lost your husband very shortly after your marriage, dear aunt," said Rose Sternfield, letting her work suddenly fall from her hand, and addressing a pale, interesting, dark-eyed woman, who was seated at the open door of their cottage, busily engaged in turning her spinning wheel.

The individual to whom the lively Rose addressed this inquiry returned no answer, but bent her head more studiously over the wheel, while her niece continued— " I have lived with you ever since I was a very little girl, but I never saw my uncle, and never heard you mention his name—who was he, dear aunt?"

Jane Redgrave's lips moved convulsively, as on the point of speech; but the effort was unsuccessful, and, clasping her hands mournfully together, she raised her eyes, swimming in tears, to the face of her young and lovely niece, whose fair ringlets and blooming complexion were in perfect harmony with her name—the whole village having unanimously agreed that Rose Sternfield was a rose indeed. It was only a momentary glance that the elder female threw on her niece, yet it was so expressive of heartfelt anguish, that Rose shrank from a second encounter of that wild and woe-begone look.

A long and painful pause ensued: the monotonous whirring of the wheel was suspended; the twittering of the swallows under the eaves, and the chirping of the grasshopper in the little lawn before the cottage, before unnoticed, now became a burden; and the far off dash of the mill stream, which wound its serpentine course through the meadows beneath, was distinctly audible. Jane Redgrave had buried her face in her garments; and though her breast heaved, and every limb trembled, her grief was too deep to find a voice. She wept, but it was in silence. Rose wept because her aunt wept; for Rose was a tender hearted creature, who had lived with Jane Redgrave ever since she lost her own mother—had shared the same bed, and drank of the same cup; had assisted her in all her labours, and nursed her through many long and dangerous illnesses; had been all and every thing to her, but had never shared her grief. She had never dared to question the reason of those wild and sudden bursts of sorrow which at times overwhelmed her aunt's mind with the deepest dejection, and even threatened her reason. To the gay and light hearted Rose these fits of melancholy still remained a mystery.

Jane Redgrave had once been beautiful; but sorrow, and that anxiety which consumes the heart, had robbed her cheek of its bloom, dimmed the fire of her dark eyes, and shed untimely snows among the rich brown tresses that shaded her slender throat. The physiognomist instantly perceived the traces that passion had left in her prematurely furrowed brow—lines which had been stamped with characters of fire, and too deeply marked to be washed out with tears. Those feelings were extinct: the mind from which they had emanated survived its energies; but the sting of grief, the bitter goadings of a wounded spirit, still remained, when the hopes, the fears, and the crushing anxieties that had worn down the frame and withered the heart, had perished with the object which gave them birth.

" Dearest Aunt," said Rose, " what grief my idle question has occasioned you! Forgive me for thus unintentionally wounding your feelings! See, it is a lovely evening, let us take a turn in the green lane; the song of your favourite birds will restore peace to your mind."

" The song of birds, the voice of the waters, and the gentle whisperings of the breeze among the lime trees, once spoke the language of joy to my heart; but it was at that happy period of my existence when I was as young and innocent as you are now, Rose. But when the spirit of gloom is upon me, these sounds only increase my distress."

Rose drew her seat nearer to her weeping companion, and tenderly pressing her hand, silently resumed her former employment,

But the spell which had so long rested upon the lips of Jane Redgrave was broken: her tears had dissolved the ice which had so long closed over the living fountain of the heart, and, turning to her niece, she said—

"You ask, my dear child, who was my husband. Alas! I cannot tell you. The name he bequeathed to me at the altar is all I know of the mysterious being to whom, in an evil hour, I yielded up the warm affections of my young and inexperienced heart; and even that name, it appears, I cannot lawfully claim. Listen to me, Rose, and take a mournful warning from my melancholy fate.

"I was the only daughter of a little farmer, who lived in the old-fashioned turretted farm-house on the brow of the hill as you go to W—. That spot, you well remember, is a wild heath nearly enclosed with woods; and in my young day it was more sequestered than it is at present. My father was a well meaning but austere man. During my childhood I was his pet and plaything, and he indulged me in all my little whims and caprices; but as I grew up his countenance changed towards me, and he exercised a stern authority over me. This was at the instigation of my brother, a sullen and morose character, who chid the gaiety of my spirits continually, and by his harsh and arbitrary manners rendered my life a burden to me, and my home miserable. After my mother's death the whole care of the house devolved upon me, and as we kept only one servant, a stupid parish girl, I was engaged all day with my domestic affairs, and my evenings were devoted to needlework. But, in spite of all my industry and perseverance, I could never satisfy the unreasonable demands of my father, or appease the discontented murmurings of Joshua, who, to my father, was always complaining of my indolence. I enjoyed very little respite from continual labour; and the only hours in which I was permitted to rest from my toils were those halcyon nights when my father and brother were absent at market, and then I amused myself by devouring the pages of a few old fashioned novels which had belonged to a maiden aunt. The study of these books filled my head with romantic notions, cherished the deep melancholy which was consuming me, and gave me the most extravagant notions of my own consequence. These, too, were increased by the homage I received from my brother Joshua's associates. However, I listened to their proposals with indifference; boldly affirming that I would marry a gentleman, or remain single for life. My father frowned at my lofty fancies, and my brother listened with a scowling brow, as he had promised to bestow my hand upon a neighbouring farmer, an uneducated and vulgar tiller of the soil. But Andrew Miller's farm was his own, and my father and brother agreed that he would be an excellent match for Jane. No language can express my detestation of this individual. His person was disgusting in the extreme, and his presence and conversation filled me with abhorrence. To add to my aversion, he was constantly the theme of fierce disputes between my brother and me.

"One fine spring evening, my brother had insulted and outraged my feelings beyond endurance, and I rushed from the house, determined never to enter it again. My heart was full to bursting; the vehemence of my feelings overcame me—I staggered a few paces from the door—my strength failed me, and I sat down by the well, which was by the road side, and proceeded to bathe my burning temples in the water that stood ready drawn in the bucket. I turned my eyes towards the home of my infancy, and my tears burst out afresh, and I said unconsciously aloud—'Ah, what will become of me! Whither shall I go—I know nothing of the world, and my heart cleaves to this place!'

"'If you feel so sad on your first outset in life, my pretty maiden,' said a voice near me, 'what must you expect from its close?'

"The colour rushed to my cheeks—I hastily fastened back the long hair which had escaped from its bandage, and which the wind had scattered over my face, and rose in great confusion, as I saw before me a tall handsome young man, in a hunting dress, leaning on his gun, and surveying me with an air of curiosity and interest.

"'Sorrow has hitherto been my companion,' I said, wiping away the traces of

recent grief; 'and I am doomed to pursue my path through this vale of tears with bitter weeping. But why should I burden you with my grief. You are a stranger—pass on, and leave me to myself.

"'Give me first a draught of water from the bucket,' he replied, 'for I am overcome with thirst and fatigue, and it will be doubly acceptable from so fair a hand.'

"I was young and vain, and this speech, and the winning manner in which it was uttered, insensibly found its way to my heart. The stranger's features were high and stern, but at that moment they smiled on me, and I was so unused to kindness, that it made a deeper impression on my mind, and I lingered a moment on the spot ere I hastened to the house to fetch a glass for the water, in order that the stranger might drink. When I entered our little parlour, I found my father seated in his high armed chair, by the side of an oak table, his head resting between his hands. At the sound of my approaching footsteps, he raised his head. I was struck by the unusual paleness of his countenance, and my heart smote me for the flight I had premeditated. I trembled as I drew near to him; he held out his hand to me; and my eyes again overflowed with tears.

"'Where have you been, Jane? and why are your eyes red with weeping?'

"'Can you ask that question, father, after what passed between my brother and me this evening?'

"'Your brother was in the wrong, Jane—you must forget and forgive these petty injuries.'

"'But I cannot forget them,' I exclaimed vehemently. 'He has outraged my feelings, and filled my bosom with despair, and I will no longer submit to his tyranny.'

"'And what do you intend to do, Jane?"

"'Leave you,' I said, 'and seek for kindlier fortunes in the world.'

"He started, and surveyed me with a searching glance. 'Poor child! you would not do any thing so rash! The world has no friends for the friendless. These are idle words, Jane—you will soon forget them; and if you love your father, you will continue to live in peace with your brother.'

"His words produced a strange sensation in my breast: it might be the solemn tone in which they were uttered. I took the glass and returned to the well.

"The stranger was waiting for me, and expressed the greatest delight at my re-appearance. A long conversation took place between us, for he won my confidence by the interest he appeared to take in my welfare. I informed him of my situation with regard to my brother and his detested friend, and he promised to free me from my irksome bondage, if I would receive him as my lover, and make myself as comfortable as I could in my present situation till he could claim me as his wife. He pleaded his cause so gracefully, so eloquently, that I yielded to his request; for at that moment my heart was too sore to attend to the cold maxims of prudence, and before we parted I promised to meet him the following evening in the wood.

"We parted, after many a long and lingering look. I continued to watch his retreating figure, till it was lost among the trees; and returned to the house with the painful consciousness of having acted imprudently.—As I lifted the latch of the door that led into our little sitting room, a sudden chill came over me, and it required all the energy I could muster to recross the threshold. I entered the room like one in a dream; for, after the promise I had made the stranger, I dreaded to meet my father's reproving eye. He was seated in the same attitude, but his head had sunk from between his supporting hands, and now rested upon the table; and, but for the utter lifelessness of the position, and that solemn stillness which invariably gathers round the dead, I could have imagined that he only slept. That eye could no longer reprove, or that voice chide! My father had expired during my absence!

"I will pass over that horrible night. My frame was alternately shaken with convulsive bursts of agony and the fierce chidings of remorse; and I determined, if it cost me my life, to obey my father's last solemn injunction, and try to live in peace with my brother.

"Joshua was deeply affected by the

sudden death of our father. During the melancholy period that preceded his funeral, he treated me with kindness almost amounting to affection; and I was too much overwhelmed with grief to remember my appointment with the stranger. Joshua's heart was softened towards me, and for the first time in our lives our tears were mingled.—'Oh, let us henceforth live in peace, my brother,' I sobbed, as my head sank upon his supporting shoulder, as we stood together by the window on the evening of my father's funeral. 'Remember what the holy David saith—'How good and pleasant a thing it is for brothers to dwell in unity.' The heart of the stern man melted within him. He did not answer, but pressed me silently to his breast. His arm trembled as it encircled my waist—I felt the sacred hush of holy feeling—it sank like a healing balm into my wounded heart—and I raised my eyes, swimming in tears, towards heaven in silent prayer. The moon was up, and shone in cloudless beauty upon the quiet bounds of our little garden. A soft mist was rising on the heath, which, encompassed on every side by lofty woods, in whose gloomy recesses the shades of night appeared to sleep, leaving the wide plain bright and billowy, like an inland lake surrounded by stupendous rocks. It was a night of calm and delicious beauty—a night when the silence of nature finds a voice, and her inanimate forms speak in unutterable tones to the overburdened heart. My spirit acknowledged its soothing power, when my eye was arrested in its upward glance by a dark object that was distinctly visible in the centre of the moonlight plain. I drew a shorter breath, and strove to draw my brother from the spot; but the strength with which his arm closed round me convinced me that the same object had attracted his attention. That form once seen could never be forgotten! My colour went and came—a thick mist floated before my sight—though my aching eyeballs were intensely fixed upon the tall figure as it rapidly advanced. It was the stranger! He paused beside the well, and raised his eyes to the open window at which we were standing. My brother stood back in the shade—my death-pale face alone was visible; the stranger's high stern features were distinctly revealed by the clear light of the moon. Oh, how I wished that the clouds would rise and veil her—that the earth would open and swallow me. I endeavoured to speak—my brother prevented me.

"'Be still, upon your life—I will know who this fellow is, who dares to trespass upon my premises to-night.'

"These words were muttered between his shut teeth, but every half-formed syllable struck like a dagger on my heart. At that moment the stranger raised his hand, and beckoned to me. Forgetting that my brother was present, I made a hasty and impatient gesture for him to be gone. An exclamation of rage burst from Joshua—he flung me from him with a dreadful oath—the action was accompanied by a term of reproach too coarse to be repeated, and, snatching down a fowling-piece that was suspended over the fire-place, he rushed from the house. With a cry of horror and despair, I threw myself upon the floor. At length, my brother returned. He struck a light, cast himself into a chair by the table, and commanded me to rise and prepare his supper. I felt inclined to resist the imperative mandate; but when my eye glanced on the chair in which my brother was seated, and beheld his reclining attitude, I remembered that it was the chair in which my father had died, and the position in which I had last seen him; and, with a heavy sigh, I arose, wiped away my tears, bound back my scattered tresses, and placed food before him. Joshua was too much agitated to eat, and he pushed the provisions hastily from him.

"'Jane,' he said, 'do you know that man?'

"'I have seen him,' I replied, 'once before.'

"'Only once?'

"'Only once.'

"'And where did you meet him?'

"'By the well, the night my father died—the night,' I continued, speaking with more vehemence, 'when your unkind treatment had driven me to despair, and I left this house with the determination never to cross the threshold again!'

"He started from his seat and paced the room in great agitation. Then, stopping abruptly before me, he said—

"'And what hindered you from carrying your design into execution?'

"'The few words of kindness,' I replied, bursting again into a flood of tears, 'which were addressed to me by the stranger.'

"Joshua regarded me with a searching glance.

"'Fool,' he said, with a scornful laugh—'weak, credulous fool! were you so rash as to give him any encouragement?'

"The colour burnt like fire upon my cheek. Rage and indignation filled my breast. 'I will not answer these insulting questions,' I replied. 'You have no right to treat me thus.'

"'You forget that I am your guardian!' he exclaimed, advancing with a threatening gesture towards me. I raised my streaming eyes to his face—his arm sank nerveless by his side.

"'Jane!' he said, in a solemn tone, 'never meet that man again, as you value my friendship and protection. He is a villain, who intends you no good.'

"A torturing question rose to my lips—a question which I could no longer repress, for it seemed as though it would burst my heart in twain—and I faltered out—'Did you speak to him?'

"Joshua answered with a disdainful smile—'He has received his answer! and let him look well to himself if ever he ventures near these premises again. And now that I have satisfied your idle curiosity, Madam, you may remove these things and retire to bed.'

"From that hour all confidence between us was at an end. Joshua resumed the same stern authority over me which had at first steeled my heart against him, and dried up the fountain of natural affection; and, to add to my many sorrows, my father had not been dead a month before Andrew Miller became a constant visitor at the house. I fled to solitude to find a relief from his hated presence, and to indulge the melancholy feelings that preyed upon my heart.

"In one of these evening rambles, it was my ill luck again to encounter the stranger, whom I shall now call Armyn Redgrave. Ah, would that we had never met! Would that I had died before I listened to his persuasive voice!

"Night after night we met in the rugged glen at the bottom of the heath; and night after night the cloudless summer heavens, the pale moon, and the burning stars, witnessed our vows of eternal love. Surely never woman loved as I loved! and never was affection, for a time, more ardently, more intensely repaid! But even in those moments, when my cup of happiness seemed overflowing, there was a wild and gloomy expression in the dark eyes and stern features of Armyn Redgrave, that startled and alarmed me; and often have I buried my face in my hands to shut out that baleful gaze. It was but a momentary thing—a dark cloud that briefly floated over the summer heavens: his fine countenance was again lighted up with a smile; and his soothing voice, and the tenderness of his manner, dispelled my boding apprehensions.

"From Armyn I learned that he was the youngest son of a gentleman of large fortune in the adjoining county—that he had incurred his father's displeasure by having, in an unguarded hour, been tempted to enter a gaming-house with a young companion, who had fleeced him of a large sum of money. This had so enraged his father, that he had been obliged to leave the country till the storm should abate; and he was now only waiting a summons from his elder brother, who had promised to pacify the wrath of the old gentleman, to return. To marry, under such circumstances, would ensure his ruin; but he entreated me to wait patiently till he should be enabled to present me to his father as his wife.

"This statement was so plausible, that it gained from me full credence; and the summer passed rapidly away in delightful anticipations of the future. The cares and labours of the day were amply repaid by the pleasure which those stolen interviews with Armyn Redgrave brought at night. My brother was as stern, and Andrew Miller as disagreeable as ever; but neither of them suspected in what manner my evening rambles generally terminated. Alas! why did they so terminate? It was with unspeakable horror that I discovered, before the autumn had scattered the leaves over the earth, that I was likely to present the world with a living proof of my shame and credulity. When the terrible truth flashed upon my guilty mind,

I dashed my hand against my swollen brow, and heaped curses on my own miserable head, and wept till the fountain of tears was dry—till my heart withered, and my brain burned, and I had not a tear to shed! Then came the fierce revilings of conscience—the fiery upbraidings of remorse; and memory, like a mocking fiend, slowly turned over the pages of the past, and goaded me to despair. The wrath of my brother, the contempt of Andrew Miller, and the scorn of the whole village, rose in gloomy perspective before me; and every brook and pool of water tempted me to bury my grief and shame beneath the impenetrable veil of oblivion. But I felt a new feeling stirring in my heart—a light shining through the darkness of the grave! It was love—a mother's love, pleading for the safety of her unborn babe; and at length I gained sufficient courage to inform Armyn of my unfortunate state. He was thunderstruck at the information; and never did those wild, deep-seated eyes assume so strange, so unearthly an expression, as at that moment! I shrank, shuddering, from their gaze. But it was not a time to indulge in idle fears. Madness and despair were struggling in my breast, and my grief at last found a voice. I knelt upon the dewy sod—I clasped his knees, and bathed his feet with my tears—I humbled my spirit to the dust, as I exclaimed, in the bitterness of my soul—'Give me, Armyn, a father for my child, or put an end to my miserable existence!'

"'Wretched girl!' he said, striving to raise me from the ground, 'I cannot make you my wife!'

"'You must! you shall!' I cried; 'you brought me into this fearful strait, and you must extricate me from it. Treat me as a slave! as a vile and degraded wretch, for such I am, but save me from dishonour—save me from my brother—and worse, far worse! save me from myself!—from the dreadful crime of lifting my desperate hand against my own life!'

"He regarded me with a fixed and gloomy stare—a look so cold and so unfeeling—that my blood curdled in my veins. A smile wreathed his lips! There was something dreadful in that smile! I gazed upon him till the mask fell slowly from my eyes, and I felt to loathe him as the author of my wrongs—I felt that I could have raised my hand to heaven and invoked a solemn curse upon his head! At length, he spoke in accents so slow and distinct, that every word vibrated upon my brain like the stroke of a hammer—

"'You had better die than become my wife!'

"'Were it only *my* life,' I replied, 'I would terminate my existence at your feet. But the life of *another*—a *dearer* being depends upon the words of your lips—the life of YOUR CHILD!—cruel and unnatural Armyn.'—I buried my face in the long grass, and almost screamed with agony.

"He lifted me roughly from the ground—'Can you forsake friends, home, and country, all else that is dear to you, and follow me?'

"'I can! I will!' I exclaimed, a ray of hope darting into my soul—'You are *my* world—my life! my joy!—the only hope I now can cling to!'

"'Meet me, then, at the church, at eight o'clock to-morrow morning, and become the most miserable wretch on the face of the earth! And, mark me, Jane! take neither purse nor scrip for your journey; my wife will have no need of these things.'

"He turned to leave me, but I held him with a convulsive grasp. The transition from grief to joy—to hope from despair—was so sudden and unexpected, that it affected my reason, and I vented my feelings alternately in laughter and in tears.

"'Bless you!—God bless you, my husband!—my beloved!' I exclaimed; 'you have saved me from eternal misery!'—I flung my arms round his neck—I pressed him to my bosom, and bathed his face and hands with my tears; but he seemed insensible to all my caresses; and, disengaging himself from my wreathing arms, he repeated, in a loud hollow voice—'To-morrow.' Plunging into the wood, he instantly disappeared; and I returned to the house in a fever of excitement, dreading, yet franticly anticipating, the return of light!"

MARY MACGOHARTY AT HOME.

By Mrs. S. C. Hall, Author of "Sketches of Irish Character."

"The untaught eloquence of nature."

My own green Isle!—Winter and Summer passed;—and I felt indisposed—and I thought the English climate particularly disagreeable—it was either too hot, or too cold, too wet or too dry.—"Brighton!"—nobody would think of going to Brighton in June—nobody there until August—no trees—no scenery there at any time.—"Hastings"—the cliffs were all tumbling at Hastings—nobody in their senses would go to Hastings.—"Margate."—Fye! Tooly Street! Billingsgate! and the Borough!—What genteel housemaid would visit Margate! "Bath!" Medea's kettle! Who could submit quietly to be stewed alive at Bath.—"Cheltenham"—"Harrowgate"—"Lymington"—all vastly disagreeable:—the fact was—every body set me down as terribly capricious—and every body was wrong.—I was suffering from the *mal de pays*—and longed, like poor Mary, to see the green—green grass,—and the merry faces—and hear the songs and the brogue of Ireland; we made the passage from Holyhead to Dublin in six hours; yet I thought our barque lagged terribly on the waters.

In my *rational* moments I am always free to confess that I would not make Ireland my dwelling place:—yet I love it—oh so dearly! perhaps for a woman's reason—because it has been unfortunate.

When I saw the glorious Hill of Hoath—at first appearing like a sentinel on the sky's brink—and guarding so faithfully the beautiful bay—my heart swelled within me, and my feelings were of so mixed a nature, that my readers as well as myself will doubtless be glad to get rid of them.—I do not think the far famed Lazaroni can be more deplorable in their appearance than the beggars—or porters—or whatever they call themselves, who assemble around strangers on their first landing, and accompany them with unremitting perseverance to the hotel—be it far or near. Invariably something like the following dialogue or rambling conversation takes place. "I'm the boy to lift these things for ye'r honour's glory—surely it isn't to the like o' him ye'd trust thim.—Barney! let 'em alone will ye—or I'll find a way to make ye behave—don't lay the shadow o' ye'r finger on 'em."

"Mam—Och lady dear, sure ye won't be after forgetting the lone widdy that has as good as two sets o' childer to look after—and I all as one as blind."

"Heaven bless ye! Sure I'll do the turn for the beautiful lady—I mean I would if I could—carry that taste of a box for ye wid all the veins o' my heart—only I can't plase ye'r honour, 'cause I'm lame."

"Oh thin its I will pray the blessed vargin herself to make ye'r bed in heaven!—and remember the desolate orphin!"

"Will ye whist, Judy—a pretty orphin you are Agra—to be imposing on the gintry after that fashion—whin ye've got a man o' yer own to work for ye.—Give one little sixpenny among us all my lord—and we'll wish ye a long life and a happy death—every day in the year."

Gentlemen will get cross when travelling—the male sex are sadly wanting in patience.—And I remember me, that a certain person, a very dear friend of mine, was so tormented by a gaunt beggar woman, a sort of Meg Merriles—in a red tattered cloak, with grizzled locks—and cunning—grey eyes—who addressed him by every endearing epithet she could think of—that at last losing all patience—he told her in no very gentle terms to go to ——; I shall never forget the creature's face—as peering at him—she still kept her bony hand extended—and replied with inimitable humour, "It's a long journey, ye'r honour!—may be ye'd give us something to pay our expinses."

No end to the noise!—Noisy beggars!—noisy children!—noisy pigs!—noisy ducks!—then the post chaise!—that threatens to tumble faster than its wheels can go—the ragged—good tempered

looking postilion—and the temporary loss of baggage—for in spite of all your exertions some of the officiating porters, secure and carry off triumphantly—what (notwithstanding your assurances to the contrary) they assert would be "in ye'r honour's way, and is a dale safer wid them."—You appeal to the driver—and he is invariably amused by your anxiety—and, well knowing that your luggage will be safely deposited at the appointed hotel, avoids giving a direct reply—or answers one question by asking another. The Irish enjoy a quiz—more than a monkey does nuts—an alderman turtle, or a young lady a French hat.—And woe be to the steady strait forward John Bull—who matter-of-fact in every thing—understands not the *poetic action* of which the Irish are so fond—they will drive you half mad with their practical jokes—and then wonder that you do not comprehend them.—When I had wandered about the splendid but half deserted streets of my native city—and contemplated with very mixed feelings the extraordinary difference which exists between the two nations;—the sauntering idle gait—(nobody now-a-days, I believe, finds fault with *gentlemen* for being *idle*, although they rail long and loudly at those who are not fortunate enough to hold the lazy commission of gentility for being so) of the "business men;" assuming on *week days* the lounge which our best English shopkeepers reserve for *Sundays*,—the very pretty, but, generally speaking, tastelessly dressed girls, who appear to have nothing to do—except to see or tell some new thing (and, indeed, it is but justice to say, that our young English ladies rival them very successfully in this quality)—after lamenting the general impression which Irish society must give to a busy body, like myself, namely, that in Dublin the chief employment is to *kill*, not to *improve* time;—I bethought me of my poor old friend, who I knew lived somewhere near Dunleary. My friends offered their carriage, and with all the good nature they so eminently possess, wanted me to go "comfortably" on our expedition;—but a walk in the fresh morning air was more to my taste;—and a cottage bonnet and plain shawl the best guise—for to confess the truth, huts and smoke are not favourable to fine dresses.—Oh, but the suburbs of Dublin are miserable!—miserable!—so miserable, that were I to attempt to describe them—your kind hearts would sicken—you would close the page, and not accompany me on my peregrination to the turn which opens direct on the Dunleary road. In the distance the expanded Bay of Dublin glittering like molten silver—innumerable vessels sleeping, as it were, upon its glorious waters, all glowing in the rich brightness of the morning sun—formed a back ground worthy Turner's own gorgeous pencil. Amongst the groups of ragged but cheerful peasants I soon found a guide to conduct me to Mary's dwelling—and gazed upon her little cottage—hardly worthy the name; but, nevertheless, so sweetly situated—that its extreme poverty was atoned for by its picturesque appearance; it was built literally on the side of a hill—for part of the eminence formed the back wall of the dwelling—the roof was covered over with lichens and moss, that mingled with the long grass—blossoming brambles—and feathery rag-weed, of the over hanging common.—As the hill ascended, it was tufted with richly foliaged trees—and below the cabin, a clear sparkling stream trickled and murmured quietly along its channel, except where some firm set stone, or saucy briar intercepted its way; and then it grumbled outright, and sent forth a tiny foam; expressive of its anger! I must confess that there was not the profusion of uncleanliness around, that I have (when away from my favourite Bannow) so often witnessed—the pig had his own proper dwelling hollowed out of the hill, and whether he liked it or not—there he was compelled to stay, by an antiquated chair back, that was placed across the entrance, and through its openings he could only thrust his nose, which from its extreme length, made me suspect he was an uncivilized Connaught pig.—A few fowl of the noble Dorking breed—with magnificent toppings—were wandering about the meadows—and a noisy hen, was storming with might and main at her duckling progeny—who heedless of her eloquence, paddled in and out of the streamlet in perfect safety—it was a calm and after all a pleasing picture.—The

Irish, when suffering the greatest privations, never lose their elastic spirits—and even from that lowly hut, came the merry notes of "Planxty·Kelly," although sung by a feeble voice.—I wanted to enter unperceived, but a busy cur dog—yelped so loudly—that an aged woman came curtseying to the door—not Mary—I thought I had mistaken the cottage, and was just going to enquire, when I perceived a female figure in the act of dusting the turf ashes, off the hearth, with her apron;—her back was to me; but there was no mistaking the *corking pin*—there it was in the self same spot of the pinned up gown tail.

How delighted she was to see me—"How ashamed that she had nothing to offer me!—her sister's grand-daughter was jist gone to market with a few eggs!—but sure Kate Kearney was on the nest, at the tilt corner, and she'd soon lay, and thin it would be worth atin!—she was a beautiful hen—or she wouldn't be a minute whipping the head off one of thim long legged pullets—the giddy craturs! Small use it was to them! and grill it like fun in the ashes!—Or she would catch the goat for some milk—sure they had grass for a goat—Nanny gave such nice milk, only bad cess to the cat!—there was no keeping a drop in the house for her, they had nothing to kiver it—and she took the pig's share and her own—they wanted to fat him up to pay the rint, which he did regular, except last year, when he (the one that's dead) got the meazles—and that was a sad loss to them."

The cabin was very poorly furnished, for the pig, the poultry—eggs—and even the little spinning and knitting the two old women could do—was insufficient to bestow upon them much comfort—and beside that, they had an orphan relative—who had just sufficient intellect to sell the eggs—and with true Irish feeling they shared with her whatever they possessed,—then came the enquiries as to the "ould mistress and the young master," and every living thing she could remember as pertaining to our household.—When I bade them good day—Mary hoped I'd let her show me the *short* cut;—"a dale pleasanter—although may be a few steps *longer*." As we wended down a narrow glen, carpeted with the short, thick, downy grass—that sheep so much delight to brouze upon, I asked Mary if she was happy?

"Happy!—Why middling, God be thanked! middling so;—an ould body like me, has none, nor ought to think o' none o' that quick joy—that sets the heart dancing—and the blood mounting and tearing through the veins like mad. But the ould have the quiet and the content; the mist moves from their eyes;—and they see every thing past—and many things to come as they are,—they know that the heart's fresh hope will bud, and may be bloom, but certainly fade, good luck, if it do'sn't fade—or be cut off, afore it bloom;—Sure I'm joyous to see the young things around me dancing like the merry waters—for I know there'll be time enough for the salt salt tears, with the best of 'em—whether they last long or short—and all I can do I do;—pray that the grate God will keep 'em from sin—and then they never can taste the worst o' sorrow—for bitter is the bed, and hard o' the black sinner;—which thank God no one belonging to me ever was; and the priest (God rest his soul) often said, that whin we went to make a clean breast,—its little trouble he had with us;—and the hardest pilgrimage my father ever made, was twice to the Lady's Island—and that wasn't for much, in so long a life.—When I came over I thought it only fitting to have a few masses said for the rest of my poor girl's soul!—But the priest (och he's the good man) tould me half as much would do, as was customary—on account she was such a God fearing girl;—never missed a confession in her life.—I'll shew ye where she lays—and I've taken an obligation on myself never to pass the grave without one avy.—Whin we turn this knock we'll come right upon the poor ould church-yard, all so quiet and lonesome by itself!—that's not the way it'ill be at the last day! God help me."

When we "turned the knock"—I was charmed by the old church-yard—it changed completely the style of the landscape—as it stood at the commencement of a long marsh—a little elevated above its level, and the prospect on that side our path, was terminated by hills above

hills—some slightly wooded—others resting as it were against the clear blue sky—huge masses of many-tinted rock—the building must have been one of very ancient structure—what remained was overgrown by ivy—and here and there a solitary yew tree shadowed the mouldering walls, and half fallen arches—there were few tomb-stones — nought but "green grass mounds," headed by small wooden crosses—some without any inscription—others simply marked thus —

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At one of these Mary knelt—and chattered over the necessary prayer; observing when she rejoined me, "That she would take longer next time, only she couldn't bare to keep me waiting in sich a dismal place."

"Mary," I enquired—"can I take any message back to your son, in case his regiment should have returned to London?"

"Oh! God bless ye for that thought!—sure can ye—and my heart was burstin' to ax ye, only I thought may be ye'd think bad of my making so bould.—Ye see Ma'm dear—I thought my sister was better to do in the world; or I'd hardly ha' troubled her, and the times so bad—but my heart bates to see the boy—and I don't want him here, becase I know the English girl would be skitting at the wee cabin—and bove all things ye know Agra I niver could bear a slur cast upon the country—I don't say but (though I'd be long sorry to let them English hear me) there's a dale more comfort, and eatin'—and such as that among 'em—and the'r study—honest—surly sort o' people—no variety in 'em at all, all the one way—all asy going — without much spirit — but a dale o' comfort;—now seeing—I got a fresh lease o' my life by breathing such air as this—forbye I'm ould—yet I find I can't settle myself parfect for death—without once more visiting the boy—and seeing London—and so will ye tell him—God bless ye—that after this winter I will have enough to carry me over an' back may be, on account ye know of laving my bones—in the grey churchyard — near my poor girl — but if I shouldn't have enough Ma'm dear, sure you'll be to the fore, and its little ye'd think o' writing me another *Petition!* I'll engage ye'r as nimble at the pen as ever;—and if ye see the boy's wife—and she axes any questions—jist put the best face upon it Ma'm honey, for the honour of ould Ireland! and sure dear, it's no lie, to say we have full and plenty of wood and water—and eggs, and fowl; and a pig—sure though the *mate* never breaks our fast—it's our own !--there's comfort in that any way;—but here's the road—and its no thing for the likes o' me to be walking aside you; although ye never had no pride.—So my blessing be about ye wherever ye go—and the blessing of all the saints—and St. Patrick's at the head of thim.—Sure its a happy sight to see his beautiful head (the steeple I mean) watching above that sweet iligint city—that the devil has no power over—the joy of my heart ye are, Dublin Agra!"

I bade her adieu, and was proceeding on my journey, when suddenly she rushed forward—seized my hand—pressed it affectionately to her heart and lips—and the tears showered on it—she could not speak her farewell blessing—but fixed her large eyes on me as I departed, with more expression of feeling than I had ever before witnessed! — Poor Mary! Winter and summer have passed, but I have seen her no more!—She needs no more *petitions.*

THE IMPORTUNATE LADY.

Whoever has wandered through the romantic province of Catalonia, must have been charmed with the variety and beauty of its scenery, its lofty mountains, its long, luxuriant vales, spreading to the Mediterranean, its broad clear rivers, its solitary castles, and the Gothic style of its mansions and churches. And not the least attraction to a traveller of my description are the ancient hostelries, constructed in all the prodigality of materials and space of the ancient time, when there was breathing room in the world. At one of these I arrived, at an hour when the previous exertions of the day, and the accumulated heat of the afternoon, had disposed people to assemble in idle gossip, in the delicious shade of those old rooms. I entered the large kitchen, or general reception room, ample as the most heat-oppressed traveller could desire, and coolly dark. At the further end, I perceived a group of persons lolling on the massive stone bench gently whiffing their cigars, whilst on a neighbouring table stood bottle and glasses of the old make, and which a Dutch painter would have immortalised by transferring to his canvas. My host was intently talking to an old thoughtful looking friar, whose simplicity of countenance indicated no likelihood of his ever arriving at the purple. The other guests were listening with various degrees of interest to the conversation. I quietly sat myself down, and thus at once incorporated myself with the group. Opposite to us hung a picture, somewhat dingy at first glance, but gradually improving on acquaintance. My eyes following those of my companions, were soon employed in its contemplation. The host continued his remarks, which evidently related to the picture.

"I had it with the house, reverend Father; and though I don't set up for a judge, something in that picture tells me it was done by no common hand. Look how softly the river flows; and then that dim prison-like turret there, standing on the brink of that ledge, which seems to have said, 'build a tower on me.'"

"Yes," said another of the party, a young man, whom one might suppose a student on a rambling excursion during a vacation, "but much as I like the landscape, it does not equal the interest of the figures. Look at the beautiful head and breast, so naturally falling back, with those abundant black tresses; it is evidently the corpse of some noble and lovely young lady, that has lately been recovered from the river by the group that are bearing her. What an expression of deep feeling remains even in death."

"And look," said a third of the party, "here is another corpse of a young hidalgo; he, too, has been drawn out of the river: though he appears bruised, what a noble countenance!"

"I should take that man, who is apparently explaining the cause of these miseries to the surrounding party," exclaimed another, "to be a jailer, by the harshness of his countenance, were it not for the tears in his eyes."

"They must have been lovers," said the student: and the bright deep black eyes of a maiden, who had not spoken, gave him a glance inexpressible by words.

"I should like to know the story," said the host.

"It is an old one," said the Franciscan.

"Do you know it, Father?" asked the maiden of the Friar.

"I have heard some of the particulars, my child."

"If the Father were not in haste," said many voices, "perhaps he would tell it us?"

"Willingly, my friends; for histories which arouse our compassion, ever strengthen our charitable feelings."

"Good Signor Host," said I, "first replenish our bottles, and then we can go on uninterruptedly."

This request was obeyed with alacrity; and, all being seated—the maiden by her father, her elbow resting on the table, with her eyes on the Friar, whilst those of the student were on her's—we composed ourselves to attention, whilst our narrator thus gave us the explanation of the picture:—

"The Lady Estifana was one of the most agreeable ladies of the court, and was, in truth, as good as handsome, if a little haughtiness of demeanour and excessive proneness to jealousy may be overlooked. She was the only child of the rich old Marquis D'Olina, and heiress of his great wealth; so it is not to be wondered at that the Marquis was very watchful over her conduct, especially as he was by nature suspicious. This noble lady much loved, and was much loved by, Don Alvarez, the nephew of the then minister of the king. He was a noble youth, well bred in all honourable sentiments, and accomplished in all the arts of a cavalier; and, moreover, possessed of a calm and temperate mind not often found in one of his age.

"It happened at this time that the Infanta was not betrothed; and, being unengaged in heart to any royal lover, she took much delight in the young Duke of M——'s company, who was over ready, as the king and his minister thought, to shew to her all those soft attentions by which the hearts of women, be they illustrious princesses or poor peasants, are too apt to be ensnared. Whether in the tournament, the bull fight, or the making of madrigals and love sonnets, the princess was ever the lady of the Duke's devotion, until it came to be marked by the most dull observers. Such conduct did not go unblamed by the king and the more grave part of his court; but, for weighty reasons, it not being convenient at that time to banish the Duke, the great minister was obliged to furnish some other mode of getting rid of this sad and growing evil. After divers consultations with the king, and much parleying amongst the elders of the court, both ladies and lords, it was proposed by the minister, because neither the king nor any of the grandees could think of any other feasible plan, that the Lady Infanta should be privately conveyed away to the convent of Santa Barbara, the Lady Abbess whereof boasted of the royal blood; and in the privacy and holiness of which place it was hoped the princess would regain those lofty thoughts befitting her high state. This being determined on, the next difficult consideration was the selecting an hidalgo, wise enough to be trusted with such an important mission as the conveying the heiress of Spain, in secrecy, to the convent—young enough to defend her in case of need from any rude attack—and politic enough to fashion his conduct so as not to betray the royalty of her whom he escorted, and yet so as not to approach too familiarly his sacred charge. Where was this Phœnix to be found? At length the minister ventured to propose his nephew, Don Alvarez, as one whom he would stake his life to be worthy of such great confidence. Accordingly he was appointed to the perilous office.

"Don Alvarez received many and strong injunctions as to his conduct and secrecy; and the Infanta, having by much and long discoursing with her ghostly confessors, royal father, and governing ladies, been subdued into an obedient quiet, prepared to set off, with her proper attendances, to the Lady Abbess of Santa Barbara, under the disguise of a lady travelling with her brother, to become a noviciate thereat. You may be assured that Don Alvarez did not fail to present himself to his dear Estifana, and lament the necessity of his absence; and when she, with woman's natural curiosity, sought the purport of that absence, he excused himself with some double-meaning apology, that ofttimes they who deal in the world's politics are forced to invent. The lovers parted with much grief, for young and tender hearts make much of parting even for fleeting weeks.

"It is easily to be supposed that a lady so noble, so handsome, and so great in wealth as Donna Estifana, was not without many and persevering suitors, who redoubled their gallantries on the departure of him they had strong suspicion to be more favoured than themselves. And there was one among them, a man noted for his deep and crafty spirit, who had wonderful softness of manner, and took it much to heart that he could not prevail in her good graces. He had so far fallen from his true Castilian honour, as to darkly vilify his absent rival. But in this it needed his utmost caution, for the Lady Estifana possessed a most pure soul, and right ready wit, that would have soon discovered and scorned such baseness. However, by his great sagacity and long experience in the ways

of women, he perceived her weak side, which was a too great susceptibility of any fancied slight, and a great proneness to suspicion, qualities for the most part ever joined; and by most subtle modes he insinuated Don Alvarez to be gone at that very time secretly to conduct a lady to some unknown retirement. The Lady Estifana, though she would not manifest the slightest care at this notification, pondered much on it privately, until at length, by too frequent meditation thereon, it took sole possession of her fancy, and then raised a storm of doubt, and fear, and anger in her breast, which nothing but disproof could allay. The tormentor seeing his poison work, threw out a hint that Don Alvarez would, at a certain time, rest at the Marquis Piombo's, whom he knew to be a much prized friend of the Marquis D'Olina. And this was the truth, however he came by it. For the Marquis Piombo being, it is said, a creature of the government, had had orders from the minister to receive the travellers as persons of rank, but, on pain of deep displeasure, to make no inquiries who they were, or whence they came, or whither they were going. Possessed of this information, Estifana pretended to grow sick of the town, and wearied her father to pay a visit to the Marquis Piombo, and, after some delays, they arrived at his noble castle, where much gay company was assembled, and where she anxiously sought for Don Alvarez, but did not find him. Already had she begun to repent of her misgivings, and to take to task her unconfiding heart for thus daring to impugn the faith of knight so loyal and so tender as Alvarez. She had begun to detest his base rival for his false news, when, as she stood at her window looking out on the setting sun, that ever driveth pensive minds to meditation, she heard tones of impleading, tones that made her shake from head to foot, for they were those of Don Alvarez. She listened again, again she heard them in tender entreaty, to which a soft female voice made answer. Her rage flashing up, and towering into haughty wrath, she was about to seek for a door to rush in on the perfidious man, when her foot catching in the arras drew it aside, and discovered a little circular hole—I have seen it myself, it still exists there—which had been devised by some spy for cunning purposes. Forgetting in her frenzy the laws of honour—so debasing is passion—she looked through it, and saw Don Alvarez beseeching at the feet of a bewitching lady. Overcome by emotions, she struggled to her bedside, and, throwing herself on it, gave way to a convulsion which ended in floods of tears.

"It is now necessary to tell you it was Don Alvarez she saw. It was Don Alvarez beseeching his princess not to faint in her good resolves, but to proceed in the same unknown manner to her destined abode at the convent, as most befitting her royal heart, and most productive, in the end, of her glory and joy. And though he had great labour, and had his heart much afflicted at the sobs and tears of his honoured princess, yet did he prevail. And he soon after left to mingle a little, not to raise suspicion by his too great seclusion, with the company assembled. The hour of the common banquet approached, and as he was to quit the castle on the morrow, he felt it his duty to be present at it.

"Estifana having by this time called pride and resentment to her aid, resolved not to give cause for any notice of her father, by absenting herself from this meal. And having endeavoured to recompose her features, and smooth her swollen eyes, she entered the great hall a few minutes previous to the serving of the banquet. Scarcely had she entered ere Don Alvarez, enraptured and astonished, beheld her, and approaching her with joy, expressed his unexpected delight. But what were his sensations, when, turning abruptly from him, she called out to a nobleman near her, 'Don Lewis, oblige me by conducting me to my seat, and relieving me from the presence of an impertinent intruder.' Not conscious of any act deserving such treatment, Alvarez stood bewildered, until reminded the banquet was served, joining which, he did all he could to conceal his chagrin. Accomplished as he was in the politeness of the table, he could scarcely avoid the exposition of his feelings; and many who sat near him wondered at his strange behaviour. At length the com-

pany separated, and he wandered forth he knew not whither, lost in conjectures and alarm. Sometimes he fancied Estifana must have lost her senses, the next moment that she had become enamoured of some other, or that his too credulous heart had deceived him into the belief of the return of his passion. With a soul thus disturbed, he wandered back, and passing through the great gallery, now deserted of all, was hastening to his own chamber, when he thought he perceived a female in one of the deep embrasures sitting at a window overlooking the now star-lit scene. Approaching, he perceived it was Estifana, abstracted and in tears. In the most supplicating tone he said—'Estifana!'—'Ah!'—and overcome with mingled emotions of shame, regret, and anger, she slowly and dignifiedly walked up the hall—'Estifana,' cried he—'by all my happiness on earth, I conjure you tell me what this means? what have I done, what do you mean?' She had not been unobservant of Don Alvarez' emotion at the banquet, and already repenting her of her fatal curiosity, and grieved at knowing the truth, as she conceived, love and regret had taken the place of resentment;—'Leave me,' she now said, in a voice scarcely audible—'there is no necessity for further insult.'—'Insult! impossible—you cannot think it! you, whom I cherish with a devotion second only to that which is due to heaven, Estifana!'—'Leave me, Sir; I did not deem you so accomplished a hypocrite.'—'I know not what you mean, nor why you thus torture me. Nay, you shall not go, my distraction overcomes all delicacy. Hear me, Estifana! Tell me, Estifana, what I have done, or rather what you imagine I have done to merit this cruelty.'—'Unhand, me, Sir!'—'I cannot, till I know the cause of your great anger.'—'You knew it when you made it, Sir.'—'You speak in riddles; if I have done any thing, oh! tell me quickly.'—'You're adding to it now.'—'Hear me on my knees aver before the saints, and in the presence of ——.'—'Oh! perjure not yourself. You have knelt before to-day.'—'Ah!' He started to his feet, and for the first time the hapless Don Alvarez caught a glimpse of the suspicious situation he stood in with the Princess.—'Now, Sir, if you can explain"—and Estifana stood with dignity more awful than her anger.—'Oh! Estifana! oh touch not upon that, I must not, dare not.'—'It is well, Sir;' and she moved to retire.—'Oh! no, hear me, I conjure you.'—'I do.'—'It is a state affair, a secret of the government. That lady can be of no consideration to me.'—'Indeed! and do you kneel to all ladies thus?'—'Estifana, have I for years made you the confidant of every thought, that now you will not trust to my solemn assurance once?'—'Have I ever failed in my fidelity and secrecy?'—'No! no! but now!—Sanchez'—seldom did the lady address him by his Christian name; let all those who have ever loved, and been so named by the lady of their love, judge how it thrilled upon him—'Sanchez, I have been prodigal, and given every thought to you, never withheld the slightest shadow of a thought from your inspection, and do you now, when our love hangs on the disclosure, refuse to make it?'—'Yes, I must, for duty bids!'—'Then, Sir, let duty conquer love.'—'Oh, stay, stay!'—'What for?—to be again told I am not worthy of your confidence, or confirmed in the fear that you are a dishonoured knight, a base and recreant perjurer. Had I not with my own ears and eyes witnessed and heard— Oh! Sir, I wrong my sex to falter thus.' And she advanced a considerable way—Don Alvarez faltered—'Hear me, then, Estifana; hear me, and acquit.'—'Well, Sir.'—'That lady is the Infanta!'—and Don Alvarez dropped his voice, but not so low that the Marquis D'Olina, who had been passing through the hall, and seeing his daughter in conversation with her lover, had had all his meanness aroused, and resolved to listen to their conversation. 'The Infanta? How? Why? What for?'—asked the astonished Estifana.—'Come into this embrasure, and since you demand it, I will put my secret and my life into your keeping;' and he related the particulars of his mission, and all that had passed, to the lady Estifana. She was relieved, bewildered, and grieved—grieved at the manner she had forced the secret from his keeping. She said, 'Oh, Sanchez, you know your life to me is dearer than my own—what

could I think? The Infanta!'—'Hush, my angel, those syllables might cost my head!'—'Oh, forgive me, Alvarez, forgive my mean suspicions, my hard belief—it cannot harm you.'—'Oh! did it—cost it my life—your anxiety would repay it, Estifana! The princess will soon be confided to the convent, and then you canst no longer delay—after all this, my Estifana—you will not.'—'Of that hereafter.'—'Promise.'—'I do.'—'I am too blest.'—'Hush! Alvarez! Oh, Heaven—should—I thought I heard—'—'No! it is nothing, precious;' and Alvarez stepped out into the hall. The Marquis had adroitly slipped behind an abutment, and there was nothing to be seen but the faint chequerings of the reflected windows by the star light on the floor.—'Oh! we must part—farewell, Sanchez; say again you pardon me! would I had confided more! Should it be known, and you—oh!' —'It cannot—never can.'—'Farewell!' —'I'll see you to the gallery.' And Don Alvarez having conducted her thither, withdrew to his chamber.

"The next day he proceeded with his royal charge, and in due time delivered her safe into the hands of the Abbess. At taking leave, the Infanta bewailed her high station, which made criminal in her, what in others ripened into virtue, and presented Don Alvarez with a ring, as token of her sense of the noble way he had conducted himself in his odious task. With speed he returned to the capital, and in the smiles of Estifana, and the approbation of his uncle, who, in reward for his judicious conduct in so nice an affair, granted his long withheld consent to his formal asking of the hand of the Marquis D'Olina's daughter. The future smiled before them, and the anxiety the Lady Estifana occasionally felt at being the depository of so weighty a secret, only served to add an additional charm to her tenderness towards him.

"But in this world we walk as upon ice, which, when most smooth, is also most slippery. The Marquis D'Olina, having by such nefarious means acquired the important knowledge of the destination of the Infanta, lost no time in making use of it in political cabals. He had been long in the confidence of the Duke of M——, and had he not thought the nephew of a reigning minister better than the heir of one who only had a chance of becoming such, he would not have consented to his daughter's union with Don Alvarez. Possessing this information, he knew he could nowhere take it to a better market than the raging Duke, who would have parted with ten times the advantages he did rather than have foregone the knowledge. The Marquis, though cunning, was never far seeing, and reckless and careless of consequences to others, merely stipulated that the Duke should not in any case reveal his informant, and thus he satisfied himself no ill consequences could accrue to Don Alvarez.

"The Duke lost no time in making the most of his information; and the ardour of the lover so far overcame the prudence of the politician, that it soon reached the minister's, and finally the king's ears, that the Infanta's retreat had been betrayed. Don Alvarez one morning entered his uncle's cabinet in his usual high spirits, when he perceived a strange alteration in his countenance. After a pause, in which he appeared to be deeply engaged with some papers, the minister suddenly rose, and drawing himself up—he was a full made majestic man—he demanded of Don Alvarez thus—'What are you?'—'A Castilian,' proudly replied Alvarez.—'Then put your hand on your sword, and swear by the honour of your country, you never revealed to human soul the mission for which I selected you from out the hidalgos of Spain.' Don Alvarez was confounded—'You hesitate. You refuse to deny it—that hanging of the head is sufficient.'—'But, Sir, hear me; she I did betray it to—' —'Fool,' muttered his uncle; 'nay, you confess, and I have but one course;' and going to the arras, he drew it aside, and opening a small door, beckoned some persons, and merely saying, 'He is your prisoner,' they immediately grappled his sword. 'Nay,' cried Don Alvarez, 'not with force, be gentle, and I foll—;' but ere he could utter the sentence, he was enveloped in a rough mantle, and conveyed into the anti-chamber, and thence through innumerable passages, so muffled he could scarcely breathe, by four athletic men, and a strong guard, might he judge from

the trampling he indistinctly heard. He was finally left in a small dark apartment, which, whether it were above or beneath ground, he had no means of ascertaining. Gradually recovering his reflection, despair at first overwhelmed him, but regaining the composure so much the habit of his mind, he endeavoured to nerve himself for the worst. He had lain here for many hours, without hearing the sound of living creature, when he was aroused by the approach of feet, and presently an officer entered his apartment with attendants. 'Signor,' said he, addressing Alvarez, 'speak not: I now for the first and last time address you; if you signify your assent by bowing your head to my proposals, follow me. Promise, on the oath of a Castilian, not to attempt to break the laws of the state prison by addressing any of its attendants, and you will be furnished with an apartment more befitting your rank. You comply: it is well; follow me.' Don Alvarez and the alguacils arranging themselves around him, they proceeded through many passages to an apartment which, though dim and secluded, was preferable to the dreary hole he had left. Throwing himself on his couch, the current of his thoughts revived by even this slight event; and the prospect of an ignominious and secret death, the blighting of all his hopes, and thus being torn from the consummation of all his joys, mingled with the upbraidings of his judgment for his failure in firmness, alternately lashed him into desperation, and sunk him into despondence. A repast was served—the server first ostentatiously tasting all the dishes. When the attendants came to remove it, it was untouched, and was removed without the slightest expression of surprise. Shortly after, an unusual bustle somewhat aroused him; and with marks of the most slavish homage, his uncle, the minister, entered. The attendants withdrew, and they were alone together. Don Alvarez rose, and stood erect in silence. 'I come to announce to you death!' said the minister. The colour forsook and returned to Alvarez' cheek; a slight tremor ran through his frame; but he became firm as marble the next moment. 'You have betrayed the confidence of your king, you have frustrated the plans of your master and relative. You have put me into the power of the Duke. I am accused of being engaged in a counter plot. You are possessed of secrets of the state, which the tomb alone can be trusted with. I have raised and supported you, young man, and I will shew you I can pluck you down and crush. The king would have pardoned, but the blood of Alvarez can alone atone for the dishonour of Alvarez. I forbade it. Ere another sun rises and sets, you inhabit another world. These are the last accents of mortal that will reach your ear, save those of your Father Confessor. May God pardon what I cannot.' And so saying, he withdrew.—'It is just,' murmured Alvarez. 'O Estifana! Estifana!' and he fell on the floor.

"We must now leave Alvarez and seek the Lady Estifana. When she learned the sad tidings of the imprisonment of her betrothed, her heart poured forth a torrent of self upbraidings. 'It is I who have murdered him—my importunate jealousy has thus cut him off in the bloom of his life. I will die also—I will not live. I the guilty cause of his misfortunes, when he, the innocent victim, perishes thus.'

"When Don Alvarez had been so hurried to prison, his uncle proceeded to the cabinet of the king, where a council was sitting to examine the proofs of the charge against Alvarez. They were incontestible, and the sentence was passed which the minister himself conveyed to Alvarez. The king, who was by nature of a clement disposition, on re-considering the youth and fidelity in all other matters of Don Alvarez, called for the minister the night before the morning destined for the execution, and with much labour and long argument transmuted the sentence into one of secret imprisonment. The minister at length fell in with the king's clemency, on condition that none but themselves knew of his redemption, and that he should be sent to some distant fortress, where not even his keeper should be aware who he was. The wretched Alvarez had composed himself to meet his fate; and means had been allowed him to write to Donna Estifana, which he did, conjuring her by all their hours of love, not to cast away her own happiness

in vain regrets. The letter was dispatched, and he, taking leave as much as he could of wordly concerns, resigned himself to ghostly consolations, and the exhortations of a holy father. But before the hour appointed for his final suffering arrived, his uncle again appeared, and informed him of the king's mercy. At the first news of prolonged life, the natural man swayed in his bosom, and hope and the world again danced before his eyes. But on hearing the doom of perpetual and solitary confinement, it seemed but an aggravation of his torments. He entreated, he commanded to be led to death, but no answer was returned to his ravings; he was again left alone; and at the close of the day a mask and mantle were put into his chamber, with commands to array himself in them, and an intimation, that to attempt to utter a word to those who would shortly come to conduct him to his final destination, would be answered by a poinard, and death. He habited himself as directed, and awaited the coming of his guards. When darkness had completely set in they appeared, and in a close carriage he travelled two nights and a day, in what direction he knew not. At length he was conveyed to the tower represented in that picture; in the uppermost chamber that overhangs the river and the cliff, he was immured. No communication with existence allowed him but his mute attendant, he passed the slow hours in alternate agonies of misery, and attempts at recovering his steadiness of soul; the fate of his betrothed, his nearly espoused Estifana, unknown. Months had elapsed in this undisturbed monotony of misery, when one morning, as watching the dawn of day, as was his frequent custom, and just as the streak of light, and the cold breeze of the east began to rise, and the spreading day to make things discernible, what was his surprise to see a female, in dishevelled apparel, seated on a small ledge that overhung the stream. Absorbed in deep meditation or melancholy, she remained, regardless of the dawning day, until the violent chirping of the birds around seemed to restore some faint traces of animation. She rose—he darted against the bars of his window—his heart leaped against his breast—it was Estifana! 'Oh, God!' he cried; 'Estifana! Estifana! My beloved, it is Alvarez calls you!' She looked up with a vacant countenance to the tower. It was, indeed, the Lady Estifana, on whom a deep melancholy had settled, accompanied by frequent aberrations of reason. Sometimes she would walk up and down her chamber for hours, repeating such incoherent words as—'I will go to the king—Yes! yes!—Haste—my mantle—there—yes—yes!—But I did not betray.—No! no! Alvarez, I did not.—Alvarez! ay, his head—lay it in my lap—he is gone to sleep"—and such like. She had been ordered by her physicians to change the scene entirely, and had been conveyed to a seat not much frequented. It happened to be near the unknown prison of Alvarez, and she having eluded her attendants the previous night, had wandered to the place he now saw her on. Long and loud did he call on her, and he pronounced his own name; and she started, and cried in a maniac tone—'I am called! Yes, Alvarez! I come!' Don Alvarez maddened—he tried the door—he called on his gaolers—they were deep sunk asleep—he rushed again to the window—'My Estifana! Estifana!'—'Yes, it is Alvarez's voice. I come, my beloved Sanchez, I come;' and gathering her mantle closely round her, she cast herself into the river. 'God! God!' raved the mad Alvarez, and, with the vigour of despair, tore the bars from the aperture. He saw her body just rising, and her lovely arms waving in the waters; he cast himself from the tremendous height, and was dashed on the edge of the rock, and thence into the stream. His corse rose to the surface, and the stream brought their hapless forms into contact, and in its eddying course wafted them along. Thence, as you see there delineated, they were taken by some peasants passing to their early labour, and the aroused garrison of the fortress. Their families were informed of the mournful occurrence; and their bodies, parted in life, were borne to one cemetery, where, together, they have long since mouldered into dust!"

* * * * *

T. O. F.

Original Poetry.

SYLLA AT ORCHOMENUS.

By Susanna Strickland.

When from Athena's conquered towers
The Roman, with his warlike powers,
To Orchomenus came—
Those dauntless legions, who had given
The Pyreus to the winds of heaven,
And wrapt her towers in flame—

Led on by him whose vengeful pride
The love of glory turn'd aside,
Who, viewing Athens, said—
"Not for the LIVING would I spare
"Thy princely domes and temples fair,
"I save thee for the DEAD!

"The spirit of thy mighty ones
"Pleads for thy base degenerate sons,
"I will not lay thee low!"
This tribute to the fallen brave,
The first—last mercy Sylla gave
To supplicating foe!

Eager for fame—unslak'd by blood,
Victorious both by land and flood,
He led his mighty host
To battle on that fearful day;—
But victory darkly turn'd away,
Proclaiming all was lost!

He mark'd his legions turn for flight,
And, stung to madness at the sight,
He vaulted from his steed;
The standard, from the trembling hand
Of one of that fear-stricken band,
Seized in his desperate need.

His powerful voice in thunder rose
Above the shout of charging foes,
As dauntlessly he cried—
"My arm alone the strife shall try!
"'Tis mine!—a glorious death to die,
"Or live, my country's pride!

"And, soldiers!—when proud Rome demands
"The fate of Sylla at your hands,
"Blush, when the tale ye tell!—
"How, panic-struck, the field ye left,
"Your leader, all of aid bereft,
"AT ORCHOMENUS FELL!"

The legions, touch'd with generous shame,
Have sworn, by daring Sylla's name,
"To conquer or to die!"
The foe give back—the strife is o'er—
And rending shouts, from shore to shore,
Proclaim their victory!

THE LASSIE THAT I LOVE.

Oh, what are all the pleasures, pray, that solitude can give?
The happiness that's found by those that in retirement live?
For me! I ne'er could rapture meet in wood or shady grove,
Unless that I were solaced by the Lassie that I love!

Some there are that wish to spend in solitude their life;
Exempt from all society, the world's wild noise and strife;
For me! I ne'er could pleasure find in solitude to rove,
Unless that it were "sweeten'd" by the Lassie that I love!

Ah! then, it would be bliss indeed—a bliss of heavenly birth;
A desert were a paradise, a heaven placed on earth.
For what would be this life to me? A heavy load 'twould prove,
If I were doomed to sever from the Lassie that I love!

I envy not the pompous show, the pageantry of state,
The fancied worth—the vanity—the splendour of the great.
A "but and ben" are all I wish, earth's cares and fears above,
To spend my days in quiet with the Lassie that I love.

A. E. M.

THE POET'S GRAVE.

O'er yonder mound, with Spring's first blossoms graced,
Whose humble beauties charm the vision more
Than hoary Winter's dull monotony—
(Sweet flowerets! whose existence brief proclaims
Ye fragile emblems of the trifler, Man,
Flourish awhile to deck the sacred spot!)—
Stranger! tread not in sportive wantonness,
Heedless of aught save wild intemperate mirth,
Or pleasure, an imaginary shade;
But let thine eyes, moistened with pitying dew,
Impart that sympathy which souls unites
In one congenial bond: a kindred sigh,
Fresh from the heart, breathe o'er the Poet's Grave.

W. G——Y.





HOME COSTUME. EVENING DRESS.

Published by G. B. Whittaker & C. for La Belle Ass[illegible] Aug. 1. 1829.

Records of the Beau Monde.

FASHIONS FOR AUGUST, 1829.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF THE FASHIONS.

ENGLISH FASHIONS.

Home Costume.

A wrapping pelisse of fancy tartan sarcenet; the checquers royal blue, on a ground the colour of the marshmallow-blossom. The pelisse closes, imperceptibly, down the front of the skirt, and the body is *à la Circassienne,* with the sleeves *à l'imbécile,* fastened at the wrists by a very broad gold bracelet, almost forming a cuff, and clasped by a simple long brooch of a higher coloured gold than that of the bracelet. The throat is encircled by a triple French ruff of blond, fastened in front by a pink rosette of gauze ribbon. The hair is arranged in full clusters of curls on each side of the face, and the head-dress consists of an elegant cap of blond, with double borders, broad, and of a Vandÿke pattern, the borders turned back; and next the hair is an entwined *bandeau* of pink gauze ribbon, with satin stripes of the same colour. Bows, in pointed loops, adorn the hair on each temple, and strings of the same ribbon float over each shoulder. Black satin slippers, tied *en sandales,* and Limerick gloves, complete the dress.

Evening Dress.

A dress of Indian taffety, of a bright Aurora-colour. A very broad hem surrounds the border of the skirt, over which, either in beautiful painting or coloured embroidery, is a rich wreath of flowers; consisting chiefly of blue-bells, white heliotropes, and the scarlet flower, called Venus's fly-trap. The *corsage* is made tight to the shape, and decorously low, with two tuckers of blond; one drawing tight over the bosom, and the net of which it is made of so fine and transparent a texture, that the rich border of vine-leaves only is conspicuous, as it lies on the neck, and at a distance, appears like a drop-necklace of pearls; the other tucker is of the same pattern, full, and falling over the *corsage* round the bust. The sleeves are long, *à la Mameluke,* of white *tulle;* and are confined at the wrists by bracelets; the left-arm bracelet formed of three rows of the finest pearls, both as to size and water: on the right wrist is one row of the same pearls, set between two rows of gold beads; each bracelet is clasped by a small cameo, set round by a narrow rim of gold. The hair is becomingly arranged in curls and ringlets, and the bows of hair on the summit of the head are not too much elevated: among the puffs of the bows are placed harvest ornaments; blue cornflowers, rather larger than nature, and ears of ripe corn.

FRENCH FASHIONS.

Morning Dress.

A dress of jaconot muslin, the colour a fine canary-yellow; a broad hem surrounds the border, headed by a *rouleau* of corded twist, about three shades darker. A *canezou* spencer is worn with this skirt, of white muslin, with a Circassian front, and sleeves *à l'imbécile,* confined at the wrists by broad cuffs richly embroidered, and frilled with lace next the wrist, and at the upper part next the arm. The *mancherons* to the sleeves consist of two fan ornaments, falling over each other, lightly worked in a narrow edge of embroidery. The body of the *canezou* is made partially low, and is embroidered in detached flowers; round the throat is a quadruple ruff of lace. A hat of white chip is worn with this dress, ornamented underneath, from the hair, to the half of the brim, with flutings of yellow sarcenet: the crown ornamented with yellow ribbons, and the flower called fox-glove, of the same colour. The half-boots are of barbel-blue kid.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.

A DRESS of celestial-blue *gros de Naples*, with a broad hem round the border of the skirt, headed by a *rouleau* of corn-flower-blue: beneath this *rouleau* are ornaments *en fers de cheval*, consisting of frill trimming, pinked, the same as the dress, and surmounted by a very narrow *rouleau* of corn-flower-blue. The body is made, both at the back and front, with *fichu* robings; of these there are four, the same as the dress, all edged by a narrow white blond; a fifth robing turns over *en lapelle*; but it is much smaller and shorter than the others. The sleeves are *à l'imbécile*, confined at the wrists by cuffs of embroidered muslin, frilled on each side with lace. Above these are embossed ornaments, in the form of rounded leaves, in white embroidery. The hat is of fine Leghorn, trimmed with blond under the right side of the brim, and a rosette of ribbon: the crown is embellished with bows of white ribbon, with a blue satin stripe at each edge, and blue plumage. The throat is encircled by a handsome ruff of white blond.

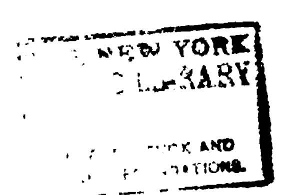
GENERAL OBSERVATIONS
ON
FASHIONS AND DRESS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the increasing beauty and splendour of our metropolis, and its vast extent, the sojournments made in it by the "great ones of the land" becomes every year shorter: departures for the continent, and for the different places of usual resort, at the commencement of the summer, for drinking waters, or for sea bathing, with a few of the ancient nobility to their country seats, are already numerous; and London, in a short time will be, by such, completely deserted.

These give the *ton;* and the *parvenus* speedily follow: steam vessels assist those in a yet humbler sphere to comply with the prevailing rage; and shoals of them are continually arriving at Margate and other places of summer resort on the sea-coast. Fashion and her emissaries are seen in their train, and as the latter watch the caprices of their changeful sovereign, they impart to us every intelligence concerning modish attire.

We mentioned in our last accounts that some ladies of fashion had been seen with black lace shawls this summer. A new and very elegant out-door covering of this kind, came under our inspection a few days ago. Though of an open texture, and of silk, it is not lace: it has somewhat the appearance of a material in fashion about ten years since, named spiders' net; but it is more durable, less flimsy, and more adapted to hang in elegant shawl drapery. Its only fault is being rather too wirey, indicating that it will drop into small fissures; yet it will, no doubt, last as long as it shall be the mode. The shawl is surrounded by a border of smaller open work, with two rich black satin stripes: it is all black, and has a beautiful effect over lavender-grey, lapis-blue, or purple dresses. It does not look so well over pink or white. In mourning, over a black dress, it is truly elegant. There are no alterations in the silk pelisses, and they are not very universally worn; a dress, partially high, even when the weather is chill, whether of *gros de Naples*, chintz, or muslin, has no additional covering, except an elegant *fichu* shawl of Chinese crape of some light summer colour, carelessly thrown over the shoulders. During a few warm days, about the middle of July, we observed some very beautiful white scarfs, in carriages, entirely of Chantilly lace.

Bonnets of white watered *gros de Naples* continue much in favour. They are trimmed with a rich white blond at the edge of the brim, and the ornaments about the crown are extremely simple. We much admire a hat we have lately seen on a young lady, of pale pink satin: it was trimmed about the crown with fan ornaments, and puffs of the same; the former edged with narrow white blond: under the brim, next the hair, was a quilling of blond, not fastened at the edge to the brim, but appearing like a small cap worn under the hat; a *mentonnière* of blond fastens this becoming hat under the chin. The Leghorn and Dunstable bonnets, in the cottage form, so appropriate to country walks, still continue to be very simply ornamented; the plainer the more genteel they are reckoned. There is, however, a change in the disposal of the strings; the bonnet ties close under the chin, with a straw coloured ribbon, or of a tint most





MORNING DRESS. PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.

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predominant in the ribbon round the crown. This, as well as the floating strings, is of ribbon, the most richly striped, in colours the most beautifully variegated: one string of this, only, floats loose; the other is fastened up in various loops, and depends just beyond the edge of the brim, over the left ear. The hats all fly very much off the face, and the vacancy is generally filled up by a *bandeau* of rosettes, across the forehead, beneath the brim. Many of the Leghorn bonnets have coloured linings of striking colours, similar to that represented in our engraving of an English walking dress, last month, which was of a very bright blue.

Though the summer may be said to be now far advanced, *gros de Naples* is in high favour for dresses at every time of the day. There is no decided fashion for trimming them; some have two deep flounces round the border of the skirt; others a very broad hem headed by points falling over, or by a double *ruche;* while, next the feet, is sometimes seen a simple narrow *ruche,* which often constitutes all the trimming at the border. The sleeves are, some of them, enormously wide; but we are happy to see many ladies not departing from moderation in this case, yet by no means appearing singular, as they comply, partially, with a truly ridiculous fashion. We have seen a beautiful Chinese crape dress, for an evening party, of celestial blue; the embroidery of the same colour, executed in the most beautiful style, in fine glossy silk. Trimming would have destroyed all the beauty of such a dress: it was, therefore, simply ornamented, next the shoe, with a full double quilling of satin-ribbon, the same colour as the dress. Printed muslins, in chintz patterns, are much worn in *déshabille;* and though white dresses are, as usual, prevalent at this season, we believe they never will be in such universal favour as they were a few years since. It seems a paradox to us, that so much distress should prevail among the silk weavers; since silk was never so generally worn as at the present day. We fear that, at times, these artizans are very improvident. Transparent long sleeves are worn with evening dresses; when the gown is of coloured crape or gauze, the long sleeves are the same; but if of *gros de Naples,* the sleeves are of white *tulle,* crape, or gauze. They are very wide, and are chiefly *à l'imbécile:* the bodies are most admired when made *en gerbe.* Dresses of *batiste* of a superior kind, with broad satin stripes of variegated colours, prevail much in home costume. The ground of these dresses is either white, or of Nile-water green.

Summer is not the season for much display in the jewellery line: young people wear their hair beautifully arranged, with ringlets depending from the summit down one side of the head, *à la Ninon.* Turban caps are much adopted by our matrons, and are very beautiful. One of yellow *crêpe Aerophane,* has excited much admiration: the crape is folded in bias, and moderately full on each temple; then fastened back by a delicate *bouquet* on each side: one consists of the finest specimen of the yellow and purple heartsease, with a sprig of double jonquil blossoms; the other is a bunch of Catalonian jessamine, and a full group of double Parma violets. Near the summit of the head are full puffs of yellow crape, intermingled with broad yellow gauze ribbons richly striped with satin at each edge, in white and Japanese rose-colour. Very broad yellow gauze lappets, trimmed round with narrow blond, finish this head-dress, and float over the bust and shoulders. Flowers are now much in vogue, and several young ladies, at *fêtes Champêtres,* and at balls and concerts in the country, adorn their tresses with them, in a very tasteful and becoming manner.

The favourite colours are lavender, celestial-blue, fawn-colour, London-smoke, canary-yellow, pink, Japanese-rose, and foresters'-green.

Cabinet of Taste,

OR MONTHLY COMPENDIUM OF FOREIGN COSTUME.

By a Parisian Correspondent.

COSTUME OF PARIS.

A VERY pretty girl from the country, lately married to an officer, for whom she entertained a romantic affection, declared in the first days of her marriage, "Oh!

give me but the heart of my husband, and a desert is sufficient for my abode!" The officer's leave expired, and he brought his young and blooming bride, for the first time, to Paris. His regiment was ordered to a distant quarter: Madame refused to move a step; and, at length, succeeded in persuading him to get an exchange into a regiment of guards which never quitted Paris. She, who desired no better dwelling than a desert with her lover, is now never satisfied unless she is receiving the homage of a crowd of flattering young men, in a drawing room thronged to suffocation, with rival and envious beauties. This choice plant from the country is remarkably beautiful, and, actually, at present sets all the fashions here, and within some miles of Paris. She rides well; and her riding habits are made by the first hands: there are none which seem to fit like her's, and the moment she sees one imitated, she has it changed for one of another fashion and colour. I need not tell you, that Paris is not like London during the summer, for the former is never totally deserted by the fashionable world; but, ere the rich and titled return from their *terres*, for the next winter, this little, bright, twinkling star in the modish sphere, will be quite forgotten.

Pelisses of muslin still continue to obtain admiration for the morning promenade. The border of these dresses is either surrounded by a very broad hem, or a magnificent border of embroidery, worked in feather-stitch. Shawls of Chinese crape are much in request; but what adds to their expense, I think, by no means an improvement: nothing could be more elegant than that rich, though flat, silk embroidery of the same colour. Those, however, which have been introduced this summer are worked in very showy patterns of various different colours; and though some of these are really foreign, for it is not easy to imitate the Chinese crape, like that of Cyprus, these new envelopes appear like the gaudy fabrication of home articles. Pelerines of *tulle*, and muslin, are much worn over high dresses, as out-door coverings: those of *tulle*, are often trimmed round with three frills of blond, and those of muslin with broad lace: they are excessively large, and where there is *embonpoint,* they do not add to the grace of the figure; the delicate, feminine appearance of which seems little thought of in the present age. Is it because the gentlemen pad, to have large hips and busts (most hideous defects in *them,* if natural) that the softer sex are determined to vie with the stoutest porter, in the appearance of *their* backs and shoulders?

The muslin *canezou* spencers, now so much worn in the country, are laid in small plaits; in the morning these are generally added to a gingham gown or petticoat. Fringes, as trimmings, gain ground daily; especially round the pelerines worn in out-door costume.

It is in vain that so many packing-cases continually arrive from your city of Bristol, containing hats, fabricated with so much ingenuity, to imitate our beautiful Leghorn; nothing can supplant or replace them; hats made of real Leghorn, unite simplicity with good taste, and have long preserved, and, I believe, ever will preserve their supremacy in fashion, during the summer months.* A lady of high rank was seen lately at the Louvre, with a hat of checquered silk; the squares of which were remarkably large; the checquers were rose-colour on a white ground; it was ornamented with poppies and a white rose. I have seen a very pretty summer hat of white chip; on the brim of which was painted bunches of lilacs: the crown was ornamented with five puffs of ribbon, half white, half lilac. Long poke bonnets, formed of open straw, are very much worn by ladies who wish to appear remarkable by their dress; particularly in the morning walks. The cauls of these bonnets, as well as the linings, are of pink or blue *gros de Naples*. Sometimes the caul is ornamented by two or three plats of straw, at equal distances. These bonnets have no other trimming, than a ribbon which surrounds the base of the crown, crossed over in front, and descending on each side to form the

* Such is the opinion of our continental correspondent: the sentiments are not our own. We are happy to see the *real* Leghorn, not so *very fashionable* with us. Our own manufactures are almost unrivalled, and every encouragement ought to be given to native talent and industry.

strings. White garden-poppies are favourite ornaments on Leghorn hats; on those of other kinds, nothing is more admired than a branch of honey-suckles. At the last sitting of the Institut, I saw a lady with a Leghorn hat, in the front of which were placed seven long white feathers, and an eighth depended over the right side of the brim. The strings were trimmed with a narrow blond. The straw hats were ornamented with acacia and with chesnut blossoms. One hat of fancy straw was lined with rose-colour, and trimmed with bright gold-coloured ribbon, and a full-blown rose: others were ornamented with heads of asparagus, and branches of lemon blossoms. Coloured crape hats are often ornamented with stripes of straw; four or five gauze ribbons with satin stripes are spread out from the summit of the crown of these hats, towards the middle of the brim, where they are fastened down by a rosette. They are passed through runners formed by a plat of straw, and are placed two and two together. Very light blue, which we call here, *English blue*, in crape, is used for bonnets; or sometimes a pale green, called *Indian green*: the crowns of these bonnets are much lower on one side than the other, and laid in large flutings. Numerous puffs of ribbon encircle the crown and fall over the brim. The price of the Bristol hats, in imitation of straw, has considerably fallen.

Coloured muslins, in broad stripes, have one of a delicate colour, the other dark; for example, tea-colour and chamois-brown, tea-colour, and cherry, &c. At rural balls are seen many dresses of a light, clear colour, bordered with two flounces; at the lower edges of which is a wreath of foliage printed, or of flowers in different colours: the same pattern is also seen above the upper flounce, on the dress, as high as the knee. Short sleeves are worn at dress parties, the same as the gown; over these are long ones of *tulle, à l'imbécile*. The *corsage* most admired is *en gerbe*. *Ruches* about two inches wide, set at equal distances from each other, from the feet to the knee, often form the border on the skirt. At all public places there are more dresses seen of white jaconot muslin than of any other.

At the last court day, the princesses where in white *tulle* and silver lama dresses. The dress of her Royal Highness, Madame, was as short as though it had been for a ball. The embroidery which ornamented it as hign as the knees was extremely rich.

Dresses of *gros de Naples*, of light summer colours, trimmed with fringe to correspond, are much in request.

The head-dresses in hair have seldom any ornament. Many of our prettiest females copy from your countrywomen in adopting corkscrew ringlets; yet with a caprice entirely French, they may be seen the next day with a coiffeure *à la Chinoise*. In those assemblies where a particular style of dress is required, there are seen crape *bérets*, ornamented with beautiful flowers, which are as light as *marabout* feathers. Some dress hats are made of gauze ribbons with satin stripes, sewn together. They are yellow and blue, or rose-colour and green; and are kept in shape by means of thin pieces of whalebone. The ornaments consist of field-flowers composed of feathers, and of puffs of ribbon.

Smelling bottles of the most antique shape are now fastened to the sashes of our ladies belonging to the higher orders, whether in *déshabille* or in full dress.

In the public promenades, half-boots, of silk, are generally of the same colour as the sash.

The favourite colours are rose, lilac, canary-yellow, Swedish-blue, English-(celestial)-blue, and Indian-green.

Monthly View
OF
NEW PUBLICATIONS, MUSIC, THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN DRAMA, THE FINE ARTS, LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE, &c.

Place aux Dames!—Never was the noble character of woman so highly, so proudly, so justly estimated as in the present day. No longer the mere plaything of passion, the soulless ornament of the Harem, the mock divinity of a licentious court, she is now contemplated as an intellectual being, as "the connecting link between man and angel." We could devote, *con amore*, an entire number of La Belle Assemblee to this subject; but the Fates forbid the performance of a task so grateful. "*The Loves of the Poets, by the Author of the Diary of an Ennuyée*," has elicited our warmest sympathies. In these two charming volumes, Mrs. Jameson, after touching lightly on the loves of the classic poets, and of the Troubadours, has carried us through Italy, France, England, &c., in the different periods of history, down to the present moment, introducing us, *en route*, to Petrarch and Laura—Dante and Beatrice—Chaucer and Philippa Picard—Lorenza de' Medici and Lucretia Donati—the fair Geraldine—Ariosto, Ginevra, and Alessandra Strozzi—Spencer's Rosalind—Sydney's Stella—the heroes and heroines of the age of Elizabeth—Leonora D'Este—Milton and Leonora Baroni—Carew's Celia—Waller's Saccharissa—the Beauties of the Reigns of Charles the First and Second, and Queen Anne—Klopstock and Meta—Burns and his Highland Mary—Stella and Vanessa—Pope, Martha Blount, and Lady M. W. Montagu—Voltaire and Madame De Chatelet, and a multitude of others.

Here, under the title of A Poet's Love, our fair author's exordium:—

Of all the heaven-bestowed privileges of the poet, the highest, the dearest, the most enviable, is the power of immortalizing the object of his love; of dividing with her his amaranthine wreath of glory, and repaying the inspiration caught from her eyes with a crown of everlasting fame. It is not enough that in his imagination he has deified her—that he has consecrated his faculties to her honour—that he has burned his heart in incense upon the altar of her perfections: the divinity thus decked out in richest and loveliest hues, he places on high, and calls upon all ages and all nations to bow down before her, and all ages and all nations obey! worshipping the beauty thus enshrined in imperishable verse, when others, perhaps as fair, and not less worthy, have gone down unsung, to dust and an endless darkness.

* * * *

And how have women repaid this gift of immortality? O believe it, when the garland was such as woman is proud to wear, she amply and deeply rewarded him who placed it on her brow. If, in return for being made illustrious, she made her lover happy,—if for glory she gave a heart, was it not a rich equivalent? and if not—if the lover was unsuccessful, still the poet had his reward. Whence came the generous feelings, the high imaginations, the glorious fancies, the heavenward inspirations, which raised him above the herd of vulgar men—but from the ennobling influence of her he loved? Through *her*, the world opened upon him with a diviner beauty, and all nature became in his sight but a transcript of the charms of his mistress. He saw her eyes in the stars of heaven, her lips in the half-blown rose. The perfume of the opening flowers was but her breath, that "wafted sweetness round about the world:" the lily was "a sweet thief" that had stolen its purity from her breast. The violet was dipped in the azure of her veins; the aurorean dews "dropt from the opening eyelids of the morn," were not so pure as her tears; the last rose-tint of the dying day was not so bright or so delicate as her cheek. Her's was the freshness and the bloom of the spring; she consumed him to languor as the summer sun; she was kind as the bounteous autumn; or she froze him with her wintry disdain. There was nothing in the wonders, the splendours, or the treasures of the created universe,—in heaven or in earth,—in the seasons or their change, that did not borrow from her some charm, some glory beyond its own. Was it not just that the beauty she dispensed should be consecrated to her adornment, and that the inspiration she bestowed should be repaid to her in fame?

"For what of thee thy Poet doth invent,
He robs thee of, and pays it thee again.

> He lends thee Virtue, and he stole that word
> From thy behaviour; Beauty doth he give,
> But found it in thy cheek; he can afford
> No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.
> *Then thank him not for that which he doth say,*
> *Since what he owes thee, thou thyself dost pay.*"—SHAKSPEARE'S SONNETS.

The theory which the writer informs us she wishes to illustrate, is this:—

> That where a woman has been exalted above the rest of her sex by the talents of a lover, and consigned to enduring fame and perpetuity of praise, the passion was real, and was merited; that no deep or lasting interest was ever founded in fancy or in fiction; that truth, in short, is the basis of all excellence in amatory poetry, as in every thing else; for where truth is, there is good of some sort, and where there is truth and good, there must be beauty, there must be durability of fame. Truth is the golden chain which links the terrestrial with the celestial, which sets the seal of heaven on the things of this earth, and stamps them to immortality. * * * Let the heart once be touched, and it is not only wakened, but inspired; the lover kindled into the poet, presents to her he loves his cup of ambrosial praise: she tastes—and the woman is transmuted into a divinity. When the Grecian sculptor carved out his deities in marble, and left us wondrous and godlike shapes, impersonations of ideal grace, unapproachable by modern skill, was it through mere mechanical superiority? No,—it was the spirit of faith within, which shadowed to his imagination what he would represent. In the same manner, no woman has ever been truly, lastingly deified in poetry, but in the spirit of truth and of love.

With an extremely difficult subject to manage—especially by a lady, and for the perusal of ladies—Mrs. Jameson has accomplished her task with a feminine tact and delicacy, that reflect the highest credit upon her taste, judgment, and moral feeling. On certain points additional light might have been advantageously thrown; particularly upon the loves of Petrarch and Laura, and upon that Platonic affection which was so much the fashion of their day, but which is now so little understood. Indeed we have no recollection of ever having seen that affection satisfactorily illustrated, excepting in Ugo Foscolo's admirable Essay on Petrarch and Dante. However, we are thankful for what we have obtained, and rejoice to see blazoned, in their true colours, the contemptible heartlessness of Waller, and the utter worthlessness — the fiendish brutality of Swift. In the course of her narrative, Mrs. Jameson, if seldom deep, if rarely impassioned, is at all times elegant and graceful, frequently tender, touching, and pathetic.

In despite of numerous imperfections, resulting from the youth and inexperience of its author, *Rybrent de Cruce,* a novel in three volumes, forms, by its spirit and originality, a pleasing relief from the many dull and vapid productions that have recently made their appearance in this department of literature. Neither perverting historical facts, nor perpetrating libels upon the higher ranks by the attempts of conceited ignorance to represent scenes and characters of fashionable life to which it has no means of access, the author of Rybrent de Cruce (Miss Head) has trusted solely to her own imagination in the construction of her story, and in the delineation of her characters. The former displays much ingenuity; and of the interest which it excites the brief sketch we are enabled to offer may convey some idea. Rybrent de Cruce, nominally the hero, but, in reality, a secondary personage — the "walking gentleman" of the drama — is placed by his father, a general officer in India, under the care of his aunt, Miss de Cruce, in England. Shortly afterwards, that lady becomes the protectress of Agatha and Clarina Starinville, the daughters of a deceased friend. Their father, a profligate character, is living in Paris, and, regardless of his children, and deeply implicated in the scenes of the French revolution, totally neglects them until the former has attained the age of seventeen, when they are commanded to quit Miss de Cruce, and reside at his seat of Warrington Park, under the care of a French lady, whom he sends to England for that purpose. The grief of Miss de Cruce and her *protégées,* is excessive, particularly that of Clarina and Rybrent, between whom an ardent attachment subsists; but their grief is alleviated by the fascinating manners of Madame Rouvier, and by the shortness of the distance between the mansions, which admits of daily intercourse. Madame Rouvier is accompanied by a waiting maid, Jaqueline, whose uncouth appearance and mysterious demeanour excite universal terror

and dislike. Mr. Starinville has another object in view in sending Madame Rouvier — that of forming a revolutionary society in England, to co-operate with similar societies in France; and, in pursuance of this design, a mysterious intercourse is maintained between Madame R. and numerous French agents in the disguise of gypsies. About this time, Louis Claverham, a former play-fellow, but a bitter enemy of Rybrent, and of a demoniac disposition, renews his intimacy with the family, and Rybrent receives orders to join his father in India. His departure is speedily followed by the death of Miss de Cruce, and Agatha and Clarina are thrown completely into the power of the French woman, her associates, and Claverham. The last establishes himself in the house, forces his suit upon Clarina, and forms a plan for the destruction of Agatha, in order to secure with Clarina the inheritance of both sisters. This plan is on the point of being carried into execution, when Jacqueline appears as her deliverer. Jaqueline proves to be a Monsieur Dugavet, a former lover of Madame Rouvier, and who had accompanied his mistress in disguise. He now offers himself as the suitor of Agatha, and to take her to her father as the sole means of rescuing her from Claverham. She refuses to listen to him; they are surprised by Claverham, who shoots Dugavet through the head; Claverham's nefarious plan proceeds; and Agatha is carried on board a vessel prepared for her. The disappearance of Agatha excites the utmost consternation, while the discovery of the body of Dugavet reveals much of the real character of Madame Rouvier, who, in consequence, returns to France. Time softens down the grief of Clarina, at these disastrous events; Rybrent returns; and preparations are made for their marriage. On the day previous to that fixed on for the ceremony, Rybrent, in wandering through the park, on the spot formerly frequented by the gypsies, discovers, in a temporary hut, the body of Agatha, apparently just dead. Circumstances lead to the apprehension of the culprits, one of whom confesses her own share in the plan, and reveals the full extent of Claverham's guilt. In pursuance of his orders, Agatha has been carried abroad, but her life had been spared, and Claverham, neglecting sufficiently to reward his agents, they had brought the hapless girl to England; but, worn out by suffering, she had expired before they could reach her home. Claverham escapes the hands of justice, but dies in misery, and Clarina and Rybrent are finally united. The author's aim — to which every thing else is made subservient — has been to offer an interesting narrative; and to heighten the effect, the bounds of probability have been occasionally overstepped, though not so far as to startle or offend the judgment of the reader. The work possesses little of character; but the incidents are striking, and are minutely detailed in plain forcible language. Not a digressive sentence is indulged in, and the interest is unimpaired to the end.

"*Sir Philip Gasteneys: a Minor; by Sir Roger Gresley, Bart.*," is a very slight volume; but we have no doubt that it will be sought after with avidity, and extensively and universally read. We like and respect the author's feeling. Speaking of his book, the avowed object of which is, "to deter young men of family and fortune from pursuing the track of Sir Philip Gasteneys," he says — "I have affixed my name to it, not from any motive of vanity — since I do not expect to derive any credit from it — but because I am not conscious of having written any thing of which I ought to be ashamed: and I neither understand nor admire the specious modesty of those who, although they are universally known as the authors of a work, indulge in the affectation of withholding their names from its title-page, until they have ascertained whether the voice of public opinion be in their favour."

"*Richelieu, a Tale of France*"—as France may be supposed to have existed in the year 1642—is one of the most pleasing and attractive works of its class that the present season has produced. Its author, Mr. James, has been eminently happy in his choice of subject, and equally successful in his mode of treating the subject of his choice. His descriptions of the beautiful scenery of France are lively, picturesque, and graceful; his conversations are easy and natural, dramatic, vivacious,

and impressive. His story opens with the last year of the reign, as it may be termed, of the Cardinal De Richelieu, who governed, not only Louis XIII., but all France, with despotic and resistless sway. Amongst the characters introduced are, the king—his consort, Anne of Austria—her majesty's dame d'honneur, Clara de Hauteford, a former flame of the king's—the Duc d'Orléans—Richelieu—the Cardinal's great friend and coadjutor, Chavigni—their corrupt tool, Lafemas—the Marquis de Fontrailles—Cinq Mars—De Thou, son of the president of that name, &c. The ostensible hero is the Count de Blenau, chamberlain of the queen; the heroine, Mademoiselle de Beaumont. As far as the hero is concerned, the story may be considered slight; but, as machinery for displaying the incidents, characters, and manners of the period, it is full of interest. The Count de Blenau is attacked in the forest of St. Germain-en-Laye, at that time infested by freebooters, some of whom were occasionally employed and protected by the minions of the state. In this instance, the object of the assailants was certain secret despatches for the Queen, of which De Blenau was known to be the bearer. He is wounded, but a rescue arrives, and the despatches are preserved. He is removed in safety by Madame de Beaumont and her daughter, Pauline, who happen to be travelling through the forest, on their route to the palace of St. Germain. Circumstances, misunderstood, excite the jealousy of Pauline. As a partizan of the Queen's, and the presumed medium of a political correspondence between her and her brother, Philip, of Spain, Richelieu arrests the Count de Blenau, and throws him into the Bastile. Previously to his arrest, however, the count is magnificently entertained at the Palais-Cardinal, now the Palais-Royal. Of the palace, its beautiful gardens, its splendid apartments, the royal and noble guests, the princely banquet, a strikingly characteristic, brilliant, and glowing description is given. This is finely contrasted with the succeeding horrors of the Bastile. During De Blenau's confinement in that fortress, an impressive scene occurs, in which the Queen is examined before the Royal Council, respecting her correspondence with her brother, Philip. Roused to a sense of justice, and of his kingly power, Louis, for a time, reasserts his authority, the machinations of Richelieu are defeated, and De Blenau triumphs in the restoration of his liberty. But the eye of Richelieu is still upon him; charged, though unjustly, as a principal in the conspiracy of the Duc d'Orléans, Cinq Mars, Fontrailles, De Thou, &c., he is again seized, and on the point of terminating his existence on the scaffold, when the death of Richelieu once more restores him to the sweets of life, liberty, and love. De Blenau and Pauline—his dear, his constant, his heroic Pauline—"were united—in the beautiful valley of Languedoc, and in the fair scenes where they had first met, they continued to live on in happiness and love, till the hand of time led them gently to the grave. That generation and its events have passed away; but there still remains one record of the hero of this tale: for in a little village church, between Argentière and Viviers, stands a fine marble tomb, with the figure of a knight sculptured in a recumbent posture. Underneath is engraven the date—one thousand six hundred and eighty-five, with the simple inscription, '*Ci-gît Claude, Comte de Blenau.*'"

In the construction and conduct of the story, regarding it merely as a fiction, we are sensible of a great defect: the grand climax is attained by the first liberation of the Count de Blenau; and then, if the nature of the subject would have allowed, the story should have been hurried rapidly to a close. In the progress of his labours, however, Mr. James must have discovered, that historic characters are very difficult to manage, when employed as the chief actors in a work of fiction. They are infinitely preferable when brought forward incidentally. To depart essentially from the facts of history is exceedingly injudicious, and highly injurious to the interests and effect of the story. Thus, in the progress and *dénouement* of his tale, the author of *Richelieu* must have found himself sadly embarrassed by the *necessary* fate of Cinq Mars, De Thou, &c. In fact, that fate compels him to dislocate, if we may use such a term, the composition of his picture.

Generally, the respective characters of this romance are true to history, and true

to nature; but occasionally, as in the Norman bravo, for instance, we meet with discrepances. To murder his luckless wife, Louise, was an act unworthy of, and inconsistent with, the traits of bravery and generosity which Marteville had previously evinced. The death of Louise is an incident of uncalled for violence, painful without being effective.

In other parts of the work, more condensation in matter, and also in diction, might have been an advantage. As a whole, however, its merit is of a high order.

Though we have some doubts of the propriety of making a novel the vehicle of religious controversy, we cannot withhold the meed of praise to which "*The Sectarian, or the Church and the Meeting-House*," is justly entitled. It is a clever and spirited production, and it displays, in a striking point of view, the dangers to which even the most cultivated understandings, the best regulated minds, and the most amiable and virtuous dispositions are exposed in listening to the cant and impious jargon of fanaticism. The plot is natural and interesting; and the curiosity of the reader is excited to its close. Colonel Jarman, on his return from India, accidently meets with a friend of his early youth; their intimacy is renewed; and the Colonel becomes a visitor at the house of Mr. Orton. The family of the latter consists of his lady, a daughter on the eve of marriage with Louis Stavely, and two sons, Alfred and George: his residence is in the village of Oldwood, the inhabitants of which had almost realized the delights of the golden age, till theological reasoning and religious schisms had sown bitter feuds and strifes amongst the peaceful community. At the time of Mr. Jarman's introduction, the village was in a state of open religious warfare; and the first incident of importance is a meeting holden by the promoters of the "new faith," for the establishment of a religious circulating library. This innovation is strenuously resisted on the part of the Ortons, and of Mr. Jarman, who delivers a burlesque speech on the occasion, and moves that a library be formed for the instruction of the peasantry in Scotch and German metaphysics. The indignation of the saints, and of Mr. Hanby, their chief, a wealthy upstart, the proprietor of an adjoining estate which he has christened Mount Carmel, is boundless; and the latter, in revenge, succeeds, by the most nefarious means, in keeping young Stavely out of his paternal inheritance, and thus, for the time, preventing his marriage with Lydia Orton. The young man, in despair, quits England; Mr. Jarman terminates his visit; and the romantic Lydia Orton, her spirit crushed by the distressing postponement of her union with Stavely, yields to a morbid despondency, and gradually imbibes the sentiments of another new sect which had sprung up in the village. Stavely recovers his property, and claims the hand of Lydia, who now refuses to become his wife until it shall be seen whether he is one of the elect. The prayers and entreaties of friends are unavailing, and Stavely again quits Oldwood. Affairs go on worse and worse, till Lydia undergoes the ceremony of public baptism. Mr. Orton quits his house in disgust, in search of his younger son, who is running a similar course in London; and the young lady and her mother retire to Dublin. But we cannot follow the deluded girl through her lengthened career of madness, misery, and remorse; the last of which is awakened by the death of her beloved father, an alien from his home and family. A dangerous illness ensues; and the judicious management of her friends eventually succeeds in restoring her to the exercise of her reason and judgment. Her mother, however, is inveigled into a degrading marriage, and dies broken hearted. Louis is united to an amiable girl, and poor Lydia is finally married to a "man of the world," who, though no saint, makes her happy for life. It is only upon the leading incidents in the lives of the principal actors, that, in this outline, we have been able to touch. The work is written with much power, and shows a deep insight into human nature; and though the picture it presents of a certain class may be deemed a severe one, it is probably not exaggerated, and conveys many important and valuable lessons.

If, in the construction of a novel, it be worth while to have *any* plot, it is worth while to have a *good* plot. On the other hand, if a writer can rely upon his own

powers to attract, to charm, and to interest his reader, without the aid of fable, he ought to abandon the form with the substance of the novel, and to start at once as an essayist, or a historian. It might have been well had such a reliance been felt and acted upon in the composition of "*Devereux, a Tale, by the Author of Pelham.*" This cleverly imagined, and beautifully written production, is ostensibly the autobiography of Count Devereux, whose life was a life of frequent adventure and constant excitement. "Men of all grades," says the writer, "and of every character, have been familiar to me. War—love—ambition—the scroll of sages—the festivals of wit—the intrigues of states—all that agitates mankind, the hope and the fear, the labour and the pleasure—the great drama of vanities, with the little interludes of wisdom;—these have been the occupations of my manhood;—these will furnish forth the materials of that history which is now open to your survey." Purporting to have been written one hundred years since—a period of deep and stirring interest—the work is full of brilliant and striking views of the persons and manners of that bygone age. Kings and princes, statesmen, wits, and philosophers—those of France as well as of England—pass rapidly in succession before us: we seem as though we were thrown back upon the days of our ancestors, in whose visible presence we think, and speak, and move, and act. Lord Bolingbroke is one of the heroes of the drama; and his portrait, painted in fresh but flattering colours, is, it must be confessed, a noble one. By way of specimen, however, we must content ourselves with a part of the spirited sketch of Voltaire, as he is supposed to have appeared at the age of one-and-twenty:—

The countenance, then, of Marie Francis Arouet (since so celebrated under the name of Voltaire,) was plain in feature, but singularly striking in effect; its vivacity was the very perfection of what Steele once happily called "physiognomical eloquence." His eyes were dark, fiery rather than bright, and so restless that they never dwelt in the same place for a moment; his mouth was at once the worst and the most peculiar feature of his face: it betokened humour, it is true; but it also betrayed malignancy—nor did it ever smile without sarcasm. Though flattering to those present, his words against the absent, uttered by that bitter and curling lip, mingled with your pleasure at their wit a little fear at their causticity. I believe no one, be he as bold, as callous, or as faultless as human nature can be, could be one hour with that man and not feel apprehension. Ridicule, so lavish, yet so true to the mark—so wanton, yet so seemingly just—*so bright, that while it wandered round its target, in apparent, though terrible playfulness, it burned into the spot, and engraved there a brand, and a token indelible and perpetual*;—this no man could witness, when darted towards another, and feel safe for himself. The very caprice and levity of the jester seemed more perilous, because less to be calculated upon, than a systematic principle of bitterness or satire. Bolingbroke compared him, not unaptly, to a child who has possessed himself of Jupiter's bolts, and who makes use of those bolts in sport, which a god would only have used in wrath.

In no portions of this work is the author more successful than when he brings forward that cold, passionless woman, his mother, and that admirably preserved relic of the olden time, Sir William Devereux, his uncle, who "did as his ancestors had done before him, and cheap as the dignity had grown, went up to court to be knighted by Charles II. He was so delighted with what he saw of the metropolis, that he foreswore all intention of leaving it, took to Sedley and champagne, flirted with Nell Gwynne, lost double the value of his brother's portion at one sitting to the chivalrous Grammont, wrote a comedy, corrected by Etherege, and took a wife recommended by Rochester." The death scene of this kind-hearted benevolent creature is exquisitely sketched.

Of the fable of Devereux, if fable it can be termed, we shall say nothing, for nothing that we could say upon the subject, would in the slightest degree illustrate the spirit of the work. It is in the delineation of character, in the exhibition of manners, and in the development of moral and philosophical feeling, that the author of "Pelham" excels. In the volumes before us, he not infrequently reminds us of Godwin's "Mandeville," though without Godwin's intenseness. We shall close with some of his reflections upon the death of his youthful and lovely bride:—

Never, in the mazes of intrigue, in the festivals of pleasure, in the tumults of ambition, in

the blaze of a licentious court, or by the rude tents of a barbarous host,—never, my buried love, had I forgotten thee! That remembrance, had no other cause existed, would have led me to God. Every night, in whatever toils or objects, whatever failures or triumphs the day had been consumed,—every night, before I laid my head upon my widowed and lonely pillow, I had knelt down, and lifted my heart to heaven, blending the hopes of that heaven with the memory and the vision of Isora. Prayer had seemed to me a commune not only with the living God, but with the dead by whom his dwelling is surrounded. Pleasant and soft was it to turn to one thought to which all the holiest portions of my nature clung, between the wearying acts of this hard and harsh drama of existence. Even the bitterness of Isora's early and unavenged death passed away, when I thought of the heaven to which she was gone, and in which, though I journeyed now through sin and travail, and recked little if the paths of others differed from my own, I yet trusted, with a solemn trust, that I should meet her at last. There was I to requite her woes—there was I to reward her devotion—there was I to merit her with a love as undying, and at length as pure as her own. It was this that at the stated hour in which, after my prayer to God for our re-union, I surrendered my spirit to the bright and wild visions of her far, but *not impassable* home,—it was this, which for that single hour made all around me a paradise of delighted thoughts! It was not the little earth, nor the cold sky, nor the changing wave, nor the perishable turf—no, nor the dead wall, and the narrow chamber, which were around me then! No dreamer was ever so far from the localities of flesh and life as I was in that enchanted hour: a light seemed to settle upon all things around me; her voice murmured on my ear, her kisses melted on my brow; I shut my eyes, and I fancied that I beheld her!

Wherefore was this comfort?—whence came the spell which admitted me to this fairy land? What was the source of the hope, and the rapture, and the delusion? Was it not the deep certainty that *Isora yet existed*, that her spirit, her nature, her love were preserved, were inviolate, were the same? That they watched over me yet, that she knew that in that hour I was with her—that she felt my prayer—that even then she anticipated the moment when my soul should burst the human prison-house, and be once more blended with her own?

"*Tales of Field and Flood; with Sketches of Life at Home, by John Malcolm, author of 'Scenes of War,' 'Reminiscences of a Campaign in the Pyrenees and South of France,'*" &c., whose merits as a poet, we have repeatedly noticed in the pages of LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE, consist of slight sketches of incidents which have occurred beneath the eye of the narrator. The title of this volume is of a very imposing character, and so are the titles of several of the tales of which it is composed; but, unfortunately, names are not things; and the old adage, that there is no faith to be put in title-pages, is in this instance most amply verified. Mr. Malcolm is a very pretty versifier, and he writes, also, what many people may, perhaps, regard as very pretty poetical prose. In the present day, however, we require *matter* as well as manner; but, sooth to say, Mr. M's 'Tales of Field and Flood' are *immaterial* as "the stuff that dreams are made of." They are not calculated to promote, or even to sustain the author's reputation.

Of "*Songs of the Passions, the Words by Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson, the Music by John Barnett,*" we have as yet seen only the words, a specimen of which we hasten to lay before the readers of LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE. In her literary and musical pursuits, Mrs. Wilson appears to be indefatigable. The present publication is brought forward in a very handsome style, with a vignette title-page, and a plate to each of the songs, eight in number, illustrating, respectively, Revenge, Melancholy, Cheerfulness, Jealousy, Joy, Love, Hope, and Despair. From these we select the strain devoted to Love.

He comes! he comes! the Warrior Boy,
  His quiver o'er his shoulders slung;
He, who makes human hearts his toy,
  Whose conquests ev'ry Bard hath sung!
The Urchin God! of mighty fame,
  Whose pow'r each throbbing heart can prove;
Does Beauty ask the Conqueror's name?
  Soft Zephyrs whisper—"It is LOVE!"

He comes! he comes! and earth and skies
  A radiance from his presence wear;
The rose has deeper—brighter dyes,
  More fragrant breathes the balmy air!
Nature shines forth, in gayest pride,
  Where'er his magic footsteps rove,
And flow'rets spring on ev'ry side,
  Beneath the fairy steps of LOVE!

He comes! he comes! the Warrior Boy,
On whom fair Vict'ry ever smiles;
He, who makes human hearts his toy,
Who kings and slaves, alike beguiles!
Arm'd with a Conqueror's might and fame,
He comes o'er hearts his power to prove!
Does Beauty ask the Conqueror's name?
Soft Zephyrs whisper—"It is LOVE!"

"*The Poetical Sketch Book, including a Third Edition of Australia, by Thomas K. Hervey,*" is a title somewhat calculated to mislead. The volume—inscribed to the Right Hon. Lord Porchester, "in testimony of the author's esteem for his character, admiration of his talents, and gratitude for his friendship"—is, in fact, neither more nor less than a collection of Mr. Hervey's poems. At present, we content ourselves with announcing its appearances; but, as Mr. Hervey is an elegant and graceful writer, we destine him, at no remote period, to a place in LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE, amongst our *Contemporary Poets and Writers of Fiction.*

"*Castalian Hours, Poems by Sophie Dixon,*" consist of about one hundred short pieces, sonnets, stanzas, &c., on almost every possible variety of subject, and displaying considerable talent and much amiable feeling in the writer. The wild scenery of Dartmoor and its vicinity, the residence of the author, if we mistake not, from the circumstance of her preface being dated thence, is the favourite theme of her song; and its peculiar characteristics have given a corresponding tone of wildness and melancholy to all her effusions. The verse, with few exceptions, is easy and flowing; but we would caution our fair author against the too frequent use of obsolete words, compound epithets, &c. We quote, at random, the subjoined stanzas:—

Ye gentle Stars! that ever glow
With some diviner ray,
Look from your skies, and thus below
Direct a pilgrim's way!
Bright eyes of Heaven! there's not a beam
Doth from your splendours dart,
But flows like some refreshing stream
Into my thirsty heart.

The wandering youth at twilight hour
Bids each fair ray awake;
Ye lead him to his lady's bower,
He loves ye for her sake;
But I, who seek not bower, nor hall,
These wild-wood glens among,
Yet prize ye worthier far than all
Gay Pleasure's fickle throng!

The eyes of Earth—alas for them!
They sparkle to deceive;
And oft illume the heart's best gem,
To bid the bosom grieve:
But oh! no treacherous light to greet,
We lift our gaze on high—
Howe'er earth's stars may shine—we meet
No falsehood in the sky.

We are gratified in announcing the appearance of a new edition—the eleventh, considerably enlarged and improved—of that very clever and useful little work, Clark's "*Introduction to Heraldry: containing the Origin and Use of Arms, Rules for Blazoning and Marshalling Coat Armories, &c.; a Dictionary of Heraldry, with its Terms in English, French, and Latin; a Dictionary of Mottos, &c.; embellished with forty-eight engravings, illustrative of upwards of one thousand Examples, including the Arms of nearly five hundred different families.*" We have somewhat abridged the very copious descriptive title-page of this volume. Amongst the additions to the work, in its present form, are engravings of the crown, as worn by his Majesty, George the Fourth, at his coronation—the Scottish Regalia—the several orders of knighthood, &c., with explanations and historical notices—a dictionary of mottos borne by the nobility and gentry, with their English interpretations, &c.

"*A Glance at some of the Beauties and Sublimities of Switzerland; with Excursive Remarks on the Various Objects of Interest, presented during a Tour through its Picturesque Scenery; by John Murray, F. S. A., F. L. S., F. H. S., F. G. S.,*" &c., may well be termed a *glance*, for the author seems rarely to succeed in obtaining a *view*—a clear one, at least—of any of the objects of his research or animadversion. Brimful of his English, or Scotch, prejudices, he appears to be one of those self-sufficient people, who, under the plea of religious conscientiousness, deem themselves privileged to sneer at the theological creeds and modes of worship of others. However, as a botanist, mineralogist, geologist, &c. &c. &c., he has succeeded in gleaning some scraps of information,

which he has compounded into the strangest dish of literary hotch-potch, that has for a long time fallen in our way.

Some title pages convey a clearer idea of the contents of the works to which they are prefixed, than could be effected by a notice of considerable extent. Here is an example:—"*Biographical Sketches and Authentic Anecdotes of Dogs, exhibiting Remarkable Instances of the Instinct, Sagacity, and Social Disposition of this Faithful Animal: illustrated by Representations of the most striking Varieties, and by correct Portraits of Celebrated or Remarkable Dogs, from Drawings chiefly Original: Also, a Historical Introduction; and a Copious Appendix on the Breeding, Feeding, Training, Diseases, and Medical Treatment of Dogs; together with a Treatise on the Game Laws of Great Britain; by Captain Thomas Brown, F.R.S.E., F.L.S., M.R.P.S.E., M.W.S., &c.: Author of 'Illustrations of the Conchology of Great Britain and Ireland,' and of 'General Ornithology,'*" &c. In this volume, consisting of nearly 600 pages, there is a rich fund of amusement as well as of information. Lovers, as all Englishmen are, of that noble and invaluable creature, man's faithful friend and companion, the dog, there are few families to which a book so ably executed as this is, will not prove highly acceptable.

We have seen the first number, in quarto, and the first three numbers, in octavo, of a cheap yet ably executed work, entitled "*Illustrations of Natural History; embracing a Series of Engravings, and Descriptive Accounts of the most Interesting and Popular Genera and Species of the Animal World.*" The literary portion of the work, which is to be completed in five volumes, is neatly and satisfactorily written. For the beauty and spirit of the engravings, six in each number, the names of J. Le Keux and R. Sands, are a sufficient guarantee.

With much satisfaction we hail the appearance of a long-called-for second edition of "*The English Master; or, Student's Guide to Reasoning and Composition; exhibiting an Analytical View of the English Language, of the Human Mind, and of the Principles of Fine Writing; by William Banks, Private Teacher of Composition, Intellectual Philosophy,*" &c. Mr. Banks's practice as a teacher has been extensive; and his views on the subject of education are remarkably clear, sound, sensible, and judicious. Adapted equally for the instruction of the youth of both sexes, his book, as it now stands, is really an intellectual and philosophical performance. However, we strongly advise him to cancel the greater part of his remarks in pages 316 and 317: they are sheer nonsense, and betray a most lamentable ignorance of the *present* state and character of periodical literature.

We have before us a new and enlarged edition of "*Practical Logic, or Hints to Theme Writers, to which are now added some Prefatory Remarks on Aristotelian Logic, with Particular Reference to a late Work of Dr. Whateley's; by B. H. Smart.*" This gentleman has long been known, not only as an admirable reader of Shakspeare and of Milton, but as an able and most accomplished teacher of the art of elocution; and we know not a person more competent than he is to the production of a little volume such as this. Originally, the work was intended only as a school book, to introduce young persons to the practice of theme writing; but, without renouncing its original object, it has now another and a higher aim, that of proving useful as an elementary system of logic. It is most aptly characterised by Mr. Smart himself:—

It guards the learner against all common faults in reasoning; it unfolds the nature and principles of argumentation; it classes all the names of arguments, and other technicalities appertaining to the art; and while it keeps free, on the one hand, from the error with which Watts and others have been justly charged, that of setting out in pursuit of an object, which no single branch of instruction can realize, and which, consequently, does not belong to logic in particular; it is equally free, on the other, from that trifling on mood and figure in syllogism, which originally brought logic into disrepute, and led to the publication of treatises in which this fault was avoided, but the other one, equally prejudicial to a just estimate of the art, incurred.

In the hands of a judicious teacher, "*Forty-four Lines, by the Aid of which the Pronunciation of the French may be learned in a few Hours,*" by J. Thierry, Member of the Royal University of Paris, &c., will, as far as the *principles* of pronunciation are concerned, fulfil the promise of

its author. It consists of two-and-twenty rhyming couplets, to be committed to memory. These couplets embrace "all the sounds of the language, and all the words difficult to pronounce," and are "followed by explanatory notes, proper to remove all uncertainty as to the pronunciation and orthography." Appended is a list of the principal neuter verbs which form their compound tenses with the verb *Etre*, with examples to illustrate and facilitate their use.

NEW MUSIC.

VOCAL.

The Moon is up, a Serenade, in Answer to "Rise, Gentle Moon," Written by Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson, Composed by T. B. Phipps.

"The Archer Boy;" the celebrated Cavatina, Sung by Miss Love, in the Historical Play of "The Partisans," at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane; Written by Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson, Composed by John Barnett.*

THE first of these pieces, though possessing scarcely an original passage, is well harmonized; and, altogether, it is entitled to the praise of simplicity and prettiness.

"The Archer Boy" is a light, spirited, and graceful effort; in the execution of which, upon the stage, Miss Love had generally, if not invariably, the felicity of being encored. The return to the original theme, towards the conclusion of each verse, has a very pleasing effect.

PIANO-FORTE.

Windsor Forest. Divertimento à la Chasse, by T. A. Rawlings.

The first production of this composer which attained any great popularity was in this style; and all his succeeding attempts of the class have been equally successful. The present is a very pleasing divertimento. Shield's air, "Old Towler," forms the most striking feature of the piece.

Sir Walter Scott's Strains of the Scottish Bards; by Jq. Moschelles, Op. 80.

This extempore, fantasia, impromptu, or whatever it may be called, with its history, was so puffed in the newspapers, at the time of Mr. Moschelles' visit to the north, that it is scarcely necessary for us to say a word on that part of the subject. This production evinces throughout the hand of a great musician, but, unfortunately, no other species of hand can do it justice in the execution. The first and last movements are in G, and the middle in E flat. The andante, Kinloch of Kinloch, and the Rondo, The Highland Laddie, are old acquaintances, but are so ingeniously and elegantly worked up, as to produce no tedium, though the latter is extended to nine pages. The Pibroch, which forms the principal part of the first movement, is little known here, but it is a favourable specimen of the energetic style of Scottish music.

* The words of "*The Disowned*," noticed at page 38, were also written by Mrs. C. B. Wilson.

THEATRICALS.

THE KING'S THEATRE.

ROSSINI'S music, throughout the whole of the season, has been served up so incessantly, and with such little variety, that we are utterly weary of the dish. Our leading singers, however, on their own nights, have applied for attraction to different sources, and their selections from Mozart, Cimarosa, &c. may be considered as indicative of their taste, and have agreeably relieved the monotony of the *popular* composer.

With reference to the performances since our last, we have but few observations to make. *La Gazza Ladra* has been admirably represented; and, on the 2d of July, *L'Italiana in Alghieri*, compressed into one act, afforded Graziani an opportunity of making a capital hit as *Taddeo*, in which character he has superseded De Angeli. Than this exchange nothing could be more desirable; the acting was excellent, and the spirited singing of Pisaroni and Donzelli has rendered the opera tolerably amusing. Another member of this establishment has evinced no slight improvement. Galli, who was laid upon the shelf at an early period of the season, has shewn himself possessed of much greater histrionic powers than the public felt disposed to give him credit for. On two or three occasions of late, he has appeared to advantage, and has proved himself a serviceable actor.

Notwithstanding that the season was rapidly drawing towards its close, and that the patrons of the opera were daily leaving the metropolis, we were happy to find that our favorite Donzelli was greeted by a brilliant audience on the 10th ult., the evening appropriated to the benefit of this accomplished and magnificent singer. Possessing a tenor voice of unrivalled compass, he manages it with skill, taste, and judgment, and never attempts a passage to which he is unable to do justice. As an actor, too, as we have before had occasion to remark, this gentleman is entitled to rank high. With the exception of his *Otello*, which we look upon as his most successful appearance, every consecutive character has gained him an increase of reputation. Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Segreto* was the opera with which Donzelli treated his friends, and it turned

out the principal attraction of the season; Zuchelli, Galli, Sontag, and Malibran, sustaining the characters most efficiently. Of the services of the last-mentioned lady we have been occasionally deprived, not from caprice, as some would insinuate, but from actual indisposition. When we saw her on the 7th ult. as *Rosina*, we considered it scarcely possible for her to complete the performance. Notwithstanding this drawback, however, she succeeded in captivating a very crowded house. *Rosina* is probably one of those characters in which Sontag would most generally please, as the music of the part is particularly well suited to her voice. As we look to Malibran as the sheet-anchor of the establishment, we shall be delighted to hear of her recovering. With respect to Bordogni, who is really a great acquisition, we seriously recommend him to divest his singing of the flourish and grimace by which it is at present characterized and deformed. Were his attitudes, too, a little less studied, it would be desirable.

HAYMARKET.

We had anticipated a long line of novelties to notice at this theatre; but the season hitherto has presented little more than a succession of old favourite pieces, and a profitable account of crowded pits and boxes. We must mention one exception, however—the production of a little comic sketch, entitled *Manœuvring*—an amusing piece of pleasantry enough, for a summer's evening—one that does not quite fatigue us with laughing, and is nevertheless light and facetious enough to bear us up on the surface of enjoyment. There is a good deal of clever equivoque in parts of it, and some smart and easy dialogue; but nothing that calls for any particular description. There is little in the acting of this piece that requires comment—it is just pleasant; there is nothing that we can reasonably object to, and little that we can be expected to praise. Mrs. Glover, however, deserves our warm congratulations and acknowledgments: we are very happy to meet her in the Haymarket once more, and hope to be very often in her company in the course of the season. Cannot Mr. Poole, or some discerning draftsman, sketch for this admirable actress another *Mrs. Subtle*? Her performance of that character ranks among the highest triumphs of the art; and, indeed, when we consider its opposite qualities, its boldness and its delicacy—its strength of design, and its truth of finishing—we almost question whether the stage presents anything to compare with it.

If the manager, however, has not been very active in the production of new pieces, he has been judicious in the selection of old ones. The revivals of the past month are too numerous to admit of our mentioning them; the mere list would cost us a column. In many of them Farren has appeared, throwing around him a broad, rich light of humour and character worthy of the elder time. This gentleman improves upon himself; his delineations grow stronger, deeper, and more natural, every season; and we suspect (may we hope to be pardoned for entertaining such a suspicion) that he is rapidly mellowing into a Munden—let him improve upon that if he can.

Many new pieces are reported to be in progress—an army of funny sayings and doings, led on by Liston himself. The "conquering hero," who has been "coming" for some time, has at length arrived; and we hope, next month, to issue our despatches, and to give an account of many victories over care, dulness, and the other allied powers of darkness. May we venture, however, to hint to the mighty chieftain—the great comic captain of the age—our hope that he will be mindful, in this campaign, how he strikes off, by random shots, so many of his friends, and that Comedy will not appear among the list of killed and wounded upon this occasion.

ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.

First on the list of novelties at this house stands the *Sister of Charity*. Written expressly for the peculiar talents, or we should say genius, of Miss Kelly, it exhibits abundant opportunities to that extraordinary actress of displaying her power over the imagination, and her capability of swaying, by the force of nature alone, every passion of the heart. We have seen her in more pleasing parts than *St. Ursula*, but we never experienced, from any of her performances, a more deep and unaffected sensation than that which was produced by her delineation of this character. The subject and tendency of the piece are almost too painful to admit of the representation being very popular; but it is admirable, even for Miss Kelly. The melodrame, in other respects, is entitled to little notice; it was, in the first instance, much too long, but this defect has been obviated, and much weak and tedious matter been omitted. Mr. Keeley's *Paulo* throws a stream of light through the piece, and softens the gloomy character of the opposing scenes. The author must acknowledge, however, that he is indebted for a great portion of this effect to the humour of the actor, which is becoming much less confined than it was. The music that is scattered through the piece is pleasing and characteristic.

Another important novelty has been produced by the indefatigable activity of the manager, to which the lovers of music are already so largely indebted. *The Robber's Bride*, though possessing no deep or lasting interest in itself, is the vehicle for introducing to English ears the com-

positions of Ries, adapted to our stage by Mr. Hawes. This is, of course, the great charm and prominent feature of the piece, and it is of a very distinguished and original order. It is in the school of Weber—bold, various, solemn, and wild—now terrible as mountain thunder, and the next moment as plaintive and musical as the gliding of a stream or the babbling of a brook. Still we are fearful that it will not acquire the popularity that has attended its precursor—the genius of Weber; nor can it, we think, ever succeed, to any great extent, on the English stage. Several of the chorusses are admirable, and were meritoriously got up; these were very loudly applauded. Mr. Phillips, who performed the *Count Viterbo*, played with much spirit and discrimination—this, however, appears of little consequence, when we consider the beautiful and extraordinary style in which he executed the music allotted to him. We never heard him sing better, nor are we aware that greater effect could be given to the music. His execution of an air in the third act would alone recompense the hearer for any journey that he might make to hear it. Mr. Sapio made his re-appearance as *Fernando*, and sang with his usual skill and animation. Miss Cawse also played and sang with considerable vivacity and taste, and many other performers, whom we have not space to notice, contributed greatly to the success of the opera, which is now decided.

FINE ARTS' EXHIBITIONS, &c.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

The value and interest of the present collection, from the works of the ancient masters, are best appreciated on a second or third visit. Many of the pictures possess, individually, so large a portion of intrinsic merit, that, although the aggregate number is comparatively small, it is not possible for the eye to be sufficiently informed or satisfied without repeated examination. Let it be remembered, that, in cases like the present, our office is that of indicators, rather than of critics: it is our wish to point the attention of the visitor to such objects as, in our estimation, may be more entitled to notice: works that have stood the test, and enjoyed the admiration of ages, may be justly regarded as standing aloof from criticism.

Some of the numerous and valuable Titians in this assemblage—the Portrait of Ignatius Loyola, in particular—have been already pointed out. But there are others which will be found to arrest attention. The Portrait of the Titian's Daughter (161) is remarkable for its sweet, simple, unobtrusive character; that of a Venetian Senator (97) is as eminently distinguished by its lofty aristocratic air, and admirably corresponding tone of colour.

Rubens' Tribute Money, we could gaze upon, study, and analyse for hours together. Regarding it merely as a painting—as a splendid and harmonious combination of colours—it is a masterpiece of art; and, at the same time, it constitutes a study equally for the phrenologist, the physiognomist, and the moral philosopher. Its varied displays of passion, feeling, and character, are truly wonderful.

The Marriage of St. Catherine (55) by an unknown painter, is remarkable for its mellowness and glow of colour. The management of the lights, particularly as they fall upon the child, is exquisitely effective.

The Portrait of a Lady (73) by Rembrandt, is singularly fresh and brilliant; combining the best properties of a new picture, with the best properties of an old one. It is in astonishingly fine preservation.

Canaletti's Four Views of Venice (136, 137, 143, and 144) all in the possession of the Rev. Sir S. C. Jervoise, Bart., are in the artist's best style. With these should be examined two brilliant little gems (93 and 99) Views on the Grand Canal at Venice, by Guardi, belonging to the Hon. G. A. Ellis.

In a Scene on the Coast of Holland, with an Approaching Storm (65) Ruisdael has produced abundant evidence that, had he devoted himself exclusively to marine painting, he would have stood unsurpassed, if not unrivalled, in his profession. Ruisdael has two other pictures here: a Landscape with a Waterfall (16); and Ditto (128).

Amongst the numerous productions of Cuyp, Cattle on the Banks of a River (25) may be regarded as one of the triumphs of his genius.

In contemplating the masterly achievements of Sir Joshua Reynolds, one of which is before us—The Holy Family (3)—how often are we constrained to lament the cruel ravages of time upon his colours!

Teniers is, as usual, very spirited, natural, and attractive. The versatility of his genius has not often been so strikingly displayed as by his three different pictures—The Temptation of Saint Anthony (22); Latona (43); and Figures Dancing (46). Distinctly, too, in his own way, are a Landscape, with Boors at the Door of a Public House (2); and Figures at Bowls (130).

De Hooge has some curious interiors, especially that of a Musical Party (165) remarkable for its costume and the effects of its lights.

An Italian Sea-port, with a Slave and other Figures (112) by Lingelbach, is an exceedingly well painted clever little picture. The truth and brilliancy with which the light falls on the face and attire of the eastern trader are beautiful.

Let not the visitor of this institution retire without particularly noticing a most lovely portrait of a Lady in a Fancy-dress (147), by Dietricy. It is next to Sir Peter Lely's Portrait of Charles the Second (148), the frame of which was made from a part of the royal oak. The life, and warmth, and freshness of this little portrait are quite fascinating.

THE DIORAMA.

The two new views at the Diorama, in the Regent's Park, are the interior of St. Peter's at Rome, and a View of the town of Thiers in France; the former by Bouton; the latter by Daguerre. In bringing close to the eye, with all its superb carvings, paintings, and gildings, in the freshness and clearness of detail, the interior of a structure more than six hundred feet in length, and its other dimensions in proportion, the artist had no slight difficulties to contend with; and to say that he has satisfactorily triumphed over this difficulty, is to award him far less than the full quantum of praise to which his masterly achievement is entitled. The perspective of the building, and the bold relief of its respective parts, are admirably preserved; and the distribution of the lights is so correct and effective, as to produce an illusion almost perfect. The figure of the monk at his devotions, on the right of the spectator, and the religious assemblage in the distance, have a very happy effect. Perhaps it may be thought that some of the numerous figures have too much the appearance of carved images; but they materially assist the eye in forming its estimate of the vastness of the edifice.

We doubt whether M. Daguerre was ever before so successful as he has shewn himself in his representation of the Town of Thiers, with its buildings, its little sparkling stream, its mountainous and woody scenery, &c. "The time represented in the picture is 7 o'clock in the morning, in the month of July; a light fog darkens the mountains; in the middle, at the top of the village, is seen the Church of St. John." The dammed-up water is seen to force its way through the fissures of a granite embankment into the channel; and, from the chimney of a cottage to the left, ascends volumes of white smoke, which seems to float about amongst the circumjacent trees in the vicinity. However, unlike some of the landscapes that we have seen at the Diorama, this picture is not calculated merely to catch and dazzle the eye in a hasty glance: its perspective is good, and it will bear examination in detail. As a work of art, it is the best disposed and the best painted picture that we have seen here: its colouring is true to nature, without any of those exaggerations of effect, which, in the eye of taste and judgment, have injured some of the former views. Evidently, the painter possesses a correct feeling of the picturesque.

THE COSMORAMA.

The pictures now on view in this gallery are as follow:—1. The Summer Palace of the Grand Signior;—2. Grand Cairo;—3. The Temple of Edfou, in Egypt;—4. Interior of the Cathedral of St. Gudule, at Brussels;—5. Distant View of Cherbourg;—6. Trinity Chapel in Canterbury Cathedral;—7. Cape St. Vincent;—8. Village of Roboise, on the Banks of the Seine;—9. Interior of St. Paul's Cathedral;—10. Mount St. Gothard, with the Falls of the Reuss in motion;—11. The Last Eruption of Mount Vesuvius;—12. Interior of St. Peter's at Rome;—13. Paris, from the Pont Neuf;—14. Breghentz.

Several of these are old acquaintances; but the novelties are considerable. The Temple of Edfou, on the left bank of the Nile, conveys a magnificent idea of the architecture of the ancient Egyptians. The Interior of St. Gudule's Church is clear, well defined, and very splendid. The view of Cape St. Vincent strikes us as one of the least successful of the marine paintings that we have ever seen at the Cosmorama. The waves appear as stiff as if they had been made of pasteboard. The View of Paris, from the Pont Neuf, is, apparently, very correct; but we are disposed to think that the artist has not been altogether happy in his choice of time—the approach of a summer sunset. Had he selected a brighter hour, he might have gained more in distinctness than he would have lost in beauty. However, the general effect is very mellow, rich, and beautiful. Our favourite of the collection is Mont St. Gothard; a scene which, for the wild, the grand, and the terrific in nature, we can hardly imagine to be surpassed. As far as illusion is concerned, we want nothing but the incessant roarings of the Reuss to convert the painting into reality. The fall of the water, the rise, and dash, and foam of the spray are faithfully and powerfully represented. Of the Eruption of Vesuvius, as seen from the heights of the Chateau St. Elme, we can hardly venture to speak. When we saw it the picture had only just been fixed; and, probably, the machinery by which the emission of smoke and flames was produced might not be in accurate play. The eruption was sufficiently violent, but by no means in accordance with the best paintings and descriptions that we have seen of the mountain in its terrific labour. Notwithstanding the flames from the mountain, the different objects in the surrounding country were not sufficiently illumined.

Melanges of the Month.

Voltaire and Madame de Gouverné.

The heroine of the famous Epistle, known as "Les Tu et les Vous," (Madame de Gouverné), was one of Voltaire's earliest loves; and he was passionately attached to her. They were separated in the world:—she went through the usual *routine* of a French woman's existence,—I mean of a French woman *sous l'ancien régime.*

Quelques plaisirs dans la jeunesse,
Des soins dans la maternité,
Tous les malheurs dans la vieillesse,
Puis la peur de l'éternité.

She was first dissipated, then an *esprit fort*, then *très-dévote*. In obedience to her confessor, she discarded, one after the other, her rouge, her ribbons, and the presents and billets-doux of her lovers; but no remonstrances could induce her to give up Voltaire's picture. When he returned from exile in 1778, he went to pay a visit to his old love; they had not met for fifty years, and they now gazed on each other in silent dismay. *He* looked, I suppose, like the dried mummy of an ape: *she*, like a withered *sorcière*. The same evening she sent him back his portrait, which she had hitherto refused to part with. Nothing remained to shed illusion over the past; she had beheld, even before the last terrible proof—

What dust we doat on, when 'tis man we love.

And Voltaire, on his side, was not less dismayed by his visit. On returning from her, he exclaimed, with a shrug of mingled disgust and horror, "Ah, mes amis! je viens de passer à l'autre bord du Cocyte!" It was not thus that Cowper felt for his Mary, when "her auburn locks were changed to grey:" but it is almost an insult to the memory of true tenderness to mention them both in the same page.—*Loves of the Poets.*

Franklin's Grave.

On the 12th of December, we made a pilgrimage to the tomb of Franklin—dear old Franklin! It consists of a large marble slab, laid flat on the ground, with nothing carved on it but these words:—

Benjamin and Deborah } Franklin. 1790.

Franklin, it will be recollected, wrote a humorous epitaph for himself; but his good taste and good sense shewed him how unsuitable to his living character, it would have been to jest in such a place. After all, his literary works, scientific fame, and his undoubted patriotism, form his best epitaph. Still, it may be thought, he might have been distinguished in his own land by a more honourable resting place than the obscure corner of an obscure burying ground, where his bones lie indiscriminately along with those of ordinary mortals; and his tomb, already well nigh hid in the rubbish, may soon be altogether lost. One little circumstance, however, about this spot is very striking. No regular path has been made to the grave, which lies considerably out of the road; but the frequent tread of visitors having pressed down the rank grass which grows in such places, the way to the tombstone is readily found without any guide.—*Captain Basil Hall's North America.*

Marriage: an Epigram.

In the very worst marriage there's one thing that's good!
A blessing to lessen the pain;
For a man when fast tied to a wife, by the rood,
At least, cannot marry again!—*Benedict.*

Bolingbroke's Philosophy.

By the shade of that Tully whom he so idolized, his philosophy was the most conveniently worn of any person's I ever met. When it would have been in the way—at the supper of an actress—in the levees of a court—in the boudoir of a beauty—in the arena of the senate—in the intrigue of the cabinet, you would not have seen, no! not a seam of the good old garment. But directly it was wanted—in the hour of pain—in the day of peril—in the suspense of exile—in (worst of all) the torpor of tranquillity, my extraordinary friend unfolded it piece by piece—wrapped himself up in it—sat down—defied the world, and uttered the most beautiful sentiments upon the comfort and luxury of his raiment that can possibly be imagined. It used to remind me, that same philosophy of his, of the enchanted tent in the *Arabian Tale*, which one moment lay wrapped in a nutshell, and the next covered an army.—*Devereux.*

Shepherds' Watch-dogs.

At Tulea, in South America, these dogs, when young, are taught to suck the flock to which they are afterwards to belong as guardians; and being brought up in this manner, when grown to full size, they continue to attend the flocks; going out with them in the morning, remaining during the day, and bringing them home in the evening, without the necessity of herdsmen.—*Lieut. Maw's Passage from the Pacific, &c.*

English Dogs, and their Countrymen.

Some English spaniels had been sent out to the British merchants resident in Truxillo; and being much admired, puppies were distributed as presents to some of the principal natives; amongst others, one was given to the prefect, who, being desirous that it should be trained in a particular manner, and become attached to him and his people, sent it up to his 'hacienda,' (estate). When full grown, it was brought down to Truxillo, but it did not remain long in the city before it began to find out that the British residents were its countrymen, and, in common with other puppies that had been similarly distributed, deserted its master, to seek quarters in the merchants' houses. Mr. Hinde said, that these dogs would even know an Englishman in the street, and join company, when walking, to the annoyance of their masters.—*Ibid.*

Suicides at Paris.

Doctor Falret has recently received a prize from the Paris Academy of Sciences for a statistical table of suicides, &c. in the French capital,

from which it appears, that among men the greatest number of suicides is between the ages of thirty-five and forty-five; and among women, between twenty-five and thirty-five; that there are twice as many suicides among young girls under fifteen years of age, as among boys of the same age. Dr. F. calculates, that the influence of disappointed love, and of jealousy, is in the proportion of 2½ among women to 1 in men; that reverses of fortune produce as 3 in men to 1 in women; and that the influence of baffled ambition is as 5 to 1. Actual misery, however, is stated to have an equal effect on both sexes.

A Turkish Beauty.

While I was employed sketching, sitting down on the road-side, near the plain of Dolma Batchi, a young Turkish female, followed by a black slave and some children, came up to me, and after looking a long while over my shoulder and talking to me, placed herself quite in front of me, and unveiled herself. I hardly dared to take any notice of this manœuvre, knowing that it is not customary in the East to speak to females in public. She, however, seemed to wish me to make a drawing of her, and signed to me to do so. I looked steadfastly at her for some time, and began to draw upon a spare piece of paper the outline of her figure. She was so pretty that I could not refrain from kissing the end of my pencil, and blowing the kiss to her, as one does in France to children. Upon seeing this, she coloured up to her forehead, made a sign as if she would draw a sword, and then a motion with her hand, as though she said, "if you dare do such a thing, I would have your head cut off." She was likewise very lavish of her epithets, some of which I had learnt were not very complimentary. I now began to be apprehensive of the consequences of my indiscretion, and thought it best to continue my sketch of Scutari, and to take no notice of her anger. She waited some time, then went behind me, looked over my shoulder, and seeing that I had ceased to make her portrait, patted me caressingly on the back, spoke softly, and then resumed her place in front of me, hoping that I should finish her likeness; but while this little coquetry was passing between us, some men Turks made their appearance, and she took the alarm, and walked hastily away, looking very significantly as she departed.—*Captain Frankland's Constantinople.*

Hindoo Widows.

There are 35,000,000 hairs in the human body: the woman who ascends the pile with her husband will remain so many years in heaven—as the snake catcher draws the serpent from its hole, so she, rescuing her husband (from hell) rejoiceth with him—the woman who expires on the funeral pile with her husband purifies the family of her mother, her father, and her husband; if the husband be a Bramhunicide, an ungrateful person, or the murderer of his friend, the wife, by burning with him, purifies away his sins. There is no greater virtue than a virtuous woman's burning herself with her husband; no other effectual duty is known for virtuous women, at any time after the death of their lords, excepting casting themselves into the same fire; as long as a woman, in her successive transmigrations, shall decline burning herself, like a faithful wife, on the same fire with her deceased lord, so long shall she not be exempted from springing again to life in the body of some female animal.—*Bengal Chronicle.*

Apostrophe to a Sword.

"Come," said I, and I kindled with a melancholy, yet a deep enthusiasm, as I looked along the blade, "come, my bright friend, with thee through this labyrinth which we call the world, will I carve my way! Fairest and speediest of earth's levellers, thou makest the path from the low valley to the steep hill, and shapest the soldier's axe into the monarch's sceptre! The laurel and the fasces, and the curule car, and the emperor's purple—what are these but thy playthings, alternately thy scorn and thy reward? Founder of all empires, propagator of all creeds, thou leddest the Gaul and the Goth, and the gods of Rome and Greece crumbled upon their altars! Beneath thee, the fires of the Gheber waxed pale, and on thy point the badge of the camel driver blazed like a sun over the startled east! Eternal arbiter, and unconquerable despot, while the passions of mankind exist! Most solemn of hypocrites—circling blood with glory as with a halo, and consecrating homicide and massacre with a hollow name, which the parched throat of thy votary, in the battle, and the agony, shouteth out with its last breath! Star of all human destinies! I kneel before thee, and invoke from thy bright astrology an omen and a smile."—*Devereux.*

A Group of Orientals.

How describe the grave, majestic, and graceful Effendi Turk, with snow-white turban, jetty beard, sparkling and full eyes, long flowing caftan, scarlet trowsers, yellow boots, rich cashmere shawl round the waist, in which shone the glittering gilded handjar (dagger)—the light, gay, chattering, active, but cunning looking Greek, distinguished by his shorn chin, black turban, enormously large but short trowsers, bare legs, and black shoes—the grave but respectful Armenian, with his calpac of black felt, swelling like a balloon upon his head; he too wears the long robe of the Turk, but in his girdle the silver inkhorn supplies the place of the handjar, and his feet are clothed in the crimson slipper or boot. Next comes the despised and humiliated Jew, whose sallow countenance, contracted eyebrow, sunken eye, and quivering lip, are the characteristics of his nation all over the world; his head bent downwards, as if by the weight of tyranny and the everlasting sin of his tribe, is surmounted by a blue turban, and his slippers are of the same colour. With these are seen the high taper calpac of the Tartar, the melon-shaped head-piece of the Nizam Djedid, the grey felt conical cap of the Imaum and Dervish, and occasionally the ungraceful hat of the Frank, with its concomitant angular, rectilinear, bebuttoned, and mean-looking costume of Europe.—*Captain Frankland's Constantinople.*

Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

It has been decided by the House of Lords, that the Earl of Jersey has established his claim to the title of Viscount Grandison—which title

enables him to vote as one of the representative peers of Ireland.

A plan is in progress for the re-establishment of Hungerford Market, upon an extensive scale. to secure a supply of fish, and other provisions, for the central and western parts of the metropolis. The sum required for the undertaking is £210,000, to be raised in shares of £100 each. The Hon. George Agar Ellis, M.P., Alexr. Baring, Esq., M.P., and Wm. Courtenay, Esq., Clk. Parl., have accepted the office of trustees. Mr. Fowler is the architect; John Britton, Esq. the honorary secretary.

The proprietors of the Thames Tunnel have placed in the hands of the directors the power of taking the works out of the hands of the present engineers, and of contracting for the completion of the undertaking with any other persons whose proposals may be satisfactory. The economy, and the perfect safety of the plan proposed by Mr. Vignolles will probably insure the preference for that gentleman.

Oatlands Park Estate, the residence and property of the late Duke of York, has been sold at the Auction Mart, in twenty-nine lots; the produce £138,450. The mansion and offices, with 776 acres of land, produced £50,000.

It is said to be intended to give to each surviving officer and soldier, who may have served in any general action or siege in the Peninsular campaigns, a bronze medal, or cross, such as those given to the other allied troops at the close of the war.

The late sales at the Hanover Square Rooms, by the ladies patronesses, for the benefit of the Spanish refugees, realized a sum of £1,924. 9s. which has been placed in the hands of a committee.

Respecting the channels of trade, England and France present a striking contrast: England possesses 30,000 miles of roads, nearly 4,000 miles of canals, and above 300 miles of railways; while France, which is more than twice as extensive, does not afford above 45,000 miles of roads, 1,500 miles of canals, and 114 miles of railways, of which latter, 78 are still in course of completion.

A new Dispensary is to be established in the north-eastern part of the metropolis, for the gratuitous treatment of the diseases of children of poor parents.

Mr. Olbers, of Bremen, the distinguished astronomer, who discovered the planets Ceres and Pallas, in the year 1802, has been nominated Foreign Associate of the Académie des Sciences in Paris, in the room of Dr. Wollaston.

The Viceroy of Egypt is said to be making an arrangement, with an English company, for lighting Cairo and Alexandria with gas!

Intellect appears to *march* more rapidly on the other side of the Atlantic than on this. The Americans boast of having published an English Dictionary, containing 12,000 more words than the last edition of Johnson's Dictionary!

Aqua ammoniæ is stated to counteract the effects of the bites of insects and the sting of bees, wasps, &c., and to have been applied with success even to the bites of venomous serpents.

An elephant, exhibiting at Frankfort, plays on the trumpet and flageolet!

Mr. Skyadan, a Russian, has invented a micrometer, capable of measuring with accuracy the *ten thousandth* part of an inch!

During the last two or three months, several schools, upon the Lancasterian principle, have been established in the French provinces.

The publication has been gravely announced, at Paris, of a Treatise *Raisonné* on the education of the domestic cat, preceded by its philosophical and political history, and followed by the treatment of its disorders!

It has been estimated that the number of deaths, by apoplexy, in Paris, from 1794 to 1804, was 399; from 1804 to 1814, 979; and from 1814 to 1824, 919. There are nearly three times more apoplexies among men than women.

The butchers of Geneva, to prevent flies from attacking their meat, rub the walls and boards of their shops with essential oil of laurel.

Works in the Press, &c.

The Life of Dr. Richard Bentley; by Dr. Monk, Dean of Peterborough.

Memoirs of the late Bishop of Calcutta; with his Correspondence, arranged by Mrs. Heber.

The Second Volume of Lieut.-Colonel Napier's History of the War in the Peninsula.

The Epping Hunt; by Mr. Hood, Author of Whims and Oddities. To be illustrated with Wood-cuts from Designs by George Cruikshank.

By Mr. Kendall, a full and illustrated Statement of his Hypothesis of a Circulation in the Sea, analogous to the Circulation of the Blood.

Memoirs of the Life and Works of George Romney, the Painter; by his Son, the Rev. John Romney, B.D.

The Heraldry of Crests; containing 3,500 Crests, from Engravings by the late P. P. Elven, with the Bearers' Names alphabetically arranged.

Hampden in the Nineteenth Century, or Colloquies on the Errors and Improvement in Society; by the Author of the Revolt of the Bees.

In Parts, a Series of Twenty Subjects from the Works of the late R. P. Bonington; Lithographed by J. D. Harding. A Memoir of the Painter, and a fine Portrait of him, by Mrs. Carpenter, will be given in the course of the work.

The Poetical Works of the Rev. George Croly.

Travels in Mexico; by Lieutenant Hardy.

Travels in Babylonia, Chaldea, &c.; by Captain Mignar, of the East India Company's Service.

The Second Volume of the Remains of Wilmot Warwick is in the press, and may be expected in the course of August.

A Fourth Edition, in Octavo, of Memoirs and Correspondence of Admiral Lord Collingwood.

In One Volume, Historical Recollections of Henry of Monmouth, the Hero of Agincourt, and other Eminent Characters.

A Compendious and Impartial View of the principal Events in the History of Great Britain and Ireland, in Relation to the Roman Catholic Question; by J. Bedford. With Portraits. Octavo.

BIRTHS.—MARRIAGES.—DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

OF SONS.—The lady of Sir G. Heathcote, Bart., M. P.—Lady C. N. Grenville.—The lady of Captain G. H. Boldero.—The lady of A. Baring, Esq.—The lady of Lieut. G. Douglas, R. N.—The lady of J. H. Cotterell, Esq.—Lady Emma Portman.—The lady of G. C. Norton, Esq., M. P.—The Countess of Cawdor.

OF DAUGHTERS.—The lady of Lieut.-Col. Salwey.—The lady of J. M. Paget, Esq.—The lady of the Rev. W. Attfield.—Lady Louisa Finch Hatton.—The lady of Sir G. Crewe, Bart.

MARRIAGES.

C. R. Pemberton, Esq., to Henrietta, eldest daughter of N. W. Peach, Esq., M. P., of Kettering Hall, Norfolk.

F. Law, Esq., of Bedsbury House, Kent, to Catharine, daughter of the Rev. W. Harrison, Vicar of Goodhurst.

At the Marquis of Wellesley's, Regent's Park, Sir Richard Hunter, to Miss Dulany.

At Portman Square, the Hon. E. Petre, to the Hon. Laura Maria Stafford Jerningham, fourth daughter of Lord and Lady Stafford.

At Berlin, Prince William of Prussia, to Princess Augusta, Duchess of Weimar.

At Exeter, B. C. Greenhill, Esq., of Puriton, to Henrietta, daughter of Lieut.-Col. Macdonald, and grand-daughter of the celebrated Flora Macdonald.

At Bath, the Rev. S. Cragg, to Catherine, second daughter of Sir John Cotgreave, Bart.

At St. James's, Lord Wriothesley Russell, fourth son of the Duke of Bedford, to Eliza Laura Henrietta, youngest daughter of Lord W. Russell.

At Blendworth, Michael Seymour, Esq., R.N. to Dorothea, eldest daughter of Sir W. Knighton, Bart.

At St. George's, Hanover Square, J. B. Fuller, Esq., of Neston Park, Wiltshire, to Sophia Harriet, youngest daughter of W. Hanning, Esq., of Dillington House, Somersetshire.

At St. Marylebone, S. Grace, Esq., second son of the late R. Grace, Esq., M. P., to Harriet, second daughter of Lieut.-General Sir John Hamilton, Bart.

At Hay, C. B. H. Soame, Esq., brother of Sir Peter B. H. Soame, Bart., to Hannah, youngest daughter of R. Proctor, Esq., and niece of the late Major-Gen. Proctor.

At St. Marylebone, R. T. J. Glyn, Esq., second son of Sir R. C. Glyn, Bart., to Frederica Elizabeth, third daughter of H. Harford, Esq., of Downplace, Berkshire.

At Toulouse, B. W. Yelverton, Esq., to the Hon. Anna Maria Bingham, sister of the late Lord Clanmorris.

Captain E. Rich, R. N., to Sophia, youngest daughter of Captain G. Angelo.

At Bath, Isaac, second son of the late Gen. Avarne, to Augusta, youngest daughter of the late John Murray, Esq., of Highbridge House, Buckinghamshire, and of Bath.

At Dublin, the Rev. R. Pakenham, son of Admiral, the Hon. Sir T. Pakenham, G. C. B., to Harriet Maria, youngest daughter of the late Right Hon. D. Browne, M. P.

At Holywood, the Rev. J. C. Martin, F.T.C.D. to Agatha, only daughter of the Right Reverend the Bishop of Downe and Connor.

At Berne, J. C. Jervoise, Esq., eldest son of the Rev. Sir S. C. Jervoise, Bart. to Georgiana, youngest daughter of G. N. Thompson, Esq.

J. Foy, Esq., to Elizabeth Spencer, second daughter of the late Col. W. A. S. Boscawen.

Robert, youngest son of the late G. Sandilands, Esq., to Mary, youngest daughter of the late Sir C. Styles, Bart.

Lord Bingham, eldest son of the Earl of Lucan, to Lady Anne Brudenell, youngest daughter of the Earl of Cardigan.

DEATHS.

At Leghorn, aged 70, John Webb, Esq, the philanthropist.

At the Mauritius, Lieut.-Col. Hardinge.

In Langham Place, Eleanor, wife of T. G. B. Estcourt, Esq., M. P.

At Tregrehen, Cornwall, Captain W. Carlyon, R. N.

At Madeira, Lieut. A. G. Anson, of the 11th Light Dragoons.

Captain H. Jones, R. N., of Woolwich.

At Lisson Grove, Mary Pitt, daughter of the late General S. Johnston.

At Wrockwardine, Shropshire, Eliza Anne, wife of Lieut.-Gen. Sir W. Cockburn.

At Keel Hall, Staffordshire, aged 78, Walter Sneyd, Esq.

At Ravensdale Park, county of Louth, the Right Hon. William Charles Fortescue, Viscount Clermont.

At Poona, Major J. Snodgrass.

At Stoke Newington, the Rev. G. Gaskin, D. D., Prebendary of Ely.

In Burlington-street, Mrs. Campbell, relict of Colonel Campbell, Governor of Bermuda.

At Bedum Park, Sir C. Smith, Bart.

At Wallajahbad, Lieut.-Col. J. Dalrymple.

At Wallajahbad, Lieut.-Col. W. H. Sale.

At Boyle Farm, Surrey, Lord Henry Fitzgerald, brother to the late Duke of Leinster, aged 68.

At Charmouth, aged 58, Robert Kennaway, Esq., brother of Sir John Kennaway, Bart.

In Edgefield, South Carolina, Tom, a negro, aged 130.

At Greenhill, Edinburgh, Robert, the second son; Elizabeth, second daughter; and Henry, fourth son of George Forbes, Esq.

Miss M. Taylor, third daughter of the late Sir J. Taylor, Bart.

In South Audley-street, Anna Maria, relict of Sir W. Jones.

Aged 82, Thomas Shelton, Esq., Coroner for the City of London.

Mr. Terry, the comedian.

La Belle Assemblée,

OR

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES, No. LVII., FOR SEPTEMBER, 1829.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

A Portrait of The Right Honourable LADY SOPHIA CATHERINE GRESLEY, engraved by THOMSON, from a Miniature by NEWTON.
An elegant whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Dinner Party Dress.
An elegant whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Ball Dress.
An elegant whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Child's Dress.
An elegant whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Walking Dress.
An elegant whole-length Portrait Figure, in an Evening Dress.
An elegant whole-length Portrait Figure in a Carriage Dress.

LITERARY CONTENTS.

TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"*The Masque*," by "Mrs. C. Hall," certainly in our next.

The case of "*Felicia Saldez*" is an exceedingly deplorable one, no doubt; but we are sorry to say that we cannot suffer her to plead at the bar of La Belle Assemblee. Her *warning voice* would not be heard; or, if heard, would stand little chance of being attended to—such is the omnipotence of love!

"Mrs. H—." will please to accept our thanks for "*Sketches in Town: No. I. Westminster Hall.*"

We are glad to see another effusion from the youthful pen of "A. S." Her "*Castrum Munificum, a Sketch of* 1171," shall appear; but we earnestly beg of her—and of many other correspondents—to bear in mind, that simplicity is one of the greatest beauties of style.

A beautiful sketch, entitled "*La Rosière de Suresne*," is reserved for early insertion.

A packet was dispatched, as requested, to our good friend at Esher. We hope it was found to answer the purpose required.

The promised poem from the able pen of the author of "The Protestant," &c., has not yet reached us. Indisposition, we trust, is not the cause of its delay.

We have one or two productions of Mr. Brandreth's in store; notwithstanding which, we shall be glad to see the *companion-piece* to which he some time since alluded.

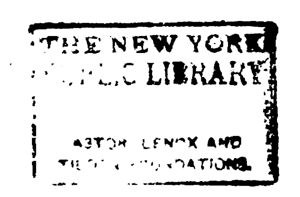
Earnestly do we hope, more for her sake than for our own, that illness will not much longer incapacitate the pen of our excellent and highly-valued correspondent, the author of "The Siege of Zaragosa," &c.

Has an esteemed poetical correspondent forgotten her proffered communication?

PRINTED BY SHACKELL AND BAYLIS, JOHNSON'S-COURT, FLEET-STREET.

September, 1829.




THE NEW YORK
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FOUNDATIONS.



THE RT HON LADY SOPHIA CATHERINE GRESLEY,

Engraved [illegible] from a painting by W. S. NEWTON.

[illegible]

LA BELLE A[illegible]

[illegible]

ILLUS[illegible]RATIVE [illegible]
LADY [illegible]

The Lady S[illegible] wife of Sir R[illegible] in the county [illegible]

[illegible]

LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE,

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1829.

ILLUSTRATIVE MEMOIR OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LADY SOPHIA CATHERINE GRESLEY.

The Lady Sophia Catherine Gresley, wife of Sir Roger Gresley, of Drakelow, in the county of Derby, Bart., is the youngest daughter of the Right Honourable George William Coventry, seventh and present Earl of Coventry, by his second Countess, Peggy, second daughter and coheiress of the late Sir Abraham Pitches, of Streatham, in the county of Surrey.

According to Sir William Dugdale, and other antiquaries, Lady Sophia's noble father is descended from William Coventry, of the city of Coventry, whose son John was Sheriff of London in the year 1416, and Lord Mayor in 1425. The latter gentleman was also one of the three executors of the celebrated Sir Richard Whittington, "thrice Lord Mayor of London;" and, in virtue of his executorship, he was engaged in finishing the prison of Newgate—the library of the Grey Friars, at Christ Church, London—and that at Guildhall. "This John Coventry is much commended, in our chronicles, for his discreet carriage in the debate betwixt Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, and Henry Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester; and lies buried in the church of St. Mary-le-Bow, in Cheapside, London, where a monument was erected to his memory, with an inscription much to his commendation." From him, in lineal descent, was

Thomas Coventry, an eminent lawyer, who was appointed Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, in 1605, an office in which he continued until his death, at the close of the following year. He married Margaret, daughter and heiress of —— Jeffreys, of Earles Croome, *alias* Croome d'Abitot, in the county of Worcester; by whom he had (besides daughters) three sons:—Thomas, first Lord Coventry; William, who left a family, seated at Ridmarley, in Worcestershire; and Walter, ancestor of the present Earl of Coventry.

Thomas, the eldest of the three sons, pursuing the profession of his father, was, in 1615, elected Recorder of London; in 1616, he was constituted Solicitor General, and invested with the honour of knighthood; in 1620, he was made Attorney-General; in 1625, he was advanced to the eminent office of Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of England; and, on the 10th of April, 1628, he was raised to the dignity of the peerage by the title of Baron Coventry, of Aylesbury, in the county of Worcester. Of this nobleman, Lord Clarendon observes—"That he discharged all the offices he went through, with great abilities, and singular reputation of integrity; that he enjoyed his place of Lord Keeper with an universal reputation (and sure justice was never better administer-

ed) for the space of fourteen years and three months, even to his death, some months before he was sixty years of age." His Lordship died at Durham House, in the Strand, in January, 1639-40; and his remains were conveyed thence, with great funeral solemnity, to their interment at Croome d'Abitot.

Lord Coventry was twice married. By his first lady, Sarah, daughter of Edward Sebright, of Besford, in the county of Worcester, he had a son, Thomas, his successor; and a daughter, married to Sir John Hare, of Stow Bardolph, in the county of Norfolk. His second wife was Elizabeth, daughter of John Aldersey, of Spurstow, in the county of Chester. By her he had four sons,* all conspicuous for their abilities in Parliament, and in the cabinet; and four daughters, all eminent for piety, virtue, and talent; and of whom the youngest, Dorothy, married to Sir John Packington, of Westwood, in the county of Worcester, Bart., is generally believed to have been the author of that well-known book, *The Whole Duty of Man.*

Thomas, second Lord Coventry, only son and heir of the Lord Keeper by his first wife, married Mary, daughter of Sir William Craven, Knt., and sister of William, Earl of Craven; by whom he had two sons:—George, his successor; and William, first Earl of Coventry.

George, third Lord Coventry, had by his wife, Margaret, daughter of John Tufton, Earl of Thanet, a daughter, married to Charles, second Duke of Bolton; and an only son,

John, fourth Lord Coventry, who died unmarried, in 1685, and was succeeded by his uncle,

Thomas, fifth Lord Coventry; who, on the 26th of April, 1697, was created Viscount Deerhurst, and Earl of Coventry, with remainder (the issue male of Thomas, first Lord Coventry, by his second wife, being all extinct) to William, Thomas,

* John, the eldest of these sons, was father of Sir John Coventry, of Pitminster, in the county of Somerset, and of Mere, in the county of Wilts, M.P., made Knight of the Bath at the Coronation of Charles II. This gentleman was remarkable for being the occasion of the legislature's passing the *Coventry Act*, for "preventing malicious maiming and wounding." Sir John was one of those members of the House of Commons who strenuously resisted the passing of money bills; and it was usual, in that day, after such bills had failed in the main vote, for those who had opposed them to endeavour to levy a tax on funds that might be unacceptable or deficient. On one of these occasions, it was proposed to tax the playhouses, which were at that time obnoxious to many. This was resisted by the court party, on the plea that "the players were the King's servants, and a part of his pleasure." A sarcastically offensive question, from Sir John, in reply, was indignantly reported to the court. "This," it was said, "was the first time that the King was personally reflected on: if it passed over, more of the same kind would follow; and it would prove a fashion to talk so. It was therefore fit to take such severe notice of this, that nobody should dare to talk at that rate for the future." Bishop Burnet, in the History of his own Time, states, "that the Duke of York told him he had said all he could to the King to divert him from the resolution he took; which was to send some of the guards, and watch in the street where Sir John lodged, and leave a mark upon him." The fact, by bills of indictment, was found to have been committed by Sir Thomas Sandys, Knt., Charles O'Bryan, Esq., Simon Parry, and Miles Reeves, who had absconded." As Coventry was going home, they drew about him; he stood up to the wall, and snatched the flambeau out of his servant's hands; and with that in one hand, and his sword in the other, he defended himself so well that he got credit by it. He wounded some of them, but was soon disarmed, and then they cut his nose to the bone, to teach him (as they said) to remember what respect he owed to the King; and so they left him, and went back to the Duke of Monmouth's, where Obryan's arm was dressed. That matter was executed by orders from the Duke of Monmouth, for which he was severely censured, because he lived then in professions of friendship with Coventry; so that his subjection to the King was not thought an excuse for directing so vile an attempt on his friend, without sending him secret notice of what was designed. Coventry had his nose so well needled up, that the scar was scarce to be discerned. This put the House of Commons into a furious uproar: they passed a bill of banishment against the actors of it; and put a clause in it, that it should not be in the King's power to pardon them; and that it should be death to maim any person. This gave great advantages to all those that opposed the court; and was often remembered, and much improved by all the angry men of those times."

and Henry, sons of Walter Coventry, and grandsons of Walter before mentioned, younger brother of the first Lord. By his first wife, Winifred, daughter of Pierce Edgecumbe, of Mount Edgecumbe, in the county of Devon, Esq., he had several children; of whom two sons survived him: Thomas, the second Earl; and Gilbert, the fourth.

Thomas, second Earl of Coventry, married Anne, daughter of Henry Somerset, Duke of Beaufort. In 1710, he was succeeded by his only son,

Thomas, third Earl of Coventry, who died at Eton school, in 1712, and was succeeded by his uncle,

Gilbert, fourth Earl of Coventry. This nobleman was twice married; but dying without male issue, in 1719, the Barony of Coventry, created in 1628, became extinct, and the Earldom and Viscounty devolved, pursuant to limitation, on William, eldest son of Walter, son of Walter, younger brother of the first Lord.

William, fifth Earl of Coventry, sat as M.P. for the borough of Bridport, in Dorsetshire, in the three last parliaments of Queen Anne, and in the first parliament of George I. In 1717, he was constituted one of the Clerks Comptrollers of the Board of Green Cloth; in which post he, in the same year that he succeeded to the Earldom, attended his Majesty to Hanover. In March, 1719-20, he was sworn of the Privy Council, and made Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the county of Worcester. His Lordship married Elizabeth, daughter of John Allen, of the city of Westminster, Esq., by whom he had three sons:—Thomas Henry, Viscount Deerhurst, died in 1744; George William, his successor, born in 1722; and John Bulkeley (died in 1801) who, by virtue of an Act of Parliament, assumed the name of Bulkeley. His Lordship died in 1751, and was succeeded by his son,

George William, sixth Earl of Coventry, one of the Lords of the Bedchamber to their Majesties George II. and III., a post which he resigned in 1770. His Lordship was twice married: first, in 1752, to Maria, eldest daughter of John Gunning, of Castle Coote, in the county of Roscommon, Esq. (by Bridget, daughter of Theobald Bourke, sixth Viscount Mayo) and sister of Elizabeth, late Duchess of Hamilton, and Baroness of Hamilton in her own right; secondly, in 1764, to Barbara St. John, daughter of John, tenth Lord St. John, of Bletso. By his first Countess, who died in 1762, he had issue as follows:—

1. Elizabeth Anne, died in 1756;—2. Mary Alicia, married to Andrew, eldest son of Sir Edward Baynton, Bart., died in 1784;—3. Anne Margaret, married, *first*, in 1778, to the Hon. Edward Foley, second son of Thomas, Lord Foley; *secondly*, in 1788, Captain Samuel Wright;—4. George William, the present Earl.

By his second lady, the Earl had two sons:—

1. John, married, *first*, in 1788, Miss Clayton; *secondly*, in 1809, Anna Maria, second daughter of Francis Eves, of Clifford Place, in the county of Hereford, Esq., and relict of Ebenezer Pope, Esq.;—2. Thomas William, married Miss Clarke, died in 1816.

His Lordship died on the 3d of September, 1809, and was succeeded by his son,

George William, seventh and present Earl of Coventry, in the county of Warwick, and Viscount Deerhurst, in the county of Gloucester; Lord Lieutenant and Recorder of the city of Worcester; High Steward of Tewkesbury, &c. His Lordship married, *first*, on the 18th of March, 1777, the lady Catherine Henley, daughter of Robert, first Earl of Northington, by whom he had no issue. Her Ladyship died on the 9th of January, 1779; and the Earl married, *secondly*, in January, 1783, Peggy, second daughter and co-heiress of the late Sir Abraham Pitches, of Streatham, in the county of Surrey, Knt., by whom he has had a numerous family, as follows:—

1. George William, Viscount Deerhurst, born October 16, 1784, married, *first*, in 1808, the Lady Emma Susanna, second daughter of William, first Earl of Beauchamp, died in 1810; *secondly*, in 1811, the Lady Mary Beauclerk, daughter of Aubrey, fifth Duke of St. Albans;—2. Augusta Maria, born in 1785, married, in 1806, General Willoughby Cotton, Aid-de-Camp to the King:—3. Georgiana Catherine, born in 1786, married, in 1807, to M. W. Barnes, of Reigate, in the county of Surrey, Esq.;—4. Emily Elizabeth, died an infant;—5. John, born in 1789;—6. Thomas Henry, died an infant;—7. Thomas Henry, born in 1792;—8. Jane Emily, born in 1794;—9. William James,

born in 1797;—10. Barbara, born in 1799, married, in 18—, to Lieut.-Col. Craufurd, eldest son of Sir James Craufurd, Bart.;—11. Sophia Catherine, married, in 1821, to Sir Roger Gresley, Bart.

After the above sketch of the origin and descent of the noble family of Coventry, the house of Gresley must not remain unnoticed. Sir Roger Gresley traces his descent from Malahulcius, uncle to Rollo, Duke of Normandy, the renowned ancestor of William the Conqueror. Roger de Toeny, son of Malahulcius (styled Patricius Rollonis) was the standard bearer of Normandy. He had two sons, Robert and Nigell, who accompanied the Norman in his memorable descent. Robert, at the time of the Domesday Survey, was in possession of a hundred-and-fifty lordships, or manors, in various counties; amongst which was the lordship of Stafford, whence he surnamed himself, and transmitted the name to his descendants, the noble race of Stafford; one of whom, Humphrey, was created Duke of Buckingham by Henry VI., with precedency of all Dukes, excepting those of the royal blood.

Nigell, the younger son of Roger de Toeny, was the direct ancestor of the present family of Gresley. He held, at the Survey, Drachelowe (now Drakelow) Thorpe, Kingersley, Merton, &c., in Derbyshire and Staffordshire; of which Grasele, Greyseley, Griseley, or Gresley, in the former county, was the manor on which he fixed his residence, and whence he assumed the name De Gresley. His son,

William Fitz-Nigell, founded the castle and monastery of Gresley. "Greisley Castle," observes Camden, "was built, with a monastery in honour of St. George, by the Griesleys, its ancient lords, who derived their descent from William Fitz-Nigell, surnamed de Griesley, and have lived here in great dignity ever since the Norman invasion, having considerably augmented their estate by marriage with the daughter and heiress of the ancient family of Gasteney."—Respecting the loss of a seal, by one of the members of the Gresley family, we find a curious document (translated from the Latin) in DUGDALE's *Warwickshire*:—

"Be it known to all Christians, that I, John Gresley, having lost the power (or use) of my seal, for the whole year last past, now signify the same, while I possess a good memory and sound understanding. And I hereby contradict and declare void all writings, appearing with that seal, from the present date to the day of its being restored. In testimony whereof I have hereto set the seal of the Dean of Repindon, in presence of Sir Thomas Stafford, Joh. Arderne, John Corsoun de Kettleston, and Rog. de Montgomerie. Dated at Drakelow xviii. R. 11."

Robert De Gresley, son and heir of William Fitz-Nigell, founded, in the year 1134, an abbey of Cistertian monks at Swineshed, in Lincolnshire. From this gentleman (who settled at Mancestre, now Manchester) lineally descended, through a long line of distinguished individuals,

Sir William Gresley, Knt. (eldest son and heir of Sir George Gresley, created a Knight of the Bath at the coronation of Anne Boleyn, in 1538) who served the office of High Sheriff of the county of Stafford in 1561. He married Katherine, daughter of Edward, Lord Dudley, K.G. His eldest son,

Sir Thomas Gresley, Knt., of Drakelow, also served the office of Sheriff of the county of Stafford, in 1582, and of the county of Derby, in 1592, and 1602. His eldest surviving son,

George Gresley, Esq., of Drakelow, was created a Baronet on the 29th of June, 1611. He was a man of considerable talent; and it was to him that Sir William Dugdale was indebted for his first elevation, by an introduction to Thomas, the first Earl of Arundel, who was then Earl Marshal of England, and who became his patron. Sir George Gresley served the office of Sheriff of Derbyshire, and represented Newcastle-under-line, in Parliament. He married Susan, daughter of Sir Humphrey Ferrars, Knt., by whom he had a son and two daughters. The former died in his life-time, leaving ten children, by Bridget, daughter of Sir Thomas Burdett, Bart.; the eldest surviving of which—Sir Thomas Gresley—succeeded his grandfather. His great-grandson, Sir Thomas, died without male issue in 1753; when the title, in consequence, devolved upon his brother,

Sir Nigell, the sixth Bart. This gentle-

man married Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Wynn, of Cheshire, by whom he had a son and six daughters. At his death, which occurred in 1787, it was said of him that he "possessed a character that ought not to be passed by with only one eulogium, however just, and with only one testimony, however sincere. The nature of this baronet was good nature. He was a kind husband; a zealous friend; an hospitable neighbour: he was brave without boasting; and just such a man as Sterne describes his uncle Toby, to whose kindness the weak would fly for protection. His manners were simple and unaffected, not such as are formed by the dancing-master, or acquired in a foreign country. They were far better, and had a nobler source, for they sprung from an excellent heart. He had a soul for sympathy, and a tear for pity. His form, indeed, was robust, beyond common appearance; but his dispositions were mild, generous, and unsuspecting. It was rather a difficult matter to make him think ill, and it was very easy to make him think well of others. Such qualities are not formed for what is called the prosperity of this world; and it may be true: but they will stand him in *good stead* in that world whither he is gone."—The following lines, to his memory, are from the pen of an unknown author:—

Those generous hearts that manly worth can charm,
Which friendship and domestic virtues warm,
Will here their sympathetic off'rings leave,
Indulging sorrow at their Gresley's grave:
For such he was, as, in far better days,
Were dauntless England's pride, support, and praise:
Brave, artless, upright, hospitable, kind,
The fairest copy of the ancient mind;
A life rever'd in bounteous goodness past,
O'er his high-traced descent congenial lustre cast.

Sir Nigell Gresley was succeeded by his only son,

Sir Nigell Bowyer Gresley,* who married his cousin, Wilmot, only daughter of his uncle, Sir Thomas Gresley, the fifth Bart., and thus recovered the estates which had been separated from the title on the demise of that gentleman. By this marriage he had three daughters. Lady Gresley dying in 1790, Sir Nigell married, secondly, in 1796, Maud Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of Caleb Garway, of the county of Worcester, Esq., by whom he left surviving issue, a son, Roger, and a daughter, Georgiana Maria, married to the Rev. Edward Woodyat, M.A. Sir Nigell Bowyer Gresley died on the 26th of March, 1808, and was succeeded by his son,

Sir Roger Gresley, the present Baronet. This gentleman was born on the 27th of December, 1799; and, as has been already stated, he had the honour of marrying, in 1821, the Lady Sophia Catherine, the youngest daughter of the Earl of Coventry. Sir Roger, as well as his amiable, elegant, and highly accomplished lady, is much distinguished in the world of fashion; and, recently, he has also put in his claim to distinction in the world of letters, by the publication of a little work of fiction, entitled *Sir Philip Gasteneys; a Minor.*†

* It was to this gentleman, we presume, that Miss Seward addressed the following *Apology for not accepting his Invitation to a Masquerade Ball at his Seat, Drakelow, in Staffordshire*:—

Ah, Gresley! skill'd to deck the festal rite
With Taste's coy art, and Fancy's various light,
Charm'd when the summon'd train forsake their home,
Grotesque and gay, to fleet beneath thy dome;
Could I, amid the jocund band, convene
Youth, health, or spirit, to the glittering scene,
Then should my pen thy flattering passport greet
With gladdened heart, and with acceptance meet;
But long precarious health, life's faded bloom,
And recent ravage of the ruthless tomb,
Clos'd o'er my friends, forbid the pageant bowers
To shine before me with majestic powers.
When graver Pleasures, and Domestic Mirth,
Rise the soft Lares of that glowing hearth,
Where Drakelow, white as o'er the wave she gleams,
Eyes her fair form in Trent's pellucid streams,
Mine may it be to share the joys benign,
More grateful to existence dim decline;
To view expanding mind, with effluence warm,
Illume thy loved Maria's youthful form;
To mark around that ever liberal board,
Bless'd by glad welcome from its graceful lord,
With sportive glee his lovely infants sit,
And bright Louisa lance the darts of wit;
While most his sense and spirit render gay
The golden leisure of the social day.

† *Vide* page 78 of the present volume of La Belle Assemblee.

THE BOOK OF THE BOUDOIR.*

LADY MORGAN, as all the world knows, and, as we have before had occasion to remark, is a woman of genius, of infinite vivacity, and, upon paper at least, if we may be allowed so to employ her own favourite French term, a charming *raconteur.* If nationality be a merit, Lady Morgan possesses merit of the first order, for she is all Irish—Irish from top to toe. As for her politics, we abominate them; for politics, Tory, Whig, or Radical, are the bane of the feminine gender; and, as for her metaphysics, or philosophy, or whatever the right phrase may be, the mere allusion throws us into a fever, and almost qualifies us for a dark chamber, venesection, and water-gruel. But, as the lady says—or quotes—"let that pass." Lady Morgan, whatever the Quarterly Review, or the ungallant Boston Literary Gazette, may allege to the contrary, is a spirited, right merry, and amusing creature: take her in the right mood—and the "wrongs of Ireland" forgotten—and most amazingly could we enjoy a *tête-à-tête* with her, in her own charming *boudoir,* the very atmosphere of which, even in description, is redolent of sweets, and glittering with the gems of fairy-land, herself the enchanting goddess of the fancy-formed scene.

But, *revenons à nos moutons.* The Book of the Boudoir! The title of her ladyship's new performance is not only striking, but quite to the purpose: the work is a sort of journal, or common-place book—a record of what its fair author has seen and heard, said and done; and, when we shall have given Lady Morgan's account of "how it came to be published," we shall, without meddling with its politics or its metaphysics, spread, from its varied contents, a rich and delightful treat before the readers of LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE. Here is the statement:—

While the fourth volume of the "O'Briens" was going through the press, Mr. Colburn was sufficiently pleased with the subscription (as it is called in the trade) to the first edition, to desire a new work from the author. I was just setting off for Ireland, the horses literally putting to—when Mr. Colburn arrived with his flattering proposition. I could not enter into any future engagement; and Mr. C. taking up a scrubby MS. volume, which the servant was about to thrust into the pocket of the carriage, asked "What was that?" I said it was "one of many volumes of odds and ends, *de omnibus rebus;*" and I read him the last entry I had made the night before, on my return from the Opera. "This is the very thing," said the European publisher; and if the public is of the same opinion, I shall have nothing to regret in thus coming, though somewhat in *déshabille,* before its tribunal.

To extract, will now be our chief labour. Here is a picture—a moving one:—

It happened, that shortly after the publication of the Wild Irish Girl, as I sat making up one of those "tissues of woven air," in which I then clothed my heroines, and in which I intended to dress myself for a ball at the barracks, given that night by Lady Augusta Leith—a plain, dark, old-fashioned chariot drove to the door, and up came a card thus inscribed—"Mr. Kirwan, to pay his respects to the fair authoress of the Wild Irish Girl."—My stars! what a fuss! The great Richard Kirwan, the philosopher! the chemist! the comely! the elegant! the celebrated! What stowing away of breadths and gores (we had not come to *ruches* and *falbalas*)—what pushing of work-baskets under the sofa, and ramming the Sorrows of Werter into the bread-basket!—for work, Werter, and bread and butter, were then all in equal requisition.

I flew first to the harp, to get up an attitude, (like poor Mathurin), and then back to the table to seize my pen like "Anna Matilda," and when the door opened, I was placed in a thoughtful position, with the contemplative look of a Doctor of the Sorbonne, or of Lydia Languish; but the apparition, which for a moment halted at the threshold, and then moved on in solemn gait, actually made me start. A tall, gaunt figure, wrapped from neck to heel in a dark roquelaure, with a large-leafed hat flapped low over the face, presented the very picture of Guy Faux, with nothing wanting but his dark lantern. The comely, the elegant young man disappeared from my imagination; and the venerable, but very singular-looking philosopher "stood confessed."

Now we come to Lady Morgan's description of the first rout she was present at in London:—

* By Lady Morgan, in two volumes.

A few days after my arrival in London, and while my little book was running rapidly through successive editions, I was presented to the Countess Dowager of C——k, and invited to a rout at her fantastic and pretty mansion in New Burlington Street. Oh, how her Irish historical name tingled on my ears, and seized on my imagination; as that of her great ancestor, "the father of chemistry, and uncle to Lord Cork," did on the mind of my old friend, Professor Higgens. I was freshly launched from the bogs of the barony of Tireragh, in the province of Connaught, and had dropped at once into the very sanctuary of English *ton*, without time to go through the necessary course of training in manners or millinery, for such an awful transition: so, with no *chaperon* but my incipient notoriety, and actually no toilet but the frock and the flower in which, not many days before, I had danced a jig, on an earthen floor, with an O'Rourke, Prince of Breffney, in the county of Leitrim, I stepped into my job carriage at the hour of ten, and "all alone by myself"—as the Irish song says—

"To Eden took my solitary way."

We pass over her first anxieties of introduction:—

After a stand and a stare of some seconds, I was pushed on—and, on reaching the centre of the conservatory, I found myself suddenly pounced upon a sort of rustic seat by Lady C——k, whose effort to detain me on this very uneasy pre-eminence, resembled Lingo's remonstrance of "Keep your temper, great Rusty-fusty;" for I too was treated *en princesse* (the Princess of *Coolavin*), and denied the civilised privileges of sofa or chair, which were not in character with the habits of a "Wild Irish Girl." So there I sat, "*patience perforce with wilful choler meeting*," the lioness of the night! exhibited and shewn off like "the beautiful hyena that never was tamed," of Exeter 'Change—looking almost as wild, and feeling quite as savage!

* * * * * *

Presenting me to each and all of the splendid crowd, which an idle curiosity easily excited, and as soon satisfied, had gathered round us, she prefaced every introduction with a little exordium, which seemed to amuse every one but its subject. "Lord Erskine, this is the 'Wild Irish Girl,' whom you are so anxious to know. I assure you she talks quite as well as she writes. Now, my dear, do tell my Lord Erskine some of those Irish stories, you told us the other evening at Lord C—ville's. Fancy yourself *en petit comité*, and take off the Irish brogue. Mrs. Abington says you would make a famous actress, she does indeed! You must play the short-armed orator with her; she will be here by and by. This is the Duchess of St. A——, she has your 'Wild Irish Girl' by heart. Where is Sheridan? Do, my dear Mr. T——; (this is Mr. T——, my dear—Geniuses should know each other)—do, my dear Mr. T——, find me Mr. Sheridan. Oh! here he is! what! you know each other already; *tant mieux*. This is Lord Carysfort. Mr. Lewis, do come forward; that is Monk Lewis, my dear, of whom you have heard so much—but you must not read his works, they are very naughty."

* * * * * *

Towards midnight "the ring was thinned to a select few, some fifty particular friends, who had been previously asked to stay supper." Lady Morgan was placed at table between Lords Erskine and Carysfort:—

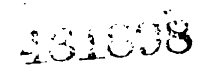
I had got into a very delightful conversation with my veteran beaux, when Mr. Kemble was announced. Lady C——k reproached him as "the late Mr. Kemble;" and then, looking significantly at me, told him who I was. Kemble, to whom I had been already presented by Mrs. Lefanu, acknowledged me by a kindly nod; but the intense stare which succeeded was not one of mere recognition. It was the glazed, fixed look, so common to those who have been making libations to altars which rarely qualify them for ladies' society. Mr. Kemble was evidently much preoccupied, and a little exalted; and he appeared actuated by some intention, which he had the will but not the power to execute. He was seated *vis-à-vis*, and had repeatedly raised his arm, and stretched it across the table, for the purpose, as I supposed, of helping himself to some boar's head in jelly. Alas, no!—the *bore* was, that my head happened to be the object which fixed his tenacious attention; and which being a true Irish *cathah* head, dark, cropped, and curly, struck him as a particularly well organised Brutus, and better than any in his *répertoire* of theatrical perukes. Succeeding at last in his feline and fixed purpose, he actually struck his claws in my locks, and addressing me in the deepest sepulchral tones, asked—"Little girl, where did you buy your wig?"

Lord Erskine "came to the rescue," and liberated my head.

Lord Carysfort exclaimed, to retrieve the awkwardness of the scene, "*les serpents de l'envie ont sifflés dans son cœur;*" on every side—

"Some did laugh,
And some did say, 'God bless us;'"
——while I, like Macbeth—
"Could not say, Amen."

Meantime Kemble, peevish, as half-tipsy people generally are, and ill-brooking the inter-



ference of the two peers, drew back, muttering and fumbling in his coat pocket, evidently with some dire intent lowering in his eyes. To the amusement of all, and to my increased consternation, he drew forth a volume of the "Wild Irish Girl," (which he had brought to return to Lady C——k) and, reading, with his deep, emphatic voice, one of the most high-flown of its passages, he paused, and patting the page with his fore finger, with the look of Hamlet addressing Polonius, he said, "Little girl, why did you write such nonsense? and where did you get all these d——d hard words?"

Thus taken by surprise, and "smarting with my wounds" of mortified authorship, I answered, unwittingly and witlessly, the truth: "Sir, I wrote as well as I could, and I got the hard words out of Johnson's Dictionary."

Upon another occasion, when at Stanmore Priory—

It was my good fortune to be seated on a sofa with Lord Erskine, when the Duchess [Gordon] did us the honour to make a third in our conversation. "Oh, my Lord," she said, "you ha' got the 'Wild Irish Girl' all to yourself. Weel, she's a clever creature, but I've a great fault to find with her. She has no more sentiment than a London Missy! The first time I met her was at the Irish Chancellor's. Jannie M—— and I had been living among the heaths and the roses of Glengarry, and had been gloating on her 'Wild Irish Girl' and 'Novice;' and when I arrived in Dublin, I was longing to know her. Weel, Lord M—— made a dinner expressly. But, what was my disappointment when she said, 'Oh! Lord M——, think how unlucky I am. The very day I left B—— C——, a whole jaunting car of officers were expected from Strabane.' Eh! gude God, there was sentiment with a vengeance."

This brought on the chapter of romance, national peculiarities, fetches, second sights, &c. &c.; in the latter of which, both Lord E—— and the Duchess acknowledged their belief. I could not avoid expressing some surprise that such persons should give way to the influence of such irrational superstition. The Duchess was displeased, and said, "I don't like to see young ladies setting themselves above their superiors, and giving in to free-thinking. I never knew any one cry down what is called superstition, but those who have no religion."

It was in vain that "I rose to explain." Prostration of intellect, and profound obedience in the young and inexperienced, were the order of the day; and her grace related a very curious and romantic tale of second-sight in her own family, which amused, if it did not convert me—while the affecting manner in which it was told, left no doubt as to the sincerity of the relator.

This leads the way to an anecdote, which is exceedingly curious, as it makes us acquainted with the belief which Lord Erskine entertained—and which is yet entertained by many—of one of the strange superstitions of his country. It is, however, only a ghost-story:—

"I also," said Lord Erskine, "believe in second-sight, because I have been its subject. When I was a very young man, I had been for some time absent from Scotland. On the morning of my arrival in Edinburgh, as I was descending the steps of a close, on coming out from a bookseller's shop, I met our old family butler. He looked greatly changed, pale, wan, and shadowy, as a ghost. 'Eh! old boy,' I said, 'what brings you here?' He replied, 'To meet your honour, and solicit your interference with my lord, to recover a sum due to me, which the steward, at the last settlement, did not pay.' Struck by his looks and manner, I bade him follow me to the bookseller's, into whose shop I stepped back; but when I turned round to speak to him, he had vanished.

"I remembered that his wife carried on some little trade in the old town. I remembered even the house and the flat she occupied, which I had often visited in my childhood. Having made it out, I found the old woman in widow's mourning. Her husband had been dead for some months; and had told her on his death-bed, that my father's steward had wronged him of some money, but that when Master Tom returned, he would see her righted. This I promised to do, and shortly after fulfilled my promise. The impression was indelible; and I am extremely cautious how I deny the possibility of such supernatural visitings as those which your grace has just instanced in your own family."

What will our grave statesmen say to such an *exposé* as this? Oh fie, Lady Morgan, it is not fair to tell tales out of school! Still at the priory, her ladyship exclaims—

How often have I seen Whigs and Tories united round its splendid hearths, in the great drawing-room, innocently playing their "small games," after having played, through the preceding week, their great game, on the opposite sides of the two Houses. How often have I seen the ministerial red box ("big with the fate of Cato and of Rome," bearing the busy tale of some of Napoleon's unwelcome victories, or welcome defeats, or, haply stuffed with the materials of some green bag disclosure) scarcely deposited in the hands of its diplomatic owner, before

it was suddenly jerked up into the air by the playful ingenuity of a romping peeress, and its mysterious contents scattered on the floor, while the laughing contriver of the overthrow exclaimed—"*Autant en emporte le vent!*" How often have I seen presidents of the council, and lords comptrollers of royal-households, taking lessons there, in waltzing, at that time a novelty fresh imported from D—— House: while "many a saint and many a hero," who were then sinners and subalterns, trod upon those Persian carpets, which covered the paved cloisters and knee-worn cells of the ancient monks of St—e.

Of Lord Castlereagh, although he was a terrible Tory, Lady Morgan sketches a very pleasing resemblance; but it is too much "at length" for our purpose. Here is a French pun in lieu of it:—

What a droll pun is that of the grammarian presenting his book to the Académie, after the Duke de —— had advanced his pretensions to be elected one of the *quarante*, on the score of his illustrious ancestors. "*Je suis ici pour mon grand-père,*" said the Duke.—"*Je suis ici pour ma* GRAMMAIRE," said his ignoble philological competitor.

And here is an Irish joke, quite as good—the parent, we presume, Lord Norbury:—

"Here is a fellow, my lord," (said an attorney, the other day, to one of our legal chiefs) accused of stealing turnips; under what act can he be attacked?"

"I really don't know," said the judge, without taking his eyes from the paper on which he was writing.

"You don't know, my lord?"

"No, not immediately, Mr. * * *."

"What does your lordship think of the *timber* act?"

"Probably—that is, if the turnips were *sticky*."

Now we offer Lady Morgan's own portrait, as drawn by a Yankee in the Boston Literary Gazette; with her ladyship's comments on the production, her irresistible appeal to Sir Thomas Lawrence, and her stern demand of justice from the Americans. If our fair readers enter not into the spirit of this, we advise them at once to lay down the book, for we shall despair of even Lady Morgan's powers to excite mirth and enjoyment:—

"It was about two o'clock P. M. when I stopped at the door of Sir Charles Morgan, Kildare Street, Dublin. I inquired for Lady M., to whom I had a letter of introduction. I was shewn by the servant into a library, and while waiting for her ladyship, had an opportunity to survey the apartment. The upper regions displayed rich rows of books, in all the modern languages, and among them several of Lady Morgan's works in French, Italian, and German. The lower parts of the room exhibited a piano, a harp, and a Spanish guitar, with a profusion of songs scattered up and down. There were two writing tables, a small cabinet of minerals in a glass case, and a collection of beautiful shells, also in a glass case. Several small pictures occupied the spaces on the wall, and cameos, intaglios, medals, and other curiosities, adorned the mantel-piece. There was an air of negligence about the room, but it seemed to declare that the inhabitant of it had made every department of nature and art tributary to her pleasure."

"But 'tis my design
To note the chamber—I will write all down—
Such and such pictures—there the window!" &c.
Cymbeline.

Oh! that the inventory had stopped there!—For the furniture, pass! (though I deny the glass case—I have a total antipathy to glass cases); but the coming to personals, as in the following *catalogue raisonnée* of beauties wanting, of charms "*absent without leave,*"—this is really "too bad." But the Yankee goes on, and so here I am (not in kit-kat) as sketched "at 2 o'clock, P.M.," by my American visitor—who, after "noting the chamber," thus writes down—its mistress, unconscious as was Imogen of her midnight visitor, and as little suspecting to what sort of a limner she was sitting for her portrait, when she received this "Yankee from Boston."

"At length Lady Morgan entered. She was short, with a broad face, blue, inexpressive eyes, and seemed, if such a thing may be named, about forty years of age. Her personal appearance is far from handsome—it is not even striking. There was an evident affectation of Parisian taste in her dress and manner."

What says Lady Morgan to this?—

"I appeal!—I appeal from this *Caravaggio* of Boston to the Titian of his age and country—I appeal to you, Sir Thomas Lawrence!—would you have painted a short, squat, broad-faced, inexpressive, affected, Frenchified, *Greenland-seal-like* lady of any age? Would any money have tempted you to profane your immortal pencil, consecrated by nature to the Graces, by devoting its magic to such a model as this described by the Yankee artist of the "Boston Literary?" And yet you did paint the picture of this Lapland Venus—this impersonation of a Dublin Bay cod-fish—this *pendant* to Hogarth's *Poissarde* at the gates

of Calais, who bears so striking a resemblance to the maiden ray she exhibits for sale. What is more, you painted it of your own free will and choice—gratuitously, and that too when rival Duchesses were contending for the honour of reaching posterity, through your agency, with the beauties of Vandyke and the belles of Lely, all ready and willing to remunerate, with princely munificence, the talent "whose price is beyond rubies."

Well, I appeal from the portrait drawn by the Yankee to yours; *"et je m'en trouverai bien."* Gladly do I "sweeten my imagination" by the recollection of those times of youth, and gaiety, and splendour, in which, associated under the same roof, I sat for, and you sketched that picture, thus by contrast recalled to my recollection! I remember a minister of state cracking jokes on one side of the table on which you were drawing, a royal princess* suggesting hints on the other, the Roscius of the age stalking up and down the room with the strides of Macbeth, and the look of Coriolanus, and half the beauties of future galleries and collections, fluttering round the exclusive patent-giver of eternal loveliness. Alas! no one could have said that I was "forty" then; and "this is the cruellest cut of all!"—Woman, the most enduring of created beings, will bear any thing but that. Had it been thirty-nine, or fifty!—thirty-nine is still under the mark, and fifty so far beyond it, so hopeless, such a *"lasciar speranze voi che intrate;"*—but FORTY!—

"Take any form but that,
And my firm nerves will never tremble—"

the critical age—the Rubicon—I cannot, will not dwell on it. But, oh! America!—land of my devotion and my idolatry—is it from you the blow has come? Let Quarterlys and Blackwoods libel—but the "Boston Literary!"—*"Et tu Brute!"*

* * * * *

Now I here openly, frankly, and spiritedly publish my protocol to the city of Boston, requiring of the Bostonians, that they give me up this morning visitor, "at 2 o'clock, P.M."—this Iachimo of literary *salons*—this positive denunciator of the certain age of ladies, who wish their age to remain uncertain—this portrait painter en large, who calls little "short," and round "broad," and who

"Ne'er can any lustre see
In eyes that do not smile on *me*"—

—himself—this violator of confidences made on the occasion of a first visit!—this Zoilus of the toilette, and Yankee *"courier des dames;"* I require the Bostonians, by their gallantry and their liberalism, their love of liberty and of the ladies, that they first catch me this back woodsman, and then leave me to dress him!

* Her late Majesty, Queen Caroline.

The best companion that we can offer to these passages, presents itself under the head "Toys and Trinkets:" it forms a pretty picture, with a pretty setting for the picture, of a literary lady:—

That *petits maîtres* and *petites maîtresses* should thus "trifle life away," and occupy their time and money like children, may not appear so very extraordinary; but that literary women—intellectual women—women who affect to think, and presume to write—and publish too, and make head against such organs of opinion as Quarterly Reviews, and the like—that *they* should give themselves the airs of fashionable frivolity, and endeavour to reconcile *"les goûts d'un grand seigneur, et les revenus d'un poëte,"* is really "too bad." It is, however, a fair example of the incongruities of character, and the influence of vogue. What would the Scuderies, and the Daciers, and the Carters, and the Montagues say to the toyshop-house of a certain forty-volume-power female writer of the present day, who, if she has not written as well, has written as much, as those three voluminous ladies combined? What a disappointment to blue-stocking visitors, who expect to find her in the midst of that charming literary litter, intellectual disorder, and elegant neglect of all the elegancies of ordinary life, which marked the *ménages* of the *femmes-savantes* of the late and preceding centuries!—the broken tea-cup (substituted for a wine-glass) of Mary Wolstonecraft! or the Scotch mull and brown pocket-handkerchief of Catherine Macauley! What a shock to hear this quarto authoress talk of *l'esprit de rose* instead of *l'esprit des lois;* to find the atmosphere of her drawing-room perfumed by a *jardin* of fresh flowers, whose odour, she pretends, has the same effect on her brain as sherries had upon Falstaff's, "driving thence all the dull and crudy vapours which environ it!"

How their literary Fustinesses of former times would turn up their intellectual noses at the frivolous tastes of this new-light *Armande*, could they see her, as I see her at this moment, writing at a rose-wood *secrétaire*, accommodating and pliant as any *secrétaire* on the list of diplomacy, and "seizing" literally, not figuratively (like Anna Matilda), her "golden quill." There she sits, surrounded by the inspiring semblances of deathless wits and immortal beauties, shining from enamels durable as their fame—by book cases, that glitter in gilt vellum and rosy Russian—with Dante illustrated on Sevre vases, and the loves of Petrarch and Laura told on tea-cups. Which of the coronetted muses of the

present *saturnalia* of Parnassus, where cooks and countesses jostle for precedency, does this sketch pourtray? Which of the Lady Charlottes and the Honourable Annas, who affect new patents of distinction, and think more of the honour bestowed by their publisher than their pedigree, does this cap fit? Not one; for this literary *petite maîtresse*—this amateur of frivolities, and indjter of philosophy—this collector of French toys, and collator of Irish chronicles—this trifler by taste, and author by necessity,

"Cet homme-là, Sire—c'est moi!"

Loving dogs as we do—and we do dearly love them—it is impossible to pass over in silence the history of poor Tofino, that "miracle of canine affection and intelligence," as related to Lady Morgan, by the Abbate Breme, at Milan. Poor fellow, he had "made the terrible campaign of Russia, with equal honour to himself, and fidelity to his master," and had become "the most popular personage in all Lombardy." It appears that a dragoon in the Italian army had reared him from a puppy, and taught him many ingenious tricks. Called off with his regiment to Spain, the dragoon, under the presentiment that he should never return, bequeathed the dog to his dearest friend, a serjeant in the *guardia reale*. The guardsman "became attached to the dog, and, in return, inspired Tofino with the most intelligent attachment: he went on his messages, kept sentry with him at the palace gate, and gave his possessor a sort of celebrity as *il padrone di Tofino*. At length the Imperial Guard, with the Prince Eugene at its head, were called to join the fatal expedition to Russia. Tofino, never leaving the side of his master, weathered all the fatigues and dangers of that fearful campaign. In the awful retreat from Moscow, the serjeant was seen, for the last time, sinking after the passage of the Niemen, near a frozen torrent which he had passed with his dog. There he was left expiring, with none to watch over his last agonies but Tofino. Long after the termination of the campaign, the neighbours of the *Piazza del Duomo*, when speaking of that disastrous event, would still recall the fidelity of Tofino, whose last act of affection had been related by a surviving spectator.

"One day, however, a wretched little animal was seen prowling about the *Palazzo Reale*, whose moans attracted general attention, and who, at last, laid himself down before the sentry box at the lateral gate, to the left of the palace, from which, to this period (now five years) he has never stirred. It was Tofino!—and neither force, nor caresses, nor the inclemency of the most inclement seasons, have proved sufficient to induce him to quit the spot where his master last did duty before the expedition, and where the sympathy of his master's military brethren, and of the inhabitants of the quarter of the *Piazza del Duomo*, have raised him this little *casino*, and daily provide for his wants and his comforts. The Milanese come from all parts to pay an occasional visit to Tofino, and to honour, in this faithful animal, that virtuous instinct of *elective affection* which nature re-produces, under so many forms, throughout her system of universal love and beneficence!"

It is a notion of Lady Morgan's, that the brute animals of the Continent, especially those of Southern Italy, are gifted with quicker sensibilities and deeper intelligence than those of our own islands, and other northern countries. In support of this idea, she adverts to the fine breed of Angola cats, which, she observes, are much caressed and attended to in the south of Italy, "and are as intelligent, and as attachable as dogs." Her ladyship informs us that the first day she had the honour of dining at the palace of the Archbishop of Taranto, at Naples, his Grace said to her—

"You must pardon my passion for cats (*la mia passione gattesca*), but I never exclude them from my dining-room, and you will find they make excellent company."

Between the first and second course, the door opened, and several enormously large and beautiful cats were introduced by the names of Pantalone, Desdemona, Otello, and other dramatic *cognomina*. They took their places on chairs near the table, and were as silent, as quiet, as motionless, and as well behaved as the most *bon-ton* table in London could require. On the Bishop requesting one of the chaplains to help the Signora Desdemona to something, the butler stepped up to his lordship and observed, "Desdemona will prefer waiting for the roasts." After dinner they were sent to walk on the terrace, and I had the honour of assisting at their *coucher*, for which a number of comfortable cushions were prepared in the Bishop's dressing-room. The Archbishop of Taranto, so well known through Italy as the author of many clever works, has also produced one on cats, full of ingenuity and pleasantry.

A case, however, somewhat more in point, presents itself in Lady Morgan's story of The Cat of the Cemetery, related to her as of recent occurrence in the village of Monte-Orsano, in the Brianza. A beautiful peasant girl had obtained a sort of melancholy celebrity through her sufferings by confirmed epilepsy, by which she was frequently struck to the earth in the midst of the village festival or church ceremony. The unfortunate Clementina had a favourite cat, Mina, whose vigilance never slumbered, and "which not only shared her bed and her *polenta*, but followed her in her walks and devotions, from the vineyard to the altar. The first time that Mina saw her young mistress fall in a fit, and wound herself against a tomb in the village cemetery, she exhibited the most extraordinary emotion. She soon acquired the habit, from a frequent recurrence of the infirmity, of watching its approach; and at last seemed to have obtained such a knowledge of the change of countenance and colour, which preceded the attack, that she was wont, on the first symptom, to run to the parents of Clementina, and by dragging their clothes, scratching at their persons, or mewing in the most melancholy manner," thus attract them to the spot.

At fifteen, the malady of the beautiful Clementina brought her to the tomb. Her cat walked after her bier, on which she was exposed (as is the custom in Italy), covered with flowers. During the funeral service, she sat at the head of the bier, gazing with an intent look on the lifeless features of her young mistress; and when the grave was filling, she made a vain endeavour to jump in, but was withheld by the bystanders, who carried home this chief mourner after the melancholy ceremony. Mina, however, was seen the next morning stretched upon the new made grave, which she continued to visit daily, until she visted it for the last time, a few months after her friend's death; when she was found dead upon the green mound that covered her remains.

Lady Morgan is pleased to express an opinion—we know not whether from experience—that "poets seldom make good lovers, except on paper." What would her ladyship say to her own dear countryman, Tommy Moore—to Robert Burns, a giant in song, compared with him—to Tasso, to Dante, and to a numerous list of others, whose names, if necessary, might be cited?

Lady Morgan's defence of bad books displays considerable ingenuity; and for it, she is entitled to a general vote of thanks and a splendid offering—a set of blue-and-silver furniture, at least, for her *boudoir*—from the booksellers, reviewers, and lounging readers of all classes; to say nothing of paper-makers, type-founders, ink-makers, compositors, pressmen, devils, painters, engravers, folders, stitchers, distributors, tanners, leather-sellers, binders, &c., who, with one heart and voice, ought to shout forth "*Vive la plume!*"

As the *once* Great Unknown, the Lucifer of his day, has thought proper to set the fashion, for the sake of putting "money in his purse," of letting his readers into the *important* secrets of the origin and foundation of his multitudinous productions, Lady Morgan need not offer an apology for introducing the article entitled Correggio and Johanna of Placentia; to some of the particulars connected with which, she acknowledges herself to be indebted in her delineation of the Abbess of Moy Cullen, in her last romance of The O'Briens and the O'Flahertys. It is, to say the least of it, as curious, as interesting, and as important as any of the twaddling introductions or ponderous notes of the new edition of the Waverley novels.

That the author of the Castle of Otranto, and of The Mysterious Mother, was a man of genius—of powerful genius—is a position which none but blockheads would attempt to controvert; nevertheless, we cannot go along with Lady Morgan, in all points of her spirited and ingenious defence of Horace Walpole. With her sketch of the present state of Strawberry Hill, we have, however, been highly gratified.

Of certain features of domestic economy—of certain traits of character in the opposite sexes—Lady Morgan has very striking notions. Thus, speaking of viragos, she observes—

"Women of strong tempers always govern their husbands; women of strong minds influence them. A man's sole refuge against an ill-tempered wife is to run away from her, which he generally does if he can. The influence of a clever woman lies in the power she has of hiding it. Still the virago, I believe, has the best of

it: for if the man, in affecting to submit, very frequently only conceals, still he endures. The key to the government of all men is their passions; and after these—but this is shewing up the mystery of the craft;

"Plague on it, that rogues can't be true to themselves."

Under the head Female Perseverance, she asks—

Why are women so much more pertinacious than men? *Voyons un peu!* A woman is like a mastiff; once she seizes on an idea, she never lets go, till she has fairly worried out her end. She has no physical strength; no force of reason comparable with man's; but she has a stronger volition. The toughness of her will is a set-off against the fragility of her means; and she substitutes perseverance for power. Man yields, after a struggle, to her concentrated weakness, because he hates whatever interferes with his enjoyment. Like Falstaff, he loves, above all things, "to take mine ease in mine inn;" and to avoid a domestic bore, will assent to much, even when he does not approve.

Our space is not boundless; therefore we now part with the most amusing volumes by which, for a long time, our *ennui* has been relieved. We trust that the ample view which we have been enabled to give of Lady Morgan's Book of the Boudoir will have as salutary an effect on the spirits of our fair readers, as the work itself has had upon our own.

THE BALL AT HOLYROOD HOUSE:

An Anecdote of the Year 1745.

Narrated by Miss Jane Porter.

The author of Waverley has made every thing relating to *the forty-five*, exclusively his own: and, in this way, with a legitimate right, as herald of the whole chronicle, he has dispensed the hand of Prince Charles Edward, his royal hero, to whatever lady he thought fit, at the memorable ball of Holyrood House; which took place the last night of the young Chevalier's sojourn in that palace, and was the last he ever danced at "*in his ain land!*" But if the Waverley seer's gifted eye saw the beautiful forms of Rose Bradwardine, and Flora Mac Ivor, thrid the mazy ring with him in that courtly hour, the traditions of some yet-existing contemporaries of that period, tell of another lady also; one who closed the evening festivity with him, and looked with dimming eyes upon its setting brightness—the Lady Eleanor Wemyss. She and the Prince danced together the customary jocund measure of the country, where lightsomeness of heart gives the agile footsteps their volant bound, and the answering smile its sportive grace. But the air of the dance, in which Prince Charles and his animated partner were engaged, possessed an unusual plaintiveness of character; which affecting him with some extraordinary forebodings of what might befall himself and friends after he should have left that gay scene, his thoughts, not to be repressed utterance, breathed in whispers to his fair partner, could not but impart even a sadder tinge of the same feeling to her, the deeply-interested sister of Elcho, one of his most gallant followers; and her eye turned on her brother, while his Prince held her hand tenderly in his, during the brief pauses of their national dance.

That these forebodings partook something of the Scottish *second-sight*, the succeeding events seemed to testify: and the sister of the present relater of the anecdote, having been put in possession of the old air of the dance, by a friend who received it as a relic from Scotland, played it to herself; and impressed with its sentiment, and the above-mentioned ideas, which its melancholy and attendant circumstances suggested, she formed to herself, and sang along with the air, the following duet between Prince Charles and the Lady Eleanor Wemyss:—

Prince Charles.

I.

Saft an' sma', saft an' sma',
This bonnie hand!
White as sna', white as sna'
O' my ain land!

Rebel cheek, rebel cheek,
 Busked sae bra';
Roses there, roses red
 Win hearts awa'.

II.

When I quit, when I quit
 This merry ba',
Frae that cheek, frae that cheek,
 Will its rose ga?
When I gang, when I gang
 Where I may fa',
Will this hand, will this hand
 Over me stra'
Roses pale, Scotland's rose,
 Dearest of a'!

Lady Eleanor.

I.

Na, my Prince! Na, my Prince!
 Think me nae bauld—
Ither hand—ither hand—
 Mine will be cauld!—
Ever mair, frae this hour,
 Draps the red rose
Off my cheek, since it is
 Badge o' your foes!

II.

In my breast, in my breast,
 Lives your ain flower,
Keepit there—keepit there,
 Close as in bower!
Till ye come joyfu' hame
 High boon the lave,
There shall that maiden rose
 Ither flowers brave!
If ye dee, it shall dee,
 In Nelly's grave!

But it was not death, that then awaited the young Prince. Though a price of no less a sum than thirty thousand pounds was set upon his head, to be the reward of whoever might have the will with the power to betray him, no man or woman, from Johnny Groat's House, to the border-lands, could be found base enough to sell the last royal blood of the race of Charles Stuart. Nor did he suspect any; yet, when with a thoughtful mind, but a still smiling lip, he retired that night from the ball-room, and had given the last parting pressure to the trembling hand of the Lady Eleanor, who faltered out, with a tear on her "paleing cheek," the blessing of her loyal heart on his next morning's march, he cast one look of a son's portentous-seeking eye on the picture of King Charles I., which hung on the side of the room he was passing through, and asked of the Stuart's shadowed fate—"Did he read the doom of his intended march to England, in that mournful countenance!"

The view from his chamber window presented to him similar objects of gloomy presage. The *soughing** winds of a dark November night were abroad; and the watery moon, labouring through thick rolling clouds, shed a few intercepted rays on the mouldering pinnacles of the chapel of Holyrood; the tomb of some of his royal ancestors, and which the fierce soldiers of the regicide Cromwell had reduced to a pile of ruins. A gathering mass of vapours hung over the eagle peaks of Arthur's seat; and stretching their black canopy all around, from towering Calton to the Craigs, seemed to intimate, that so would the curtain of his fortunes darken, till all before him should become as thick a mist, and the first step beyond, would plunge himself and little host into the gulf whence there is no return! Such being his thoughts, he yet felt with Bruce, his brave progenitor—"If it should be so, let it be! Better to die a true Scot's death in the field of his rights, than to live a base life, and fill at last a vile changeling's grave in a dishonoured church-yard! Bruce, Wallace, ye have not been so learnt in the land of my banishment!"

Suffice it to say, that on the thirty-first of November, 1745, even by dawn-light, Prince Charles, and his faithful Scots, marched away, plaided and plumed; led by the merry pipe of their *pibrochs*,† across the border-land of England, and their victory at Preston Pans was the gallant *slogen*.‡ Why then did they turn again? The weird pen of Melrose hath told! Jealousies of the royal favour; and the *glamour*§ from an unseen hand which, for the wisest purposes, often influences the conduct of heroes great and small, sat then on the destiny of the grandson of the last King James of Scotland, the second of England; but still the banner of Bruce seemed to wave, as it was wont, before

* The peculiar wailing of the winter winds; the Scots express it by that word.

† The name of the war-march of the clans.

‡ The war-word of the Scots, like the *St. George*, or *Monjoy* of the English.

§ The Scotch term for a fatal infatuation.

the young Chevalier in his "ain land!" and the field of Falkirk, on the 17th of January, 1746, shewed something of similitude to that of its neighbour of Bannockburn, on the bright day of its restored King Robert's triumph over his *southern* foes. Yet on the night of Prince Charles's victory over the English forces at Falkirk, a "gifted eye" might have seen the shade of William Wallace meet this young hero of a second line of wandering Scottish kings; and under the shadows of Torwood, warn him from "the evil to come!" the evil spirits of division, and treachery, again let loose; which had shorn him, the truest of heroes, of his well-earned glory, five centuries before, on that very spot; and, in the act, had fastened the yoke of a foreign sceptre upon his country. But if "Wallace Wight," that awful night, spoke thus from moss-grown tree or grassy *cairn*, hope now danced too blithely her fair star-beams on the heron-plume of the jocund heir of a hundred kings, to let him heed: he sped on to Culloden; and, I need not repeat that tale!

Flora Macdonald (whom we may call the elder sister of the lovely and devoted Flora Mac Ivor) preserved his liberty and life; and, after a lapse of withering years, he died, in the distant land of his refuge, the death of the heart-blighted; the long, it may be said, apparent mysterious doom of one branch of the house of Stuart. But his race have now all passed away; and their sorrows, too, with their earthly destiny, we may trust, are no more.

With regard to the Lady Eleanor Wemyss, his fair partner at the ball, and before whose anxious sight, the sadly-verified presage had also seemed to flit! She lived to a great age; and, but sometime after the disastrous events of *the forty-five*, she gave her hand, which had been the envy of so many dames at that memorable dance, in wedlock to the brave Dalrymple, of the Oxenford family; and, as has been said, after a life lengthened to the age of ninety, she died about fifteen years ago, at Stonebank, near Musselburgh, revered and regretted, having been one of the last of the contemporary living chronicles of the times of the beloved young Chevalier.

She, and her royal partner, at that "merry ba'," are, indeed, both laid down to their last sleep; and sceptres, and beauty's smiles, are alike indifferent to either. Paradise blooms, where their bright spirits wake. But the noble family of Wemyss still preserve the memorial of that most interesting of courtly balls, in an old picture of the period, which shews Prince Charles, and the Lady Eleanor, dancing together; and pourtrays both, with all the grace of their youthful figures, and dressed according to the fashion of the age. Memory, and these shadows, are now all that is left with us of either. J. P.

South Villa, Regent's Park, May, 1829.

JANE REDGRAVE:—A VILLAGE TALE.

In Two Parts.—Part II.

By Susanna Strickland.

"When I entered the sitting-room, after my abrupt and ominous separation from my betrothed husband," continued Jane Redgrave, "the fire was out, and the girl informed me that my brother had returned from market in a very ill-humour, and was gone to bed. I was well pleased with the latter information, took the light from the servant, bade her good night, and ascended the stairs with a cautious tread. As I passed the chamber where my brother slept, the thought rushed across my mind, that, in all probability, I should never see him again;—that we were about to part for ever. The yearnings of natural affection were too strong to be resisted, and I determined to look upon his face once more. I slowly unfastened the door, put my shoes off, and, scarcely daring to draw my breath, entered the apartment. How like a thief, a guilty, self-condemned wretch, I approached the bed where my brother slept! He was buried in profound slumber, his countenance still exhibiting traits of recent anger and vexation; yet he looked

so like my poor father, that my tears unconsciously fell fast upon his handsome face. He started—I drew back. Turning impatiently in the bed, he said, in accents peculiar to those who talk in their sleep—'Is it you, Jane?—So you are home at last. If my father had been living you dared not have acted thus. You will bring endless shame and disgrace on your family. Out of my sight —to bed—and act so imprudently no more.'

"I would fain have kissed him, but his words overwhelmed me with a thousand horrible upbraidings. I shrank, weeping, out of the room, and retired to bed. For hours, sleep was a stranger to my pillow: in vain darkness drew around me the curtain of repose; conscience was awake—and I could not close my aching eyes. At length a stupor came over me; and methought I heard a death-bell toll —and a funeral procession passed slowly before me. I started up in the bed, and gazed fearfully around. A pale, delicate looking young female stood at the foot of the bed. Her features were beautiful, but her form was wasted with misery, with that misery which gnaws the heart and preys upon the springs of life. My hair rose upon my head—my eye-balls swelled as though they would burst from their sockets. I endeavoured to speak, but my voice died away in indistinct murmurs. The figure raised its thin, attenuated hand, and said, in a voice of warning earnestness—'Go not to church to-morrow!—Death is in the path!'

"With a shuddering scream I awoke. 'Thank God!' I exclaimed, 'it is but a dream.' Sleep again overpowered me—again the melancholy form stood before me—again were the solemn words pronounced. I struggled with the horrible vision, but my reason was too weak to overcome the terror which was upon me, and which palsied every limb. Three times the awful warning was denounced. I sprang from the bed.—The first faint streaks of light were visible in the east—I threw open the window—the fresh breeze passed over my burning brow, and my tears began to flow.

"'Does this look like a bridal?' I said, as with a trembling hand I attempted to arrange a few things which I considered necessary for my journey. Then the injunction given by Armyn recurred to me, that he should provide me with clothes and money, and I hastily abandoned the task.

"With a mind full of horrible forebodings, I cast a last look on my home, and hurried to the church. It stood in a lonely valley, surrounded by lofty hills, and almost embosomed in trees. The morning was cold and bleak, in the latter end of October; the wind scattered, at every blast, the withering foliage across my path. My steps, rustling among the perishing leaves, sent forth a hollow melancholy sound. The church doors were unopened. I sat down upon a grave—a newly raised grave—then started up, with a cry of horror. It was my *father's* grave! Some one grasped my arm—I turned hastily round—it was my bridegroom.

"His face was deadly pale. He, too, had been weeping. He kissed my cheek, and bade me be of good cheer; but there was a mockery of joy in his tone—a fixed and gloomy look in his eye—which made me tremble.

"'Come, let us sit down,' he cried; 'the priest who has promised to unite our destinies will soon be here. Let us converse of love, of peace, of happiness, of the pleasures of this world, and the promised joys of the next.'

"'What, here, among the graves?' I replied, with an involuntary shudder, as the fearful vision in my dream arose before me.

"'We are only talking with our friends and relations,' he said, with a frightful laugh; 'what they are, we must soon be.'

"At this moment the clergyman, followed by his clerk and the sexton, entered the church-yard, and saluted us. Armyn gave me his hand, and we slowly proceeded to the altar. In a few minutes, I stood by his side a lawful wedded wife; but there was no joy in my heart, though I was wedded to the man I loved.

"After the ceremony had been concluded, and we had quitted the precincts of the sacred edifice, he informed me that I must remain at a cottage, which stood in a lonely part of the heath, till the evening, when he should bring a travelling

equipage to convey me home. I did not much like this arrangement, but was under the necessity of complying with it. The day passed heavily away. The night was ushered in with storms and darkness. The hurricane roared through the trees, and stripped the forest in its fury, but no Armyn came. I paced the narrow limits of the cottage with distracted steps: the flapping of the doors and windows, and the wild uproar of the elements without, prevented me from distinguishing the sound of approaching feet. At length the door was suddenly burst open, and Armyn entered the room.

"'Are you ready?' he demanded, in a hurried voice.

"'Not to leave the shelter of a roof on such a night as this,' I cried, casting a fearful glance abroad. The moon was struggling through heavy clouds, and her shrouded beams cast a wandering and indistinct light upon the wild extent of barren moor, and revealed the wind-tossed trees bowing and groaning before the breath of the tempest. 'The wind blows a perfect hurricane; oh, do not let us prosecute our journey to night.'

"'Are you afraid of shadows?' he replied; 'or do you tremble at the yelling of the blast? You have nothing to fear from the elements; in a few minutes you will be in a place of perfect safety.'

"'And where is the carriage?'

"'At the end of the wood; the inequalities of the heath would have made our passage over it dangerous. Come, my love, make haste; the horses will take cold.'

"'And must I walk thither — and through the dark gloomy wood?'

"'There is no alternative. Come, be quick! You have met me too often in the dark, Jane, to make me believe that you are afraid of ghosts.'

"He put his purse into the hands of the old man who was the possessor of the cottage; and, thanking him for many acts of kindness which, he said, he had received from him, assisted in wrapping me up in a thick cloak; then, drawing my arm through his, we left the house.

"The cold pitiless wind cut me through, and I faltered at every step. My companion proceeded in sullen silence; and to every question I put to him, he returned vague and unsatisfactory answers.

"'Dear Armyn, what made you so late?'

"'Business of the utmost importance!'

"'And whither are we going?'

"'Home!'

"'In what part of the country is it situated?'

"'You will know soon.'

"He turned his eyes upon me as the moon burst from the clouds, and a sudden horror came over me. It was impossible to mistake the meaning of that look; and the dreadful truth rushed upon my mind. I made a sudden pause—we were just at the edge of the wood.

"'Why do you draw back, Jane? Are you afraid of me? Of me, your husband?'

"'Oh, God!' I exclaimed, 'your looks terrify me! I know not what to think—I dare not enter the wood!'

"'Surely you do not imagine that I mean to murder you?'

"'Such a thought did enter my mind,' I said; and again the horrible visions of the night presented themselves to my bewildered fancy.

"'Foolish girl! You deserve to be punished for your unjust suspicions. Let us go onward.'

"The heavy clouds again closed over the moon—the wind roared in the tops of the old oak—and we were involved in impenetrable darkness. The blast came to my ear loaded with shrieks and groans, and horrible outcries; and I unconsciously murmured—'The Lord have mercy upon me—the spirits of the dead are abroad to night!'

"Armyn flung me from him, as he said, in an angry voice—'I have no patience with this folly! Stay here, while I go into the wood and order the chaise up to this spot.'

"'Oh, do not leave me!' I cried, in a tone of agony; but the next moment I felt relieved that he was gone. Some minutes of torturing suspense elapsed, and I began to upbraid myself for my cruel suspicions, when a voice came to me through the roaring of the tempest—a wild, unnatural, appalling voice. It was the voice of my husband, calling to me from the depths of the wood.

"'Jane!—Jane!—'

"Murder and death were in every tone.

A sudden panic seized me. I sprang like lightning from the earth, and, disengaging myself from the heavy cloak that enveloped me, I fled from the spot. Fear gave wings to my feet; the dread of death and future judgment nerved my weak frame, and endued it with supernatural strength. Methought a thousand demons pursued me; a thousand arms were stretched forth to enfold my quivering, panting form, and Armyn Redgrave was the foremost in this infernal chase. The moaning of every blast increased the rapidity of my flight; nor did I pause one moment in my frantic career, till I arrived at the home I had deserted—that home which now appeared to me my only haven of rest.

"'Open the door! in God's name open the door!' I exclaimed, mustering up my last remaining strength, as I sank, with a heart bursting with fatigue and terror, across the threshold.—My brother put his head out of the window, and said, in a surly tone—'Who's there?'

"''Tis I—'tis Jane—for the love of Heaven rise, and let me in.'

"'Get to your husband!' was his reply; 'I will never afford you a home or protection again!'

"'I have no husband!' I cried, in a tone of earnest entreaty. 'Take me in from the cold and pitiless night!'

"'Then, get to your paramour—you will find no countenance from me!'

"'Then I must die here,' I replied, dashing my head against the sill of the door. The blood gushed from my mouth and nostrils. I thought the last moment was at hand—hell seemed to yawn at my feet—and I uttered wild and terrific cries. The next moment I was in my brother's arms. He seemed shocked at my condition; and his tears fell fast from his eyes, as he wiped the blood from my face.

"I remember seeing this—but I remember no more. I gave birth to a dead infant before the morning dawned, and I rejoiced that it was dead. During the ravings of delirium my brother elicited from me every circumstance connected with my fatal marriage; and he caused diligent inquiries to be made respecting my husband; but the old man at the cottage, and his wretched wife, were the last persons who had seen him, and who or what he was no one could tell.

"I recovered from my confinement, but my mind remained in a wandering and unsettled state, and I raved continually of my husband and my child. I would sit for hours on the edge of the well where I first met Armyn, looking down into the waters beneath, and laughing at the reflection of my own face on its dark surface. The poor people called me Crazy Jane, and I used to repeat the title, and murmur to myself—'Poor Crazy Jane!'

"One evening, while at my favourite post, a number of people passed me with the busy and hurried tread of those who hasten to behold a spectacle; and each person, as they flitted before me like shadows over a glass, cast a mournful glance upon my face, and said, half aloud—'Poor Jane!'

"My curiosity was aroused, and I eagerly demanded of every passenger whither they were going, and what show they were hurrying over the heath to see; but every person made the same brief reply—'Ah, poor Jane!'

"The curiosity of mad people is insatiable, and their obstinacy proverbial. I imagined myself connected with the parties—that whither they went I must go too. I sprang from my seat, and followed the crowd afar off. They directed their course to the cottage at the bottom of the heath; and I seemed compelled, by a supernatural power, to visit the same spot.

"I forced my way through the crowd that surrounded the door, and every person drew back, with a start of horror, to let me pass. I crossed the threshold—no one attempted to follow me; but still I heard the half-murmured exclamation—'Alas, poor Jane!'

"I stood alone in the room. A figure, wrapped in a winding sheet, and stretched upon a rude kind of bier, was before me. A desperate energy led me on. I advanced, and attempted to raise the sheet that covered the dead man's face. But my hand refused its office—my heart pourtrayed the features that lurked beneath. Without seeing, I knew, by that mysterious warning in the soul, that I stood beside the corpse of my husband.

It was even so! I withdrew the sheet—I gazed upon the dead—recollection and sanity returned—I felt that I was a widow—and the certainty brought tears—tears which had never flowed, from the horrible moment when we parted—tears, which are the offspring of reason—which purify the sacred source whence they flow.

"The body was in a dreadful state of decomposition. It had lain in the water many weeks; but the dress, and the faint trace that remained of those stern but handsome features, identified it; and had there been no other evidence of the fact, my own heart would have recognized my husband.

"Some men, cutting down timber in the wood, had discovered the body at the bottom of a large pond. Armyn had doubtless perished at the very moment that he premeditated my death! And that last fearful cry that met my ear might have been the scream of expiring agony!

"My soul was softened and subdued, whilst surveying that melancholy spectacle, and tracing the fearful progress of decay; and words like these rose in my heart, though they found no utterance from my lips—'Must I, too, come to this?—must I shortly lie down in the dark and silent grave, and say to the worm, 'thou art my sister,' and to corruption, 'thou art my brother?' Husband and child!—ye are both gone. The curse of mortality is already passed upon you, and the hungry earth opens her mouth to receive her dead!'

"The fiery passions that had scathed my frame—the tearless agony that, like the shock of an earthquake, had pursued the lava flame of desolation over my heart, and levelled my reason with the dust—were hushed into silence. The punishment of my crime was upon me; and I felt that it was just, and was enabled, in that hour of awful visitation, to exclaim—'O, God, thy will be done!'

"I followed the remains of my unfortunate husband to the grave. I knelt beside the spot that contained his mouldering ashes, and my spirit rose to heaven in deep and silent prayer. While my head was still bowed in the dust—while the tears still blinded my eyes—a voice came through the solemn stillness around me—a voice unheard by human ears, but audible in the depths of my own soul; and when I rose from the grave, I felt that peace within which the world can neither give nor take away.

"From that memorable hour, all things wore for me a different aspect. The sky above, and the earth beneath, the deep stream, and the shady forest, and all the idols in which my heart once delighted, bore the impress of mortality, and reminded me of my own inevitable fate. I saw death stamped upon the perishing leaf—I heard the requiem of time in every moaning blast; and the voice of ocean, with its thousand waves, made the same mournful response—'We, too, must die! The stupendous frame of nature must decay, and wilt thou cleave to perishing things, and fix thy affections upon objects that at the longest date can only survive thee for a few years?' I turned my thoughts to a better world, and more perfect state of existence, and the fierce strivings of agony were suspended, and my soul found rest."

Jane Redgrave paused, and looked up with eyes swimming in tears; but a smile rested upon her lips—a smile of heavenly sweetness. Rose gazed upon that meek resigned face with feelings amounting to devotional tenderness, as her aunt, with a low sigh, continued—

"Shortly after these heavy visitations, my brother met with an accident which entirely deprived him of the use of his limbs. I nursed him with the greatest care and attention, and Joshua was not insensible to my kindness. Our mutual obligations cemented those ties which had been so rudely wrenched asunder. I became an object of interest and affection to him, and he could hardly endure my absence, even for a short period, from his side.

"A month had elapsed since the mortal remains of my husband had been consigned to the grave. Winter closed in with unusual severity, and the snow had covered the face of the earth, and lay deep on the ground. One bitterly cold and dark night, while we were seated around the fire, and I was reading aloud a chapter from the bible, preparatory to the household retiring to rest, cries for help rose upon the blast, and a supplicating voice

faintly implored for admission at the door. 'Have pity!' it said, 'upon a mother and her fatherless child, who have lost their way in the deep snow.'

"I hastily drew back bolt and bar. 'You are welcome,' I cried, 'whomsoever you may be that are abroad on this pitiless night, to the shelter of our humble roof.'

"Receiving no answer, I held up the lamp to discover the suppliant, and beheld a slight figure wrapped in a cloak extended upon the frozen snow, in a state of apparent lifelessness. The wailing of a child struck painfully upon my ear; and, with the assistance of one of the men servants, I succeeded in carrying the unfortunate mother, and a beautiful infant of two years of age, into the house. But when the light flashed upon the pale face and rigid brow of the delicate young creature I supported in my arms, I uttered an involuntary cry of horror. It was the same face and figure that had haunted my dream on the dreary night that preceded my ill-fated marriage! It might, indeed, be only one of those strange coincidences which produce an electric effect upon the mind, and bear the stamp of supernatural agency; but this singular circumstance was connected with events of a nature so appalling, that reason could supply no arguments to shake my belief that this was the identical figure which had stood in the spirit by my bedside, and uttered in my sleeping ears that awful warning.

"My interest was strongly excited, and I felt that some mysterious sympathy existed between me and the lifeless being before me; and my tears fell fast over her marble countenance. For a long time all our exertions to restore her to animation proved unsuccessful. At length, a convulsive shuddering, and a gush of tears, announced returning consciousness; and the stranger unclosed her heavy eyes, and looked vacantly upon me.

"Soothingly, I made the necessary inquiries as to her situation; but she answered only by putting her hand to her head, and moaning piteously. She was carried to bed, and the servant dispatched for the village surgeon; but no medical aid could save her. I watched by her bed-side all night. Towards morning the ravings of delirium ceased; and I perceived, by the ghastly lengthening of her face, and the sharpness of her features, that her end drew near. She raised her head from my supporting arm, and in feeble accents asked for her child.

"The little girl was brought to her, and she folded it mournfully to her heart.

"'Unhappy infant!' she exclaimed, 'you will soon have neither home nor parents. What will become of you in this cold wicked world when I am gone?'

"'I will be a mother to your child,' I said, 'if she is indeed friendless. Has she no father? Have you no parents, no sister, or brother, that would take compassion upon your orphan child?'

"'She had a father once,' returned the poor sufferer; 'and God only knows whether he be still living. And I had friends and parents—kind, good, affectionate old people—whom I cruelly deserted, to follow the fortunes of a man, who, though born a gentleman, and possessed of a fine person and excellent abilities, degraded his station and talents, by becoming the associate of desperate men. I became his wife, and my undutiful conduct brought the grey hairs of my parents down in sorrow to the grave. He took me from my native Ireland; and, when once separated from my family, and a sojourner in this strange country, he exercised over his uncomplaining victim the most arbitrary authority. Yet I loved him—madly, passionately loved him; and the birth of that helpless innocent bound me yet more firmly to a cruel master. A few months ago he deserted me and the infant, and left us in a land of strangers, without money to procure the common necessaries of life. The farmer with whom we lodged kindly supplied our wants, but the anxiety and grief occasioned by his absence, preyed upon my health and spirits, and I was fast sinking to the grave with that worst malady, a broken heart. A few days since, a traveller passing through the village, informed me that my husband had been residing for some months in this neighbourhood.'

"When the stranger came to this part of her narrative, a universal terror seized me—I turned sick—my head grew giddy—I gasped for breath, and clung for support to one of the pillars of the bed.

"Instantly that I received these unhoped-for tidings, I determined, in despite of the inclemency of the weather, to seek my husband. The good farmer generously presented me with a small sum of money to supply my wants, and hope gave, for a few days, an artificial strength to my feeble frame. Thus far I had prosecuted my journey; but, at the moment when the goal to which I had so eagerly directed my steps was in view, my strength failed, and, worn down with sickness and fatigue, my exhausted frame could no longer combat with the severities of the season. Darkness and the storm overtook me on the confines of this desolate moor; a light guided my faltering steps to this spot; but the hand of death arrested me at your hospitable door. My fruitless search is at an end, and I shall behold my husband's face no more!'

"'And what was his name?' I asked, in a voice hollow and broken with suppressed emotion.

"Armyn Redgrave!'

"'He is dead,' I replied, concealing my agony. 'May you meet in heaven!' I put my hand to my head—horrible visions of the past swam before my burning eyeballs—I felt as if the demon that had so long possessed my soul was closing his fiery pinions over me. My eye glanced on the beautiful creature whom I had so cruelly, though unintentionally injured, and my glance fell upon a lifeless corpse! She had departed without solving my doubts—without answering those torturing questions which had driven me to desperation. Who or what she had been before her marriage with Armyn, remains buried in the same impenetrable mystery which involves the fate of her husband."

"And what became of the poor infant, dear aunt?" asked Rose, in a tone of deep sympathy.

"My brother was so deeply interested in the little orphan, that he determined to rear it as his own, and always insisted on calling the child by his family name. The poor babe did not long derive much benefit from her adopted father: he died shortly after, and I quitted a spot where every object presented to my mind a melancholy memorial of the past."

"And where is the child of these unhappy parents?" again demanded Rose Sternfield, directing a glance of eager inquiry on the pale face of her companion.

"Here!" replied Jane Redgrave, falling upon her neck, and bathing her face with tears: "You, Rose, are the sole memorial that remains of the unhappy Armyn Redgrave!"

THE DAYS OF WALLACE: A SKETCH.

The rippling of Ayr's own glassy and moon-beam chequered river was the only sound which broke the stillness reigning around: save, indeed, a few cautious whispers passing between a small band of armed men who stood on its banks; or the momentary clash of their swords as they frequently half unsheathed them. At these moments grim smiles wreathed every lip, which each seemed to understand without the aid of words. But presently, from behind a projecting cliff, emerged two figures, which, perhaps, any one on a cursory glance might have pronounced to be alike of the male sex. Yet was one a woman: but her height was full six feet; and the large military cloak drawn closely round her muscular figure, made her partake even more of a manly appearance than she would otherwise have done. Her companion, to whom she appeared by her earnest gestures to be making some proposal to which he was not willing to accede, was some two or three inches taller. In his eye, and on his lip, there was an almost stern expression, strangely blended with benevolence. Frequently he compressed his lips and bent his brow till it overshadowed his eyes; while a burning flush crimsoned his embrowned face. Then would he pluck the bonnet from his head, and let the fresh breeze play on his lofty brow, and amongst the fair hair which clustered round it.

For minutes the female stood silently by his side; during which she moved not her piercing eye from his varying cheek;

faintly implored for admission at the door. 'Have pity!' it said, 'upon a mother and her fatherless child, who have lost their way in the deep snow.'

"I hastily drew back bolt and bar. 'You are welcome,' I cried, 'whomsoever you may be that are abroad on this pitiless night, to the shelter of our humble roof.'

"Receiving no answer, I held up the lamp to discover the suppliant, and beheld a slight figure wrapped in a cloak extended upon the frozen snow, in a state of apparent lifelessness. The wailing of a child struck painfully upon my ear; and, with the assistance of one of the men servants, I succeeded in carrying the unfortunate mother, and a beautiful infant of two years of age, into the house. But when the light flashed upon the pale face and rigid brow of the delicate young creature I supported in my arms, I uttered an involuntary cry of horror. It was the same face and figure that had haunted my dream on the dreary night that preceded my ill-fated marriage! It might, indeed, be only one of those strange coincidences which produce an electric effect upon the mind, and bear the stamp of supernatural agency; but this singular circumstance was connected with events of a nature so appalling, that reason could supply no arguments to shake my belief that this was the identical figure which had stood in the spirit by my bedside, and uttered in my sleeping ears that awful warning.

"My interest was strongly excited, and I felt that some mysterious sympathy existed between me and the lifeless being before me; and my tears fell fast over her marble countenance. For a long time all our exertions to restore her to animation proved unsuccessful. At length, a convulsive shuddering, and a gush of tears, announced returning consciousness; and the stranger unclosed her heavy eyes, and looked vacantly upon me.

"Soothingly, I made the necessary inquiries as to her situation; but she answered only by putting her hand to her head, and moaning piteously. She was carried to bed, and the servant dispatched for the village surgeon; but no medical aid could save her. I watched by her bed-side all night. Towards [illegible] ravings of delirium [illegible] ghastly lengthening of her face, and the sharpness of her features, that her end drew near. She raised her head from my supporting arm, and in feeble accents asked for her child.

"The little girl was brought to her, and she folded it mournfully to her heart.

"'Unhappy infant!' she exclaimed, 'you will soon have neither home nor parents. What will become of you in this cold wicked world when I am gone?'

"'I will be a mother to your child,' I said, 'if she is indeed friendless. Has she no father? Have you no parents, no sister, or brother, that would take compassion upon your orphan child?'

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then, as he at length replaced the bonnet, she said calmly, "Thou hast been long pondering, what is thy resolve?"

"That Wallace," he replied, "would but degrade himself by such revenge."

"Degrade!" she repeated, "is it degradation to burn the dogs who have—ay, who have hanged thy countrymen?—Listen, Wallace; but this morning I was blessed in the name of mother! Thou knowest it; but now—oh! my son; my fair-haired boy! He lies in yonder kennel." She stretched her arm towards the town. "I would not care, so our vultures were to feed on his flesh, and his bones lie bleaching on our mountains, but that the English dogs should feast their eyes on the change they have wrought in one of Scotland's noblest youths! William Wallace, I could even have uttered the word forgiveness, if they had given him a death blow worthy a Grahame!—But to noose him as a common thief, or an ox on our hills!—Curses on them, curses on them! If a mother's prayers can bring the direst punishment upon them, I—"

"Cease, lady, cease," interrupted the generous Wallace, "but a few hours and we will meet them hand to hand!"

"Hand to hand!" she exclaimed; then curling her lips with a bitter smile, continued, "Was it not Wallace spoke but now of degradation; and is it he who now speaks of hand to hand! of touching his sword with those of these English hangmen? Wallace, I thought thee a man—ay, and a soldier, and thy country's proudest boast—but I find thee but a craven—"

"Woman!" shouted Wallace, till every hollow re-echoed the word, and he grasped the hilt of his sword; then recollecting himself, said, "and 'tis well thou art so; else had that word been thy last."

"Nay, I care not," returned the woman, calmly, "if the Wallace think old Eleanor Grahame's life worth the taking, he places more value on it than she doth. Yet I would wish to see this night through; if yonder building but tinge the blue heaven with morning's hue ere midnight, and the English logs serve to feed the flames. Wallace of Ellerslie," and she drew close to him, fixing her searching eye on his, "forgettest thou Lanark?" He started and groaned as though she had plunged a dagger in his heart. But she either did not notice it, or was determined on harrowing up each drop of peaceful blood yet flowing in his veins, for she quickly resumed—

"Lanark—ay, Lanark! 'Twas a fearful morn for all who served Wallace, or called him kinsman. Thou mightest, too, have been a parent, if that morn had not wrested from thee—"

"Peace, woman! in mercy cease," interrupted Wallace, in a tone of agony.

"Ay, and by this time thou mightest too have seen thy babe butchered by these English—"

"Woman, again I pray thee cease; and I will do all. Every scheme of revenge thy dark soul hath brooded on will I accomplish;" and his sword glistened in the moonlight, as he swore on it to do all she should ask; and in a few minutes the band before mentioned bore their swords unsheathed in their hands.

"So: 'tis well," muttered Eleanor Grahame; "'bide you here till I have marked the doors of the dogs' kennels;" and she strode away with a bitter soul, and a purpose as immovable as the rocks of her own beloved country.

An hour had scarcely elapsed ere the same band, with Wallace and the lady Grahame at their head, stood before the building known in history as the "Barns of Ayr," where but that morning a work of blood had been accomplished; but who knoweth it not that hath looked on the pages of history—and that it was done beneath a mask of friendship? the English having invited the Scottish nobles to their table, and then treacherously strangled them.

Many of the doors bore a large mark of chalk, which was the mark Eleanor Grahame had spoken of: before each of these was piled huge heaps of straw, and every one of the soldiers bore a lighted torch. Their steps were almost noiseless, and scarcely a whisper had yet passed between them. But now all was ripe for execution; and the lady Grahame whispered Wallace, "Ay, the dogs have feasted over much; they forgot their kennel's roof covered the corpse of one who owned a mother; or, if they did not, they knew not that that mother bore the name of Grahame! But, Wallace of Ellerslie—"

her voice even trembled as she spoke—"it arches too over the head of a maiden I fain would save."

"Of a maiden!" repeated Wallace, and bending his eye upon her as though he doubted her sanity.

"Ay, a maiden. I know well what I said—and an English maiden—yet would I save her: for, Wallace, though I feel shame in avowing that one who owned a Grahame's blood should feel such weakness—my boy loved her; else had not the English won him to their board—and I had not stood here a childless parent. He had looked on her but once; yet since that glance his every thought has been of her. Oh! is it not a very woman's weakness to save her? But I will, I will."

"Then must this deed rest?" said Wallace.

"Rest!" she resumed; "no, no; even though she perish, it must be done. Dost thou forget our signal?" and she shouted "Lanark!"

Then was every torch thrust to the piles of turf and straw, and Wallace's was not amongst the last; for the word Eleanor had chosen for the signal, as she imagined, nerved his arm to strike what she well knew he otherwise termed a coward's blow.

In an instant the flames rose and spread with an almost incredible fury, and soon it became one dreadful scene of carnage and confusion. The inhabitants of the town were awakened, and might be seen in every direction looking from their windows, but not daring to stir beyond them, conjecturing the town to be filled with enemies, and each moment expecting the flames to rise around their heads; while from the immediate scene, where was performing the work of death, came mingled shrieks and groans. Yet stood the lady Grahame beside it with an exulting heart; and when any one of the miserable victims by an effort burst the strongly-secured doors, she smiled as she saw the soldiers either drive him again into the flames, or thrust their daggers to his heart. But now the flames raged with less fury—the deed of revenge was accomplished, and she thought on the maiden; and as she turned to seek Wallace, exclaimed, "English though thou wert, John Grahame told me thou wert beautiful and virtuous; I would I could have saved thee; yet art thou more happy than Eleanor Grahame who liveth.—Liveth! Oh, 'twill be a life of death. I will seek one of my own glens—"

A slight tap on the shoulder interrupted her; and as she turned, her eyes rested on the diminutive figure of a friar, who beckoned her to follow him; and placed his finger on his lips as she would have spoken.

"Nay," she muttered, "I know not if I am right to follow thee: yet it matters but little whither I go, or what befalleth me. But, good father, art sure thou hast not mistaken me?"

"I know thee well; but on, on," whispered the friar, "or thy heart's dearest wishes will not be accomplished."

Then Eleanor Grahame spoke not another word, but walked on with a nervous haste, till her companion stopped beneath some large trees which skirted the walls of Ayr's monastery.

"Now, my lady of Grahame," said he, "we may speak. I had not thought the Wallace's vengeance had been so soon taken."

"The Wallace," returned Eleanor, "had not done it, but for one whose every drop of blood is so much hatred towards all who call England their country. But what boots it to thee? is thy holy spirit sorrowing that the wretches were not shriven, and hast thou led me hither to listen to thy wailings? Thou mightest have found a more fitting hearer."

"No, proud woman," returned the friar hastily, "I sought thee for purposes far different. Lady of Grahame, thy heart burst not 'neath its weight of sorrow; but I know that thy revenge might serve to dry up the sources of thy grief. Dost thou think thou could'st bear the extreme of joy as well?"

"Joy!" exclaimed Eleanor. "Joy! old man, go and speak that word to thy pampered brethren; go and whisper it in the ear of England's proud Edward, but give it not utterance in the presence of Eleanor Grahame, of her who listened to the endearing name of mother but to make her feel the bitter, bitter feelings, that are enshrined in woman's bosom when she may no longer hear her child call upon her.—Ay, go and speak of joy to Edward, for

he looks around, and his eye rests on his children, and their joyous tones are on his ear—and his day dreams are of future ages, reading with swelling bosoms of his Edward's glorious deeds."

"Ay," interrupted the friar, "and of the Grahames they may read yet, if his dauntless eye speak truths."

"Grahames!" she repeated wildly: and placing her hand firmly on the friar's shoulder, as though she feared he would depart ere he assured her that the hopes she had that moment formed should not be blasted.

"Yes," he said, in a voice of emotion, "Lady Grahame; thy son liveth."

Eleanor Grahame bent her majestic figure till her knees touched the earth; and crossing her hands on her breast, said, "Never did a Grahame bend like this before to aught save his God. His blessing be on thee!"

"Nay," interrupted the other in a tremulous voice, "we shall meet again, and thou wilt revoke that blessing."

"No; never, never; if ever thou shouldst offend thy God, he will look on the book of life and find this action registered there."

"Hush, hush, lady! thou art heaping on me praises which thou hast not yet learnt if I merit."

"But, father, my son—why keep me from him?"

"Patience, but for a short time," he returned. "'Bide thou here till I have sought Wallace. There is business on hand which even a mother's feelings must give way for." And the friar was gone from her side ere she could utter another word.

Near an hour Eleanor Grahame paced beneath those trees, groaning in the impatience of her spirit; during which time confused sounds, which she sometimes fancied to be shrieks and groans, seemed to come from the monastery. "'Tis but the suggestions of this perturbed brain," she said, after listening for some minutes. "Such phantoms I wonder not at—the English maiden—!" and she sat herself down on the turf, and leaning her head on her folded arms, wept bitterly: but suddenly she heard footsteps, and hurried accents dwelt on her ear, and beloved arms were twined round her neck. Her lips rested on the noble brow of John Grahame! "My son—my boy!" was all she could utter.

"Mother, dearest mother!" he exclaimed, as a tear stood in his eye—"why Heaven should thus have favoured me I know not, while mothers, and fathers, and wives, and children, are lamenting those whose kiss of affection rested on their lips but yesterday. Mother, I can think of but one who could have saved me."

"One!" she exclaimed—"one!—oh my boy, I would yonder deed had not been completed. Say, John Grahame, wilt thou curse her who bore thee?"

"Curse!" he exclaimed, "my mother, hath not the horror of yonder scene bewildered thee?"

"Ay, it hath indeed—Eleanor Grahame hath sown seeds of bitterness for herself. You stare, boy!—listen! Her you loved, and she who you believe saved thee, is but a cinder in yonder heap of smoking ruin;" and she threw herself franticly on the earth, exclaiming, as she pressed her hands on her ears—"Now, pour out thy curses—but I cannot, will not hear them."

"Nay, my lady mother, if this be all that disturbs thee," said Grahame, raising the frantic Eleanor, and, in his turn, bending his knee before her, "know that the English maiden sojourned not with yonder rude soldiers; but, sheltered in the monastery walls with most of those who boasted superiority. My eye hath, too, rested on her midst yonder scene of bloodshed—but our noble Wallace is there; and he whispered me that nought of harm should light on her head; and he told me, too, that he bore a message from her from me—it was, my mother, to hasten hither."

"Now, God be praised that her blood rests not on my head! 'Tis a deadly weight taken from my heart. But, my son, didst thou not speak of bloodshed?"

"Ay, my mother; 'twas a fearful sight to see the floor of the house, where peace alone should reign, a field thickly strewn with the slain; and the men devoted to God's service stained with blood they had drawn from the veins of their fellow men, even though they bore arms against their country."

"Noble souled Wallace!" muttered

Eleanor, "thou alone couldst have performed this generous action. Had Eleanor Grahame been in thy place, she would have thought on Lanark, and the maiden would have fallen. How gloriously mightest thou have been revenged." But while she spoke Wallace approached, and on his arm leaned the friar, who had led Eleanor from the conflagration.

"And the maiden, brave Wallace?" asked Grahame anxiously.

"Thou dost not then recognize me?" said the friar, in a soft silvery voice; and as he divested his form of the long gown, the English maiden stood before them. Then, as John Grahame rushed towards her, and Eleanor muttered that she wondered not her own son should brave the Englishman's swords to gaze on her, the maiden continued—"Yes, the generous Wallace hath indeed saved my life, and that of one dearer to me than mine own: and in so doing he hath preserved the only sword worthy of clashing with his. Nay, John, my Lord Grahame, thou needest not scowl; 'tis even my father."

Then John Grahame drew her hand within his, and threw himself on his knees before his mother, endeavouring to place the maiden by his side as he said, earnestly, "My lady mother, say, wilt thou not bless her as thy daughter?"

"I will not hear the 'No,'" exclaimed the maiden; but Eleanor interrupted her, saying,

"Maiden, though I know not thy rank, nor even thy name—yet will I accept thee."

"'Tis useless, Lady Grahame. That blessing I would not hear: for it would then require, I fear me, more resolution than I can boast, to keep firmly in the path my duty hath tracked for me. Thou knowest, John Grahame, that thou wert saved from the fate of thy noble companions, and mayhap thou guessest by whose interference."

"Yes, yes," he returned eagerly, "thy sweet interposition; it could not be otherwise."

"Even so," she resumed. "When I learned that the nobility of Scotland were invited to our tables, I feared some dreadful termination to such an unusual show of friendship; and then, John Grahame—for I thought thou wouldest not neglect such an invitation—" she turned from them and blushed deeply—"Yes; then I procured the promise that thy life should be spared—but the price!—John Grahame, I gave a promise I had hitherto refused—I vowed to become the wife of—I will not name whom, lest I should hear words from thy lips, unbefitting the living of the dead."

"The dead!" exclaimed Eleanor.

"Yes, lady; the dead. He perished in yonder flames. He was one of our bravest officers. May God pardon him his share in the morning's crime."

"Amen!" exclaimed Wallace, who had hitherto been a voiceless listener—"But, maiden, thou didst not love him?"

Again she blushed, and remained silent some minutes: then said calmly, "An' I had, why should I give my hand but as a guerdon for saving another's life?"

"Thanks, thanks for that avowal," exclaimed the young Grahame, throwing himself at her feet. "Heaven hath cancelled that vow."

"No, no," she continued, "thou knowest not yet the extent of my vow. I swore I would not look on thee after this day should have restored thee to thy mother and thy country—I came but to bid thee farewell!"

"Then the life thou hast given is little worth."

"Not to thy mother—not to thy country? Brave Wallace, thou knowest whom I call father. Listen, Lady Grahame, and thou, young Sir," and the maiden drew up her figure, which, though *petite*, was capable of pourtraying a degree of pride, and even haughtiness, if any thing called it forth. But it was the native pride of nobility which now pervaded alike her voice and figure. "Wouldest thou have me wed unthinkingly with one whose sword must, ere long, clash with my father's? John Grahame, wouldst thou call her wife on whose head would rest a father's curse? No, no; Elizabeth Warenne will even to England directly, and seek in the cloister the peace she may not find elsewhere. We must then bid farewell. Lady Grahame, thou didst bless me when I told thee thy son lived: wilt thou not recal, and replace it with a curse now thou hast learned that I bear the name of one who will be spoken of

in future days as one of Scotland's noblest foes?"

"No, maiden," replied Eleanor Grahame, advancing towards her; "thou art a noble and virtuous maiden; and I bless thee from the depths of my heart. Thou hast said well that my son is restored to his country. Yes, young lady, his name will not be forgotten more than that of Surrey's Earl, though they will be looked on differently. Grahame, for the cause of an oppressed country—Surrey, for the cause of a rapacious tyrant!"

The maiden grew pale as she replied, "I could have wished they were to fight side by side—for one cause—but I will not name it; for it becometh not a young maiden as I am to dictate on subjects like this—and my father will be awaiting me—but I will tell thee he knoweth of this visit; and I but wore this habit to escape observation. He hath trusted to the decision of Elizabeth Warenne, in cases where his own and his country's welfare were involved; I confessed to him every circumstance that hath occurred since yesterday morning, and he trusted me hither, even though I avowed my love for thee, John Grahame."

A slight noise interrupted her, and as each turned towards the spot whence it proceeded, Eleanor and John Grahame's eyes rested on the armour-cased figure of a tall handsome man, who had seen some fifty or sixty summers; and Wallace welcomed him with a courteous bend of his unbonneted head, while the maiden hung fondly on his arm as he bent and kissed her.

"Lady Grahame, John de Warenne hath to crave thy pardon for coming before thee in the accoutrements of war, but he is unarmed; for, Wallace," he turned to him, "we meet for these few minutes as friends: soon we may meet otherwise—or rather, each will then do his best for his country—for the brave are never enemies—and Wallace and Warenne had been bosom friends if one soil had owned them as its children. And you, Lady Grahame, and you, young Sir, though we may not be relations, we will part as friends;" and he bent on the extended hand of the lofty Eleanor, and shook with a friendly warmth the icy hand of the motionless youth.

"John Grahame," said Elizabeth Warenne, going towards him, and placing her hand on his, "farewell!"

He started as though there had been life in that touch, and grasped her hand; and the colour rushed to his face as he uttered in a hurried and broken voice—

"Yes, Elizabeth, thou art right. Could a daughter of the brave Surrey be otherwise than noble, in her actions as in her descent? My Lord of Surrey," he turned to Warenne, "thou hast said we shall meet again; be it then where and as soon as it may, Grahame will find there his death bed. Fare thee well;" and he held the maiden to his throbbing bosom, while he pressed a long kiss on her blanched lips, which now refused to give utterance to the one last word she would have spoken. Warenne, with a sorrowing heart, bore his fainting child from the scene.

* * * * * *

On the morn of July the 23d, 1298, all around but too plainly told that Falkirk's fatal battle had been fought. In the English tent lay the corpse of one whose limbs bore the dress of one of Scotland's nobles.

Every motion in this place was conducted with a silence which shewed respect was paid to the memory of him who slept the sleep of death. The Earl of Surrey stood by his side; and a tear might be almost said to stand unreproved in his eye, as he said, "This for the sake of my Elizabeth; for that of thy generous leader; ay, and for thy own."

Sir John Grahame lies buried in the churchyard of Falkirk. E. A. INGRAM.

Original Poetry.

THEE, LOVE, THEE!

I've wander'd o'er those banks of Rhine,
Enriched with gifts of corn and vine,
And oft have glided o'er its stream,
As blue as heaven's own bluest beam;
And not a ruined tower or hall,
But still my steps have tracked them all,
And bright the scenes as scenes may be,
But still they wanted thee, Love, thee!

Where rear the seven mounts on high
Their castled brows, to kiss the sky;
Where Roland's ruined column stands,
The wreck of Time's destructive hands;
And that sweet isle where dwelt his love,
Alas! the *Bride* of him above!
My foot has been; but still, to me,
They wanted all in wanting thee.

My little boat I've made to glide
Where Lurely's rocks o'ershade the tide;
Its rugged form in anger lours,
Unclad by verdure or by flowers,
And sternly spurns the wave in hate,
That hides the lovely Syren's fate.
Romantic Rhine! how dear 'twould be,
To share such scenes with thee, Love, thee!

I've stood on Laufin's rugged brow,
That frowns upon the falls below,
And gazed on the bright rainbow'd spray,
An arch where fairies' steps might stray;
I've scaled the rock the stream has kiss'd
Before its wave was crushed to mist;
A scene so wild, was dear to me,
But doubly dear if shared with thee!

I've climbed the mountain heights with toil,
Where reckless hunters seek their spoil,
And oft have watched their snow-peaks, red
With blushes the sun's kiss had spread,
Grow pale and dim as evening threw
Around their forms a soberer hue,
Till night came on—and, could I see
Such beauty, Love, nor think of thee!

E. M. P.

STANZAS.

By Henry Brandreth, Junior, Author of "The Garland," &c.

Believe me, if I e'er have strayed
  Beyond the bounds that Love allows,
I still am thine alone, dear maid,—
  Thine still Affection's earliest vows.

I will not say I ne'er have seen
  As bright an eye, as fair a face;
I will not say I ne'er have been
  Where Beauty moves with equal grace.

But, lady, this I'll say—and Truth
  Hallows each word with holiest fire—
That not e'en in thy days of youth
  Seem'd half so sweet to me, thy lyre,

As now, that touched by grief and care,
  Its chords assume a mellower tone,
And feelings, earthly once that were,
  Seem breathing now of Heav'n alone.

What though they whisper'd I was changed,
  And never could to one be true;—
Can true-love hearts be thus estranged?
  And is such Love's cameleon hue?

No, lady, no—'twas but to try
  How false or true thy plighted troth;—
Ah! little deem'd they that the sigh
  Thy bosom heaved belonged to both.

But so it was—to Eastern skies
  Love bore that sigh from Erin's bower;
He could have brought no richer prize,
  Nor one so spelled with magic power.

And it hath been, indeed, a spell,
  O'er many a wave, on many a land;
It bore me on through flood and fell,
  Love's own bright "Signet of Command."

And it, at length, hath borne me home
  To her whose love—like some fixed star—
Eccentric though it may not roam,
  Beams not less brightly from afar.

Then if, perchance, I e'er have strayed
  Beyond the bounds that love hath set,
'Twas but the traitor eyes, fair maid—
  The heart is thine, thine only yet.

May, 1828.

ON BEING ASKED BY T. C—, ESQ. TO TURN HIS ITALIAN SONNETS INTO ENGLISH VERSE.

  You bid me pour your flowing strain
Across a rude and tuneless lyre,
Unhallowed by poetic fire:
  Such mandate must be given in vain!
First bid the spirit of immortal song
  Descend, and, with her airy wing,
Sweep the dark chords of thought along,
  And pour her glowing light upon the string.
In vain she comes, my rugged numbers flow
  Untuned, unpolished by the hand of art;
Smiling in gladness, tearful in their woe,
  The feelings speak which agitate my heart.
Fair fancy's votary, and her willing slave,
I love the fetters and the soul she gave!

S. S.

Records of the Beau Monde.

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1829.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF THE FASHIONS.

ENGLISH FASHIONS.

A Dinner Party Dress.

A Dress of *gros de Naples* of a bright, rich red, between the ruby and the amaranth, trimmed at the border of the skirt with black *pluche-de-soye*, or with velvet, of a light and silky texture. The *corsage* is made plain to fit the shape, and is encircled by a belt of black velvet. The head-dress consists of a *béret* of black satin, tastefully ornamented with white ribbon, with satin stripes, the colour of the gown. Feathers of the bird of paradise are disposed with much elegance, in detached plumage beneath the brim, whence they take a spiral direction towards the summit of the *béret*.

Ball Dress.

Over a white satin slip is a dress of white *tulle*, or *crêpe-aerophane*, with a broad trimming at the border, of a novel kind, in honey-comb, of the same material as the dress. This trimming is remarkable for its lightness as for its beauty: it is surmounted by detached *bouquets* of Provence roses. The body is made plain, and the sleeves short and full. A beautiful *bouquet* of roses, with a few sprigs of myrtle, is placed on the right side of the bust. The hair is arranged in ringlets, and slightly adorned with flowers, or with jewellery ornaments.

A Child's Dress.

A frock of white India muslin, richly embroidered at the border, with pantaloons of the same. The *corsage à l'enfant*, with short sleeves, and a bow of blue ribbon on each shoulder: a blue sash completes this simple and appropriate costume.

FRENCH FASHIONS.

Walking Dress.

A high dress of light willow-green Levantine, with a broad hem round the border, headed by a chain, *en rouleau*. A white jacanot-muslin spencer, with sleeves *à la Mameluke*, confined at the wrist by a cuff, with a double ruffle of lace on each side, one next the wrist, and the other next the arm; these are divided by a bracelet of dark hair. A pelerine of fine India muslin, handsomely embroidered, is worn with this dress, and is trimmed round by broad lace, and finished round the throat by a triple ruff of narrow lace. Under this ruff is a rainbow, zephyr *sautoir*, of green and red. The bonnet is of fine Leghorn, or of canary-yellow satin, with a pink crown. Half boots of the same colour as the dress.

Evening Dress.

A dress of very fine India muslin, with two rows of embroidery, in colours, round the border, each row finished by a fringe of correspondent shades. The *corsage* made with a *fichu* front, and a drapery across the bust. A double frill of very fine lace is worn just below the throat. The hair is arranged in very full curls on each side of the face; and on the summit of the head it is formed *en corbeille*; which is divided from the front curls by a splendid diadem-comb of pearls and gold. The ear-pendants are also of wrought gold.

Carriage Dress.

Over a white muslin petticoat, richly embroidered, is worn a pelisse, left open in front of the skirt; the pelisse is of celestial-blue, with facings of the same, embroidered in flowers of round petals, with white floize silk; the facings are scalloped at the edge, and trimmed round with narrow blond. The sleeves are *à l'imbécile*, and are confined at the wrists by lace ruffles. Double *mancherons*, consisting of one large scalop falling over the other, surmount the sleeves; these are also trimmed with narrow blond. The hat



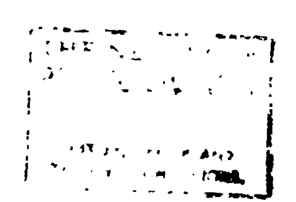
BALL DRESS, DINNER PARTY & CHILD'S DRESS.

Published by G. B. Whittaker & C° for La Belle Assemblée N° 57 new series, Sepr 1. 1829.



WALKING, EVENING & CARRIAGE DRESS.

Published by G. B. Whittaker & Co. for La Belle Assemblée, No. 57, new series Sept. 1, 1829.



is of white chip, ornamented with blond, and bows of buff-coloured ribbon, edged on each side by blue satin stripes. The half-boots are of nankin.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHIONS AND DRESS.

It is novelty which gives the highest attraction to dress, if taste and elegance are not forgotten; and every purveyor of the toilet is now occupying the leisure hour, while the days are yet of a comfortable length, in the invention of whatever may add grace to female beauty.

Novelty is the high priestess of that variable and capricious power, named fashion: fairy like, it lies concealed under a flower, in the various patterns of our rich and elegant blonds, in the tie of a bow of ribbon, and wanders through the mazes of the elegant patterns found on our silks and chintzes. Ingenious in embellishing every native charm, it produces the colour to suit the complexion, and the ornaments which best accord with the features.

The capacious sleeves, however, to the summer pelisse, and the muslin *canezou* spencer, are now no longer to be classed among novelties; but, according to the old maxim, that "when things are at the worst they will mend of themselves," let us hope, as these enormous sleeves have attained the acme of the ridiculous, they are in their wane.

A muslin dress, beautifully printed, in a pattern of some bright colour, with a white *canezou* spencer, is much admired for the morning promenade. For morning home costume, white jacanot dresses are worn; and when these form an out-door costume, a silk *sautoir*, tied round the throat, is, if the weather be mild enough, the sole addition. Muslin pelerines, embroidered in the most exquisite style, are favourite out-door coverings over coloured dresses of *gros de Naples*. They are elegantly pointed behind, *en fichu*, as low as the sash. Some ladies prefer a pelerine the same as the dress. Scarfs are universal. Shawls of Chinese crape, or of other light material, are often thrown over the dress, when the weather is chilly, or threatening rain.

The bonnets are very becoming as to shape, but many ladies wear them again extremely wide. The late reform rendered the bonnets very charming this summer: the novelty delighted us, because it was not displayed by a sudden transition from very large to very small. There are some beautiful bonnets of the new shape, in white *gros de Naples*; very short at the ears, and the brim made in the same manner as that of a *capote*-bonnet: fluted, and shaped out by whalebone; the crown tastefully ornamented with ethereal-blue, or some other summer-coloured ribbon, and a rich white blond falling over the edge of the brim. We have seen one of celestial-blue, of the same kind, trimmed with violet-colour: it was elegant and becoming; but this description of bonnet looks best when white. One of the very wide bonnets we have seen was of blush-coloured satin, trimmed with ribbons of the same, and the size of the bonnet was considerably augmented by a very broad blond at the edge. We greatly admire an appendage, which is so universally becoming, as it gives much softness to the features; but the hat or bonnet with such an addition should not in itself be very large. Leghorn bonnets, slightly trimmed with coloured ribbon, continue to be worn in the morning walks. The brims of all hats are much ornamented underneath; which is requisite, as they fly off the face. The ornaments consist of quilled blond, bows, and puffs of ribbon. Hats are chiefly of white watered *gros de Naples* for the carriage, with a very low crown: these are trimmed in various ways, according to fancy, but all have a blond at the edge of the brim.

White muslin dresses, at the latter end of August, prevailed much, both for matrons and young persons, for whom they are certainly most suited, though they may be worn at any age; and a venerable old lady, residing entirely in the country, does not misbecome her snow-white robe. Of late years, however, the eye has been so long accustomed to the respectability of silk dresses, that we do not admire middle-aged ladies attired in the peculiar garb of youth. These white muslin dresses are chiefly made with one broad flounce at the border;

and sleeves of such immoderate width, which so draw the attention, and so hide the *corsage*, that we can scarcely see how it is made: their name is sufficient, and we do not like to write it. The boddice, however, is, on a close inspection, found to be either *en gerbe*, or fitting close to the shape; the latter fashion, from its tightness, rendering the sleeves yet more conspicuous. At dress parties, coloured crape, embroidered *tulle*, or fine India muslin, is the material most in favour for gowns. They have but little trimming; simplicity being generally the order of the day, from the last month of summer to the second or third week of autumn. A single *ruche* is often all the ornament at the border of the above-mentioned dresses. Coloured dresses of Indian taffety are trimmed in the same manner. The dresses are still much cut away from the shoulders; a very elegant pelerine of blond is, however, often thrown over them. Some ladies wear a *fichu* underneath their dress; but the texture is so thin, they might as well be without it. For half dress we have seen a pretty gown of Levantine, the colour of the pomegranate rind: it was bordered by two flounces, and the *corsage* was fastened in front in the manner of those worn by the females of Switzerland. The sleeves were long, and only moderately full: the lady, however, who was thus unobtrusively attired, was accompanied by one who wore a gown of puce-coloured *gros de Naples*, and this dress was rendered very conspicuous by a white *canezou* spencer of clear muslin, the sleeves of which were so capacious that their full folds hung far below her hips.

Very elegant caps of white blond are worn in morning *déshabille*, and often through the day in home costume. They are sparingly trimmed with ribbon of two different colours; are placed backward, and very much on one side: the side of the hair on the right, which is most discovered, is arranged in several rich curls; and great care and skill are requisite to render these *coiffeures* becoming, in the disposal of the hair, and in the putting on of the cap. Caps, which are merely confined to the breakfast table in a lady's own dressing-room, are of plain *tulle*, with rosettes formed of the same, and no ribbon; the hair is concealed under them, and though they seem to indicate indisposition, they are delicate and becoming head-dresses. Caps and turbans, at this season of the year, seldom display much variety. At home, young ladies wear their hair devoid of all auxiliary ornament; except, perhaps, at the dress concert, and the rural ball, when a few flowers are added. The hat, or bonnet, is so seldom laid aside, as, on a fine summer's day, the morning ride, the promenade, either in the country, or in the park and grounds belonging to the paternal seat, keep the young persons generally out of doors till it is time to dress for dinner; and as the rural parties are much in the *fête-champêtre* style, or consisting of public breakfasts, a dress hat is the favourite *coiffeure* of the matrons. These hats are generally of white crape, with plumes of feathers of some light summer colour. The fashion of coloured plumage extends also to white turbans and *bérets*.

The favourite colours are pomegranate, pea-green, ethereal-blue, olive-brown, pink, and puce-colour.

Cabinet of Taste,

OR MONTHLY COMPENDIUM OF FOREIGN COSTUME.

By a Parisian Correspondent.

COSTUME OF PARIS.

Though the weather was not propitious to the first balls of Ranelagh, yet a few fine evenings rendered Tivoli a very interesting spectacle, from the number of well-dressed females there collected.

Muslin scarfs are much admired for the promenade; and thin muslin spencers *à la Valière*, are much in favour over a striped dress of *gros de Naples*. Pelerines, the same as the dress with which they are worn, are made entirely plain. Simplicity is now observed, except for the theatre or some extraordinary *fête*. The muslin pelerines are all laid in small plaits.

One of the prettiest ornaments seen on white chip hats, is a large, double, full-blown garden-poppy, of a very pale pink; and a hat of white chip lined with cherry-

colour, and plumage of the same bright tint, has been much admired. I saw a hat at Tivoli, ornamented with a branch of purple fox-glove, and lilac ribbons; under the brim was a very broad ribbon, fluted. One lady had a white crape hat ornamented with blond, and a long branch of wild, white roses; which, after having been carried round the crown at its summit, fell down over the brim, beneath which, was a branch of rose-buds. The Leghorn hats are generally adorned with double coquelicots, formed of feathers, or with bunches of any red-coloured flowers. Close *capote* bonnets are worn in the morning walks, of clear, white lawn, kept in shape by whalebone. Some of these bonnets are also seen in *gros de Naples*. This kind of bonnet is also in favour for the evening promenade; for which purpose it is composed of gauze ribbons sewn together, and strips of blond. The *reaper's hat*, tied under the chin, over a *cornette*, is much worn in the country. These hats are generally of straw, and they are tied with coloured ribbon, with linings of the same tint. Some Leghorn hats, and also some of white crape, are trimmed with very broad gauze ribbon; one half of which has a number of very narrow stripes; the other half is painted over in a wreath of vine-leaves. In addition to this ribbon, is generally seen a long branch of myrtle, or two bunches of various kinds of pinks.

Dresses of chintz, with a blue or a green ground, figured over in palm-leaves, are much in favour at Tivoli: the *corsage* is disposed in drapery over the bust; forming three divisions of folds, which spread out from under the sash to the top of the bust, where their fulness is lost. Printed muslins, on a white ground, with broad blue stripes, and a running pattern of various colours, are much admired. I lately saw a young lady, who wore a chamois-coloured dress striped with pink; it was trimmed at the border with so broad a bias fold, that the skirt was divided in two equal portions. One of these parts, from the sash to the knee, was in straight stripes, the other was in diagonal stripes, from the shoe to the knee, and below was a narrow band with the bias in a contrary direction. Among the most fashionable ladies at the Ranelagh ball, was one who had a dress of *crêpe lisse*, of a bright rose-colour, with the *corsage* plaited *à l'Edith* at the back and at the front. A very beautiful young lady wore a dress of jacanot muslin, bordered with a narrow lace. A *fichu* was worn underneath, with a falling collar, which was also trimmed with lace. The sleeves are excessively large, and well merit the title now given them: they hang as low as the hips, and the top of the sleeve is laid in small plaits. At the spectacle given at court lately, were seen white dresses, embroidered with coloured silk; some, of painted *gros de Naples*, or of embroidered taffety; others, of gauze, ornamented with gold above the hem, or with *bouquets* of flowers in silk mingled with gold. The princesses of Orleans appeared charming in their simple white dresses, without any ornament but a *bouquet* placed in the sash. The *corsages* were *à la Grecque*, or *à l'Edith*.

The newest caps have the crowns of blond, and are trimmed in front with a wreath of ribbon cut in leaves, &c. The dress hats are chiefly ornamented with the flowers of bulbous plants; and under the brim, are gauze ribbons spread out, called *bandeaux*, which terminate on each side, by demi-rosettes. The brims of dress hats are bordered by a satin *rouleau*, when the hat is of crape. Another *rouleau* is stretched over the crown to the edge of the brim, on the left side, and serves to support a broad blond, slightly fulled. The ends of the *rouleau* are concealed on the crown, by a *bouquet* of dandelion in flower. On the side of the brim this *rouleau* is fastened by a rosette of gauze ribbon with satin stripes, the long ends of which are fringed, and float loose. The hair elegantly arranged; *bérets* and *toques*, differing in nothing since my last accounts, form the favourite *coiffeures* for evening parties. At the spectacle above mentioned, six young ladies appeared, each with a *bouquet* of pinks on one side of the head, and diamonds waving amongst the plats of their hair.

At rural balls married ladies wear Leghorn hats, ornamented with two long white feathers.

The favourite colours are celestial-blue, *verd-antique*, pearl-grey, rose-colour, cherry-colour, grass-green, and brown.

Monthly View

OF

NEW PUBLICATIONS, MUSIC, THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN DRAMA, THE FINE ARTS, LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE, &c.

In the disposal of single volumes, it is our wish, this month, to bring up some arrears. We accordingly commence with "*Cain the Wanderer, a Vision of Heaven, Darkness, and other Poems, by —— ——.*" Had we the space of the Quarterly Review, we would not only exercise the lash freely upon the author of this assemblage, but we would "shew cause" for exercising it. From the title page, it is evident that the writer courts rather than shuns comparison; and this is yet more unequivocally apparent in the conceit and arrogance which preface the work in the form of a "Dialogue between the Author and a Friend." Instead, however, of entering into the courted comparison, we shall content ourselves with the observation, that, throughout the volume of between three and four hundred pages, nothing is so remarkable as the facility with which the writer has picked up, as it were, one by one, the ideas of Lord Byron, and expanded and diluted them. This censure—or compliment—applies particularly, if it can apply to one poem more than another, to the piece entitled "Darkness." We ask any person of unprejudiced and sane mind, whether, by possibility, this poem *could* have been written, if Lord Byron's poem on the same subject, and with the same title, had not appeared? And, further, we would ask, whether any man whose poetical conceptions and feelings were invested with a spark of originality, *would* have written such a poem *after* Lord Byron?

Of the political, as well as the poetical, creed of our author, we may form a pretty accurate estimate when he speaks of Tommy Moore, the song writer, the biographer of Sheridan, &c. &c. &c., as "the *first* of Patriots (!) as of Poets" (!!)—of "*poor* Milman, struggling, for once, to say *something* out of the common"—and of Southey (amidst a heterogenous mass of furious vituperation) as one that "was never *born* a poet"—as one, in whose productions "there is no life, or feeling, or passion;" but, that "all is verbose effect, and tedious eccentricity." Here the text is its own comment.

"Cain the Wanderer" opens very imposingly, with "the Lord and the Host of Heaven," and a "Chorus of Spirits," *after* the death of Abel. Lucifer and Cain, the two leading persons of the drama, are most magnificent and sublime philosophers, of a certain school. Had their philosophy, however, emanated from the pen of Lord Byron, it would have experienced no mercy, even at the bar of the Court of Chancery. As far as the diction of the work is concerned, we frequently meet, in what the writer intended for poetry, with considerable force and power of expression; occasionally even with gleams—bursts of talent—we had almost said of genius. Here, for instance:—

Her lips are parted, and move like rose leaves opening
To the invisible airs. Her hair how lightly
Doth its pale golden wreaths in tangled
Luxuriance cluster down that neck; and rest
On her white bosom, where the violet vein
Sheds a dim lustre: down even to her knee,
Veiling, yet hiding not the rounded shape
Of those limbs swelling with voluptuous fulness,
And glowing through them as the softened moon
Through the depths of shadowing leaves! Where Beauty dwells
Revealed at once as on her visible throne,
Which the eye dims with gazing on, and heart
Owns in its faint idolatry! Oh, she doth
Give pain from the excess of rapture; a creature born
To be worshipped; a thing in whose bright presence
Life were immortal, death and pain forget
In the deep heaven of her absorbing love!

This, too, is beautiful; though more so in the sentiment than in the expression:—

——————— I knew that memories
And thoughts were in thee, which thou hast not
told;
And how can love when aught is hidden from it
Exist? Whose inmost self and soul should be
Familiar to its loved one as its God.
Thou never didst love aught, or if aught turned
to thee
As I, they like myself were wretched: thou
Hast outlived hope, or hast never proved it:
It was a spark quenched in thy earliest being.
A weariness of life and all life's things,
Is marked upon thy brow in lines too deep
To be concealed, the very light at times
That breaks there seems a mockery of joy.
Therefore thou hast no God! Nay, if thou
hadst,
Thou couldst not be the lonely thing thou art.
His ray, dim as thou saidst it was, is quenched:
And whence can happiness come but from Him
who
Is its sole fountain?

Power, pathos, and beauty, are also conspicuous in the last soliloquy of Cain, at page 144. At the close of the poem, "the fearful prophecy of the Archangel" is either misunderstood or misrepresented; for Cain is killed, though accidentally, by an arrow from the bow of his son Enoch.

But we must proceed. A curiosity presents itself in a long poem, with most voluminous notes, "On Deity;" which poem, the author tells us, "was rather a commentary suggested from the notes attached to it, than the notes from the poem." Without one trait of originality in either, the poem, as well as the notes, is full of the lumber of learning, and the jargon of mock philosophy. The one solitary idea by which it is pervaded, and upon which every point is made to hinge, is that of the old doctrine of a Fate, or Destiny, to which even the Deity is subservient. Upon this foundation, indeed, the superstructure of the whole volume is raised. We pause not to notice the multitudinous sneers of the writer, philosophical and political, religious and poetical; but we should regard it as an act of injustice on our own part, were we not to admit that, amidst his belief in the doctrine of Fate, and of the two eternally opposing principles of Good and Evil, he is an advocate rather for than against the immortality of the soul—according to his own fancy.

Of the musical ear of a writer, who piques himself upon the notion of *imitating the ruggedness of glorious John*, we wish to offer one or two specimens, and then we have done. Such specimens may be taken, *ad libitum*, from any one of the longer poems: we shall take our's at random from "Napoleon B[u]onaparte: Lines written on the Field of Waterloo:"—

'Tis something to have stood upon this field:
To have lived in those brief moments of time
from which
It took an era, &c.
* * * * *
His spirit was one of those ordained to rise,
And develope their energies in convulsion,
which
It may be, &c.
* * * * *
He gained it at the gates of the capitals.
* * * * *
The gigantic height to which he had raised
France
* * * * *
He is gone—his memory thrills through us yet
Like the sound of a departed thunder-storm.

We turn to another production—"*The Brunswick, a Poem, in Three Cantos*"—which, but for Lord Byron's "Don Juan," would certainly never have been written; but, then, it is an exceedingly clever effort—an avowed imitation—and, as all imitations should be, a mere exercise, a play of the spirit and fancy. Regarding it as a *jeu d'esprit*, perhaps the air and manner—in some respects even the spirit—of one writer were never more happily caught by another than in the present instance. Two or three brief excerpts will shew this better than any description or analysis. The subject, we should premise, is the fall of the Brunswick Theatre, a bad subject, in itself, for a poem, but one well suited for the imitation of a work in which the grave and the gay, the pathetic and the satirical, were, according to the peculiar genius of Byron, so strangely and abruptly contrasted, and so singularly blended with each other, as in "Don Juan." Here is a reflection upon repentance:—

One good in dying thus we may discover,
That people may repent—but then they won't;
They still keep hoping that they shall recover,
And put it off until they find they don't;
And thus they trifle on till all is over;
It grieves me much, and I've thought much
upon't;

But "while there's life there's hope," 'tis an old sentence,
And while there's hope there is not much repentance.

The silly, or rather half impious mode in which every little accident, or preservation from accident, is, by some people, ascribed to the special interference of Providence, is thus happily enough ridiculed:—

One hen-pecked gentleman had set his mind
On going there quite early, but his wife
Most *providentially* was disinclined
To hurry, so detain'd her dearest life,
Who, as is usual in such case, repin'd,
Grumbled and then gave way after short strife,
And reach'd the Brunswick, sorely vexed and bothered,
Just too late by ten minutes to be smothered.

Another would have shar'd the gen'ral crunch,
But *providentially* drank over-night
A monstrous quantity of whiskey-punch,
And waking in the morn bewildered quite,
Incapable of breakfast or even lunch,
He stay'd at home to set his stomach right,
Where bile and acid wag'd a horrid strife,
And nursing thus his liver, sav'd his life!

For its truth, and for the credit of poor human nature, we love the feeling that is expressed in this stanza:—

And first the gen'ral impulse was to save—
In human breasts that impulse is the strongest:
Of all the sympathies which Nature gave,
'Tis that which earliest wakes and lasts the longest.
All enmities are buried in the grave,
And fitly;—if thou doubtest it thou wrongest
Our nature, which can ruin, injure, hate,
But ne'er 'gainst man makes common cause with Fate.

And equally do we love and cherish the author's noble ideas of the soul's blessed immortality. After inquiring why "we gaze upon the lonely beach and broken cliff, we never saw before"—why the eternal ocean teaches deep and effective lessons—and after exhorting his reader not to let external nature bound his range, he exclaims:—

Look how the soul of man hath been endued;
The sympathy which binds in union strange
Congenial souls, the links of gratitude,
Of mutual minds the blissful interchange,
The pow'r of saving, joy of doing good,
The solemn farewell, the sweet recognition,
And all the nobler types of man's condition.

But oh! beyond all these, if thou hast known
What 'tis to have thy heart's affections plac'd
On some fond being, whom thou lov'st alone
With tender ardour, passionate yet chaste,
Whose love to thee is dearer than a throne;
If e'er the look of rapture thou hast trac'd
In th' all-confiding, happy, conscious eye—
Think, think of these, and *feel* thou canst not die!

This poem is well entitled to the distinction it has attained—that of reaching a second edition.

The lovers of spirit and power in poetry—they who are not fastidious in the rhythm and polish of verse—will be greatly pleased with "*Gabrielle, a Tale of the Swiss Mountains, by C. Redding.*" The character of the story—a pathetic picture of gentle, harmless insanity—is so sweet, so simple, so touching in its details—possesses so much intrinsic merit and beauty—that we could wish the writer had, before presenting it to the public, paid more attention to the harmony of versification. The common eye is too apt to estimate the value of a gem by the exquisiteness of its setting. This little volume is inscribed "To the Author of 'The Pleasures of Hope;'" and it may be remarked, that Byron and Campbell, essentially different as they are from each other, yet both of them poets of intense feeling, are evidently the idols of Mr. Redding's worship. Thus, the spirit of the former will instantly be seen in the following lines:—

Recumbent on thy early bier,
Thou that so late wert all to me!
I could the sight of sorrow spare,
But it would seem unkind to thee,
As though in death it should appear
I slighted what in life was dear.

Yet thou canst feel it not: to thee
Love and neglect are equal now;
Nor slight, nor my love's perjury,
Nor falsehood could make dark thy brow;
That silent eye, in pallid sleep,
Love's vigil ne'er again shall keep.

While gazing on thy faded form,
I cannot think thee dead!
Thou art too precious for the worm,
Thou bride of Death's dark bed.
Oh! he hath changed that forehead bright—
Those lips!—I cannot bear the sight.

In The Soldier Lover's Farewell, of which we transcribe the first stanza, a touch of Campbell is equally apparent:—

Bertha, one kiss, I must away—
The sun is rising red to-day;
But redder will he set at night
Upon the bloody field of fight.
Bertha, one kiss, I must away—
There'll set a redder sun to-day!

The charge of ruggedness in versification is far less applicable to Mr. Redding's minor poems than to the story of Gabrielle. All the force and fire of Körner are happily transfused into his noble version of the "Sword Song," with which our readers are probably familiar, and into the "Prayer during Battle." We close with a few spirited and truly poetical lines from "Stanzas"—a misnomer, by-the-by—"on the Death of Byron:"—

O it was grand to die 'mid shadowy forms
Of parted glory! where the earth yet warms
With the bright glow his genius round him cast,
A coruscation of the mighty past,
In the rich land of the unperished name,
Where centre still the brightest rays of fame,
Undying Greece, that may all fate defy,
Like Enoch, born with immortality!

We have been much interested in the perusal of "*Forest Scenes and Incidents in the Wilds of North America; being a Diary of a Winter's Route from Halifax to the Canadas, and during Four Months' Residence in the Woods on the Borders of Lakes Huron and Simcoe, by George Head, Esq.*" It is impossible for us to accompany this intelligent, lively, and spirited writer through his fatiguing and harassing journey, or to take up our abode with him in his log-house; but, as presenting an agreeable specimen of his manner, we shall offer a part of one of his night scenes, which, in our eye, is exceedingly striking and picturesque. In the course of his journey from Presque Isle to Rivière de Cape, Mr. Head, with his Canadian guides and other attendants, was overtaken by a violent storm of snow and wind, the snow having already fallen to a considerable depth upon the frozen river on which the party was proceeding. To resist the storm, or to proceed, was no longer practicable; night was approaching, and they were compelled to seek shelter in the forest. A large tree was soon felled, a square spot of ground cleared, a large fire lighted, and a covering of spruce boughs raised over their heads as a partial defence against the snow, which was still falling in great abundance. One side of the square was bounded by a huge tree stretched across, against which the fire was raised; and into the hollow trunk of another old tree Mr. Head contrived to work his way for shelter. The snow was banked up on all sides nearly five feet high, like a white wall, and it resolutely maintained its position, not an atom yielding to the fierce crackling fire which blazed up close against it. The men cooked themselves some broth, Mr. Head toasted himself a piece of salted pork on a stick, and gave his companions a good allowance of whiskey.

One by one they lighted their tobacco pipes, and continued to smoke; till, dropping off by degrees, the whole party at last lay stretched out snoring before me.

Large flakes of snow continued to fall, and heavy clots dropped occasionally upon the ground. Our enormous fire had the effect of making me so comfortably warm, that I had deferred the use of my buffalo skin till I lay down to sleep, and were it not for the volumes of smoke with which I was at times disturbed, and the pieces of fire which burnt holes in my clothes wherever they happened to fall, my lodging would have been, under circumstances, truly agreeable. I sat for some time, with a blanket thrown over my shoulders, in silent contemplation of a scene alike remarkable to me from its novelty and its dreariness.

The flames rose brilliantly, the sleeping figures of the men were covered with snow, the wind whistled wildly through the trees, whose majestic forms overshadowed us on every side, and our fire, while it shed the light of day on the immediately surrounding objects, diffused a deeper gloom over the farther recesses of the forest. And thus I remained without any inclination to sleep till it was near midnight. * * Distant scenes were brought to my recollection, and I mused on past-gone times, till my eyes became involuntarily attracted by the filmy, wandering, leaves of fire, which ascending lightly over the tops of the trees, for a moment rivalled in brightness the absent stars, and then—vanished for ever.

"*Oldcourt, a Novel in Three Volumes,*" is evidently the production of a writer of high talent; and for the acuteness of observation, the knowledge of human nature, and the benevolence and kindliness of feeling which it displays, it is entitled to our most favourable notice, our warmest commendation. The author informs us, in his preface, that we are to expect

"no mysterious intricacy of plot, no startling succession of romantic adventures, extraordinary characters, or wonderful events; and that nothing more has been attempted, than a narrative of the ordinary occurrences of human life, interspersed with such reflections on the habits, manners, and morals of society, as his experience of the world has suggested to him." Had it no other claim to notice, the novelty of its style, manner and conduct—the *naïveté* with which its author advances his opinions—and the vein of quiet humour by which it is pervaded—would be sufficient to awaken and sustain the attention of the reader. The author is, without question, an Irishman; the scene lies principally in Ireland; and the characters are all Irish. The first chapter introduces to us the family of the Oldcourts, the respective members of which are engaged in an animated conversation on the merits and demerits of the novelists of the present and past century. The little party disperses, and our attention is called to "a memoir compiled from the archives of that ancient and respectable house"—[Oldcourt]—the relation of which occupies the remainder of the work. The plot, in accordance with the prefatory statement, is very slight, too slight indeed to admit of analysis. Grace Oldcourt, the heroine, is a beautiful girl, brought up in the country, with no charms but those bestowed by nature, and no accomplishments but those acquired under the tuition of a catholic priest. She becomes the *belle* of the county, but repels all the advances of her rustic suitors. This brings us to the middle of the first volume, when Sir Walter D'Arcy, the possessor of an adjoining estate, becomes, in consequence of a fall from his horse, an inmate of the family. Leaving him under the care of the village Esculapius, our attention is next directed to the education, character, and history, of the young gentleman; the last of which, though recorded with much spirit and graphic skill, is not sufficiently striking to detain us. The character of D'Arcy, a profligate and libertine, yet possessing most of the redeeming traits of his country, is well sketched; but the history of his foster brother, the wild, brawling, but warm-hearted and faithful, Conolly, is the most pleasing portion of the work. In the third volume, we return to the family of the Oldcourts. D'Arcy, recovered from his accident, makes an offer of his hand to Grace, which is accepted, to the despair of Doran, her foster brother, who had unconsciously cherished a devoted attachment to her. His reason is affected, and he is confined in a lunatic asylum, whence he escapes on the morning of the bridal, and interrupts the marriage ceremony, by denouncing D'Arcy as the seducer of his sister. He fires a pistol at D'Arcy, which fails in its aim, and the unhappy young man expires in the chapel from the effects of poison which he had previously taken. The union between Grace and D'Arcy is broken off; the latter perishes in a duel with Barry Oldcourt, the brother of Grace; and the former retires to a convent. Such is the *story* of Oldcourt, perhaps its least attractive feature. The work is written in a bold, vigorous style, and abounds in admirable sketches of Irish character and feeling.

"*The Adventures of a King's Page, by the Author of 'Almack's Revisited,'*" in three volumes, offer as large a *quantum* of amusement as is usually to be met with in the pages of a fashionable novel; a class of literature with which the public, we humbly yet ardently hope, must be nearly satiated. The work abounds in lively, though not always very correct sketches of high life, splendid balls, routs, parties, masquerades, dresses, dinners, &c. The events are supposed to have occurred some twenty years since. This, with the introduction of several well-known characters of the present day, leads to many amusing anachronisms. The scenes lie in London, Paris, and Portugal; a campaign in the Peninsula having become an almost indispensable ingredient in a modern work of fiction. The story, which is of a romantic nature, is sufficiently ingenious, but too complicated, and involves too many characters and incidents for a compressed sketch. Briefly, Beverley, the hero, is the son of an English gentleman by the daughter of a French nobleman to whom he has been privately married. His birth takes place during the first violence of the Revolution; his father drowns himself in despair, at Rome; his mother is guillotined at

Paris; and he himself is brought up by his paternal grandfather, the Earl of Roxmere. At a suitable age an appointment is obtained for him as Page to George the Third, to whom, and to her Majesty Queen Charlotte, &c., he is introduced on Windsor Terrace. To this circumstance we are indebted for the title of the book. The page falls in love with Lucy Delmore, the daughter of a poor curate, and obtains his grandfather's consent to marry her, provided he will make no avowal of his attachment until after his return from abroad, whither he is proceeding with his regiment. However, on his return poor Lucy is forgotten, and he is inveigled, by a manœuvring mamma, into a marriage with her daughter, whose attachment to another man he discovers just on the eve of his intended nuptials. He quits England in disgust, and proceeds to the Peninsula; is taken prisoner by the French, escapes, is re-captured, marched to a French provincial town, and there, through the agency of the Prefect, in whom he recognises the person who had been instrumental to his mother's death, is thrown into prison. Here he remains three years, till liberated by the Russians. He returns to England—finds the Earl and Countess of Roxmere dead, and a stranger in possession of the title and estates to which he is heir. The law can render him no assistance, as no proofs can be advanced of the actual marriage of his father and mother. He is arrested for debt, liberated by the generosity of Lucy, to whom he renews his suit, and once more leaves England. By a miracle, almost, he encounters the priest who had united his parents, and who puts him in possession of the required documents. All is cleared up. For expedition's sake, the person, who had assumed the title of Earl of Roxmere, is found murdered on his own ground. Beverley, the lawful heir, is put in immediate possession, is married to Lucy, and the third volume closes with the christening of his son and heir.

"*D'Erbine, or the Cynic, in three volumes,*" is, we presume, the first attempt —and a very unsuccessful one it has proved—at novel writing on the part of its author. The first volume, wide as the poles asunder, in style, manner, and object, from the others, was written eight years since, and forms, with the second and third, the most incongruous mass of pretended delineations of fashionable life, literary criticism, moral and political discussion, improbable incident, and romantic and exaggerated character, that it is possible to conceive. The heroine, a fourth grace and a tenth muse, is chosen a member of the College of Milan, in return for which honour, she, at the ceremony of her inauguration, delivers an oration of twenty pages on history, literature, philosophy, &c. &c. A delightful *mélange* of French and Italian is called in to supply the deficiencies of our own weak and inexpressive language, which is quite inadequate to the demands of our modern novelists. Should the present fashion continue, we would recommend the proprietors of the circulating libraries, to furnish themselves, during the recess, with a supply of polyglott dictionaries, for the benefit of their subscribers, without which it will soon be impossible for the unlearned to understand an English work.

In No. XXIX., of our "Contemporary Poets and Writers of Fiction," devoted to Sir Walter Scott, at the commencement of the present volume, we have fully expressed our opinion respecting the general merits of "the new, the very beautiful, and exceedingly cheap edition of the Scotch novels," the publication of which had just then commenced with "Waverley, or 'tis Sixty Years since." Now, therefore, we have only to announce, in progress, the appearance of the first volume of "*Guy Mannering*"—the third volume of the series—which is, in every point, equal to its predecessors, in paper, print, and embellishments, with its full *quantum* of literary illustration, in the form of Introduction and notes, from the pen of the author. The engravings are, we think, more truly characteristic, than than those which were appropriated to "Waverley." There is much life and spirited effect in the vignette, designed by Kidd, and engraved by C. G. Cook, from the passage—"Jock moved on westward, by the end of the house, leading Mannering's horse by the bridle, and piloting with some dexterity, along the little path which bordered the formidable jaw-hole;" and Leslie's whole length of

the Dominie (from the burin of Duncan) when that famous personage "grinned like an ogre, swung his arms like the sails of a wind-mill, shouted 'Prodigious,' till the roof rang to his raptures," though not *prodigious* is *admirable*.

Keeping in view our promised intention of entering somewhat at length upon the subject, previously to the close of the present volume of La Belle Assemblee, we shall, just now, only report the appearance of Part XX. of "*The Animal Kingdom, described and arranged in Conformity with its Oganization, by the Baron Cuvier, Member of the Institute of France, &c.*," embracing additional descriptions, and much other original matter, by Edward Griffith, F.L.S. We are glad to perceive the regularity with which this valuable and important work is now published, as well as to notice the handsome style of its execution, graphically and typographically. Of the peacock, the turkey, the domestic cock and hen, with their respective habits, this division of the work contains the fullest and most satisfactory account that we have yet seen.

"*An Introduction to Systematical and Physiological Botany, illustrated with explanatory Engravings, by Thomas Castles, F. L. S., Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, &c.*," is an exceedingly well-arranged and useful elementary work, and as such, we have pleasure in recommending it to the attention of the student in this delightful and interesting science. It is divided into Eight Parts—History of Botany, presenting a succinct notice of the rise and progress of the science;—Elements of Botany—the Language of Botany—Linnæan Artificial System—the Linnæan Natural System—Jussieu's Natural System—Anatomy and Physiology of Plants—and the Harmonies of Vegetation. Numerous well executed plates illustrate the text, and a copious index to each part affords the means of instant reference to any point. The beauty of the letter-press, and general execution of the work, reflect credit on those engaged in its "getting up."

We have before us the second edition of a useful and judiciously arranged volume, entitled "*Simplicity of Health, exemplified by Hortator*;" in the title page of which it is announced, that Mr. Abernethy's character of the work "is inserted by his permission." The writer, in his prefix, observes, that, having requested Mr. Abernethy to look over his manuscript, that gentleman "kindly complied, and having read it, he said, '*Your suggestions and advice are, in general, judicious, and would, if acted upon, greatly contribute to the preservation of health.*'" This, perhaps, may be deemed a sufficient recommendation; but we venture to add, that the book has nothing to do with empiricism, or the quackery of medicine—that it lays down no professional mode of treatment for any specific disease—that it offers no collection of prescriptions or recipes, which, in nine instances out of ten, are, on application, more likely to fail than to succeed. The author's object is, professedly, "more to prevent than to cure," and, with that view, we think his book may be advantageously consulted in most families, and by most individuals.

To many readers, and to many travellers, a bulky volume is a formidable affair. To such we recommend, as very light and portable, "*The Englishman's Guide to Calais, and thence by the two Routes of Beauvais and Amiens, to Paris, including an Essay on Colloquies, and Extracts from Froissart's Chronicles, by James Albany, Esq.*" "The object of this little work," observes Mr. Albany, "is of a very humble and pretending nature. It is simply intended as a guide for the numerous individuals, who, during the summer and autumn, crowd the steam-packets from Dover and the Custom-house, most of whom resort to Calais merely on their way to Paris, but many of whom make it a temporary residence in lieu of an English Watering-Place."

We have here a long title to a little book; but is a very clever little book, and its title very accurately describes it contents:—"*An Epitome of the Game of Whist, Long and Short; consisting of an Introduction to the Mode of playing and scoring; the Laws of the Game essentially reformed; and Maxims for Playing, arranged on a New and Simple Plan, calculated to give rapid Proficiency to a Player of the dullest Perception and worst Memory: with Definitions of the Terms used, and a Table of Odds; by E. M. Arnaud.*"

This epitome is at once so simple, clear, and comprehensive, that it ought to supersede every other treatise on the subject. We strongly recommend it as a pocket companion to the novice, and also as a table of reference for the settlement of disputed points amongst players in general.

NEW MUSIC.

VOCAL.

" Lays and Legends of the Rhine," the Poetry by Planché, the Music by H. R. Bishop. Vol. 3rd.

We have seldom, in the course of our critical career, had occasion to bestow a more complete and unqualified approbation on any musical publication, than that which the First Number of this exquisite little work elicited from us. The design was attractive, and the execution both of the poetic and musical departments, left little to be desired. The antiquated harmonies of the concerted pieces in particular, assimilating so exactly with the old legendary ballads, exhibited the tact of the composer most favourably. It was natural that the editor should have selected the most striking specimens for his introductory volume, but the gradation in merit was very trifling between the first and second, and still less as respects the present volume.

The contents consist of " The last Lord of Roetzuns," a bold animated tenor solo. " The Switzer's Serenade," a pleasing pastoral, in 6/8 time. " The Rhinefalls," a splendid descriptive trio full of powerful harmonic effects. " Hauenstein," an elegant soprano solo, in the quiet style. " The drinking song of the Men of Basle," an air and chorus, or glee, full of Bacchanalian jollity. " The Curse of Imogen," a plaintive ballad in A minor, highly expressive. The last, " The Garden of Roses," is, in our opinion, the worst in the volume, both as regards originality of melody and expression of sentiment; but we must do it the justice to say, that had we met with it in less honourable company, it might have received a fair meed of approbation. We have only to add, that the lithographic embellishments are eminently beautiful, and very superior to the illustrations of any other musical work.

" O, Peaceful Valley," a Canzonet written by Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson, the Music by Wm. Carnaby, Mus. Doc.

Many years ago Dr. Carnaby, by his Song to Peace, and several other ballads, had acquired a very respectable reputation; but so long a period had elapsed since we had been favoured with any thing else of superior excellence, that we began to fear that the cares and anxieties of this bustling world, had driven away the timid muse. Inspired, however, by Mrs. Wilson's sweet stanzas, we find the Doctor entering the field with renewed energies, and, in the plaintive style, bearing all before him. " One hour with thee," was exquisitely tender, and the present ballad, though in a more subdued strain of feeling, possesses nearly equal merit. If we could imagine Beethoven's Adelaida simplified and divested of its modulations, there is something in this ballad that would approach very near it in style. The only fault we have to find is an occasional repetition of words which destroys the poetry, and is scarcely, under any circumstances, tolerable.

" Think on me," a Duet for two Sopranos, by Allen Lee.

" On to the Chase," a Glee for three voices, by J. Savage.

Mr. Lee's duet is of the very simplest construction, both as regards melody and blending the parts; the second, with few exceptions, runs in thirds or sixths, with the first in plain counterpoint: the melody, though most unpretending, is pleasing. " On to the Chase," is spirited, and exhibits some talent in the choice of the air; of the harmonization we cannot speak so favourably.

PIANO-FORTE.

Introduction and Variations for the Pianoforte on the Favourite Chorus " Nel Silenzio fra l'orror," by Henri Herz.

Rondo Brillant, sur un Air favori de la Niege, by ditto.

Both these pieces are of a high class, and tolerably difficult; some of the variations in the first are extremely ingenious, but all rather too complex to be satisfactory. We prefer the Rondo by many degrees; the Introduction is truly splendid: the subject, the well known air La Niege, is light and pleasing, and though the passages occasionally require a light and brilliant finger, they present no difficulties of a very appalling magnitude.

The Favourite Tyrolean Air, sang by Madame Malibran, arranged as a Rondo, for the Pianoforte, by Ch. Chaulieu.

Fleuve du Sage, varia par ditto.

Air Swiss, op. 28, varia par ditto.

Chaulieu is one of those new names which have just acquired a certain degree of fashion in England, will inundate us with pianoforte pieces for a twelvemonth, and then be no more: such are the whims of the English public. Mons. Chaulieu is, however, a man of considerable science and some taste, and deserves a better fate than we have by experience prognosticated for him. The Tyrolean and Swiss Airs are well arranged, they are adapted to performers of respectable proficiency, and are well worthy notice. The Fleuve du Sage is a theme possessing so little character, that we are not surprised at the want of interest which the variations excite.

THEATRICALS.

THE KING'S THEATRE.

Il Matrimonio Segreto must be regarded, upon the whole, as the most attractive representation of the season; but, notwithstanding the enthusiasm with which it was welcomed, this delightful opera was compelled, after a run of three nights, to give place to *Semiramide*, *Otello*, *&c.* This change of performance, the result of caprice, we conclude, on the part of the director, was productive of much disappointment.

On the 23d of July, a crowded assemblage of the lovers of Mozart—worshippers of *real* musical genius—were permitted to appreciate the splendid beauties of *Don Giovanni*. A change in the distribution of the characters took place upon the occasion, Mdlle. Blasis presenting herself as *Donna Anna*, while the bewitching Sontag appeared as *Zerlina*. Nothing can surpass the exquisite taste which characterised the beautiful performances of these delightful *artistes*. We have not space, however, to dwell upon their merits. Donzelli's *Ottavio* constituted a rich treat.

On the evening of Saturday, August 1, the establishment closed for the season with Cimarosa's opera—*Gli Orazj e Curiazj*, which had been produced with considerable *éclat* on the preceding Thursday. On these two evenings, Curioni evinced a determination to make amends for his wonted apathy, and sang with sufficient spirit to merit the applause with which his exertions were rewarded. Indeed the masterly execution of Donzelli, as the Roman champion, could not fail to infuse into his Alban rival a corresponding degree of enthusiasm. We must do Curioni the justice to remark, that we never before saw him make so energetic a display. Pisaroni, in the character of *Oratia*, succeeded, as she always does, in astonishing the audience. She played with singular judgment and effect. At the fall of the curtain the national anthem was sung by the principal performers, Mdlle. Blasis taking the solos.

Although M. Laporte is no very great favourite with us, we think that his exertions to interest his patrons have richly merited the most unqualified success. He has done more for the King's Theatre than any manager who has preceded him; but he, in common with many other foreigners, is impressed with ideas upon the subject of economy—somewhat singular ones we admit—which can never answer his expectations. From his connexion with Laurent, M. Laporte may probably be enabled to engage singers upon easier terms than any other manager could; but we know not whether he has remunerated his corps with his own money or with that of the public. The enormous rental of the Opera House is calculated to "weigh a royal lessee down." We cannot bring ourselves to imagine, that, under the most favourable circumstances, it can prove otherwise than a profitless speculation.

HAYMARKET.

The appearance of Mr. Liston has produced the expected results; all the sterling pieces of the theatre have been revived; authors have used their manuscripts for pillows, and have fallen to sleep for want of patronage; the public have fainted nightly with heat and ecstacy, and Mr. Liston—the be-all and the end-all of the scene—has exercised all the merriment of his magic upon whomsoever had ventured within his circle. He is (and it would be absurd and ungrateful to wish him otherwise, in spite of our rigid opinions regarding comedy)—he is the same as ever—or, rather, he is not the same as ever—he is richer, mellower, younger—and, if we were not fearful of offending him, we would say, handsomer—than ever. Whether it is an intentional or an unpremeditated acquirement we cannot say; but he grows a most gentlemanly genius. He throws an air of elegance about him wherever he can conveniently introduce it, that must have its proper effect in certain quarters, and produce him a number of admirers among the younger and more romantic part of his audience. As Braham is evidently and hourly hovering upon the borders of dramatic excellence, and has already taken up his degrees in the college of comedy—(and who knows where his ambition may stop? or whether *Hamlet* himself will satisfy his insatiable genius?)—surely it cannot be too unreasonable to suppose that the great Colossus of the comic tide may ultimately be seen stalking over the heights and hyperboles of tragedy: or, at least, seeing what we see, and feeling what we feel, viz. that time has no power over him, and that what would at first sight appear to be wrinkles upon his brow, are only dimples worn with laughter, we may be justified in our expectation, that he will one day or other trip before us a *Mercutio*, or a *Mirabel!* We have half-hinted our suspicion that he is growing handsomer—we wish to retract this expression as rash and inconsiderate—we will not do him the injustice to conceive him capable of degenerating into beauty, and are sensible that no alteration could be made in him that would not be infinitely to his and our disadvantage.

We think this prologue due to the appearance of so important a visitor, although he sojourns so short a time with us. His is but a flying call; and ere this shall have met the light, his glory will be hovering upon the skirts of darkness.

To speak in matter-of-fact terms, he has appeared in his usual train of characters with as much effect as in any former season, and has well merited the enthusiastic reeception he has experienced. Among his most successful efforts we must notice *Adam Brock*, for his appearance in which *Charles XIIth* has been revived at this house. In many respects, perhaps, we should consider this the happiest of his ten thousand efforts. It is not, we must admit, so extravagantly humorous, so almost painfully pleasant, as some of his elder or more recent drolleries; but this is its merit—it is character, not caricature. Highly as we have thought of this excellent, although popular actor, we were hardly aware until lately, that he possesses a power beyond what the world (it has been pretty liberal to him) has given him credit for; he can be natural without one tincture of extravagance. Henceforth, we will inquire the age of an actor before we estimate his merits. If he is under seventy, we shall opine that he has not arrived at years of dramatic discretion.

A very amusing farce, "from the French," entitled *The Happiest Day of my Life*, has been produced with strong claims to success. It is written by Mr. Buckstone, a gentleman, who has already distinguished himself, both as actor and author, at the Adelphi. It comprises a very clever satire upon match-making mothers, and that starched piece of silliness, a vulgar wedding. The prime humour of the piece turns upon the annoyances and disasters experienced by one *Mr. Gillman* upon his wedding-day—of course the happiest of his life; which commences with his seeing—imagine the horror of Liston's look—a gentleman walk out of the bride's room with the bride's gloves in his hand: those gloves for which he himself had given five and sixpence; and terminates with his being entangled in a duel, and accused of a wife and an appropriate number of children. In all this, as may be conceived, there is much matter for Liston, who fails not to make the most of it. His admiration of his dress—his concern on account of the band which he had forgotten to hire—his jealousy of his wife's cousin, and his awe of his wife's mother (that important item on a wedding-day)—but, above all, his dismay on being suspected of bigamy—are rendered irresistibly ludicrous. We must not, however, forget Mrs. Glover on this occasion. Her delineation of the canting, crying, common-place, "prudent, excellent" mother, was in admirable keeping. Her advice to her daughters upon matrimonial government was most sagely spoken —*Polonius* could not have exceeded it; and her tears and lamentations at parting with a daughter "so excellently provided for," were as comical as can be conceived. Mrs. Humby, as the bride, came before us in all the charms of white satin, so that we cannot well be angry with her; still we wish for some slight variety—we wish her to be the same, but with a difference—we desire to see some trifling modification of that eternal monotony of features, tone, air, and action. We admit that they are (almost) the most delightful things in the world, but then we have seen them so *very* often. Let us have a simplicity that is really simple, and a smile that will not remind us of the mirth of an automaton.

The language of this laughable farce is airy and agreeable; and the incidents are so well disposed, that the bustle amidst which the curtain rises, scarcely once ceases till its fall.

ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.

Novelties tread upon each other's heels, at this house, in such perpetual succession, that we hardly know whether it would be better to give a mere list of their titles (if we could find space for them) or to confine our remarks to any one piece that may seem to merit them most. These rapid changes may be sport to the public, but they are death to us; they come, it is true, like shadows, but they leave a long line of substantial labours behind them.

The "first and fairest" of this bright issue of the manager, is entitled *The Witness*. We do not at this moment recollect a piece more crowded with horrors on the one hand, or more animated and agreeable on the other. There is a profusion of the painful and perplexing in it it is true; we do not like matters carried quite so far as the mysteries in this order of pieces usually are; but it is clever of its kind. It has one grand merit at least: it affords to Miss Kelly one more opportunity of trying the strength of that extraordinary power which, above any actress of her day, she possesses over the sympathies and sensibilities of an audience. The *Witness* himself is rather a curious personage: being no other than the ghost of a gentleman, appearing, like another King of Denmark, to his son, and denouncing his murderer, who was not a brother but a friend. The son, *Frank Elton*, is attached to *Catherine Henderson*, the daughter of the supposed murderer; who, on her father being arraigned for the crime, becomes a prey to the most conflicting and terrible passions—between love for the accuser, and duty and devotion to the accused. In this and other scenes, the acting of Miss Kelly was characterized by the truest feeling and fervency, by a deep, yet familiar acquaintance with the winding ways of passion, and an intense and unvarying subjection to the inspired workings of nature. The ghost, however, in the last scene declares himself; he is indeed no less than the

supposed dead gentleman himself, who had escaped the fate intended for him, and had personated his own spirit for a particular purpose. The innocent murderer is of course acquitted, and the youthful sufferers by this parental tragedy, are left to enjoy the sweets of mutual forgiveness and affection.

In addition to the deep interest — which amounted sometimes to a sense of suppressed pain and insurmountable awe—cast into the piece by the powers of Miss Kelly, we must notice the able delineation of *Henderson* by Mr. J. Vining, and the animated, and, in some parts, excellent performance of *Frank Elton*, by Mr. Perkins, an actor who has lately started into light, we hardly know how or whence. But how could we pass Keeley all this time without a word? Spirit of fun forgive us! He plays in this piece a character of the old mould, which he contrives to make as novel as if we had never seen it before; and Mrs. K. so improves upon the example of risibility, set by one whom she dares not disobey, that the horrors of the ghost die off in a laughing chorus.

Some pleasant, but by no means remarkable music, is scattered through the scenes of this piece, which will, we have no doubt, take its run among the successful melodrames of the house.

A rather extraordinary *mélange*, entitled *The Spring Lock*, has been produced; but we must defer our notice until next month.

FINE ARTS' EXHIBITIONS, &c.

Sustaining its full attraction to the last, the British Institution terminated its summer season on the 29th of August. Amongst the exhibitions still open for the gratification of unfortunate loungers in town, and almost equally unfortunate visitors, at this period of the year, the enjoyments of which have been sadly damped by the tears of St. Swithin, are the Diorama in the Regent's Park, the Cosmorama in Regent Street, Carpenter's Grand Microscopical Display, also in Regent Street, and Thom's mirth-inspiring Tam O'Shanter and the Souter, in Bond Street. Carew's noble groups of Venus and Vulcan, Adonis and the Boar, and Arethusa, have been somewhat prematurely restored to the gallery of Lord Egremont, for which they were originally destined, in consequence of the pulling down of the building in which they were exhibited at Charing Cross.

Scotland, it appears, is likely to become eminent for the production of sculptors. Mr. Lough, whose labours were on view a year or two since, has lately completed the model of a statue of David, at the instant after he is supposed to have slung the stone—a bust of the Countess of Buckinghamshire, to be executed in marble—and a monument to the memory of the late Dr. Middleton, Bishop of Calcutta. Report also speaks of a group of Ajax defending Patroclus, by a Scotch artist. Of this we shall probably know more hereafter.

FINE ARTS' PUBLICATIONS, &c.

Portrait of the King.—A whole-length portrait of His Majesty, in the robes of the garter, from the original picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A., presented by the King to the city of Dublin, has just been published by Mr. Martin Colnaghi. This noble effort of Sir Thomas's pencil has been termed the official portrait, from the circumstance that copies of the painting, not fewer than thirty in number, have been presented to the principal sovereigns of Europe, to His Majesty's Ambassadors, to Governors General, to the University of Oxford, to the late Pope, &c. The copy which has been placed in the Vatican is, we believe, considered to be the finest. The engraving is in mezzotinto, on steel, by Mr. Hodgetts, and will not fail of being appreciated as one of the most splendid *chefs-d'œuvre* of art. The force, the spirit, and the depth of tone in which the whole is executed—the dazzling brilliancy of its lights —the clearness and sharpness, yet softness and delicacy of all its details, are calculated at once to surprise and delight the beholder. Of all the portraits of the sovereign that we have seen, this is unquestionably the most beautiful, the most splendid, the most magnificent.

Great Britain Illustrated.—We have seen the first twelve numbers of a work, in quarto, entitled "Great Britain Illustrated; a Series of Original Views of the Principal Towns, Public Buildings, and Remarkable Antiquities in the United Kingdom, from Drawings by William Westall, A.R.A., engraved by E. Finden, with Descriptions by Thomas Moule, Author of the Bibliotheca Heraldica." From the spirited effectiveness of its general execution, as well as from its extreme cheapness—each number, at the price of one shilling, comprising four views, and as many pages of descriptive letter-press—it is impossible that this work should not be successful, as it deserves to be, to an extraordinary extent. With Mr. Finden, in the engraving, we find associated E. Francis, S. Rawle, W. Taylor, E. Benjamin, and J. and E. Fife. Some of the plates, it must be allowed, are occasionally, in parts, rather stiff and hard, requiring softening and toning down; but, with reference to the cost, they are surprisingly firm and clear, fresh, and distinct. The accompanying descriptions are very fair, as far as they go; but, if the nature of the work would bear it, we should like to see some of them on a more extended scale.

Melanges of the Month.

The King's Birthday.

The king completed his 67th year on the 12th of August, and the day was celebrated at Windsor with more than usual demonstrations of rejoicing. His Majesty, accompanied by the Marquis of Conyngham, and his suite, drove to Snow Hill, to lay the foundation of an equestrian statue to the memory of the late king, to be completed in a twelvemonth. The stone forming the basement of the equestrian statue, is a block of granite, weighing four tons. On it is engraved: —*Georgio tertio patri optimo Georgius Rex.* Mr. Westmacott, the sculptor, and the Mayor of Windsor, were in attendance. The king addressed these gentlemen individually; and having received from Mr. Westmacott, the mallet, performed the ceremony of laying the stone, at the same time using the following expression:— "I, George the Fourth, do this in remembrance of George the Third." At the close of the ceremony, his Majesty addressed several of the inhabitants, in friendly and familiar terms, and bowing to the ladies, stepped into his phaeton amid great cheering. His Majesty was dressed in a blue coat with velvet collar, white drill trousers, and light Wellington boots, with a drab beaver hat, destitute of binding. It was ornamented with a broad riband as a band, and worn in quite a *dégagé* manner, on one side of the head. His Majesty appeared in excellent health, and particularly high spirits.

The Monthly Magazine.

It rarely happens that our attention is much interested in the contents of rival or contemporary periodicals; but, of late, we have been struck with the *quantum* and variety of talent displayed in the old *Monthly Magazine*, a work which, it is evident, has experienced a complete revolution in all its parts. On the politics of this, or of any other publication, we, of course have no opinion to offer; suffice it therefore to say, that the political strictures of *The Monthly Magazine*, which are on the high church and state side of the question, are most powerfully and eloquently written. Its tales of romance, sketches of character, &c. evince a force and splendour of imagination rarely equalled; and its critical reviews of new books, and notices of works of art, display soundness of judgment and purity of taste, combined with a liberal yet severe impartiality. Superadded to its other merits is that of cheapness; the *Monthly Magazine* being the only publication of its class—the only *London Magazine* that can now be obtained at a moderate price.

The Wild Peacock.

In brilliancy of plumage the wild peacock stands unrivalled among the feathered race. Vainly should we attempt to put any other species in competition with him in these attributes of magnificence; no species can rival him, and if we could venture to set a limit to the boundless riches with which nature can clothe the animated creation, we might be tempted, under this point of view, to consider the wild peacock as the *chef-d'ouvre* of her productions, the union of every various external beauty, the *ne plus ultra* of splendour. We find in his incomparable robe, united, all the brilliant colours that we admire separately in other birds; we find all that glistens in the rainbow, and sparkles in the mine,—the azure tints of heaven, and the emerald of the fields. — *Cuvier's Animal Kingdom, Part XX. New Edition.*

Autographs.

Among the names which are at present best known as the possessors of extensive collections, are those of John L. Anderdon, Esq. which is particularly rich in original letters of distinguished foreigners, and has become of great extent by the conjunction of several entire collections; Dawson Turner, Esq. F.R.S., and S.A., of Yarmouth; J. B. Williams, Esq. F.S.A. of Shrewsbury, the author of the Lives of the Rev. Matthew and Philip Henry; John Wild, Esq. of the Albany, whose miscellaneous volumes are appropriately enriched with portraits; Miss Hutton, of Birmingham, daughter of the well known historian of that town; the Rev. Dr. Raffles, and Thomas Thompson, one of the Society of Friends, (possessing a very extensive and highly interesting series of papers illustrative of the history of the Society to which he belongs, as well as copies of Junius's Letters, and Clarkson's History of the Slave Trade, enriched by autographs and portraits), both at Liverpool; the Rev. Robert Bolton, and Mr. Peter Benwell, both at Henley-on-Thames; Charles Britiffe Smith, Esq. very complete in musical characters; Mr. Jewer Henry Jewer, of Kentish Town; Mr. Edward Skegg, of the Adelphi, very complete in Franks in various Parliaments; Mr. Mathews, the comedian, and Mr. Winston, late stage manager at Drury Lane Theatre, both very extensive, and comprising materials, original and valuable, for a complete history of the English stage; and Lord William Fitzroy should be mentioned as the possessor of the most extensive series of Franks of both Houses of Parliament, chronologically arranged from the time of Charles II. to the present day; whilst the very voluminous collection of Mr. William Upcott, of the London Institution, is decidedly unrivalled, not only for its magnitude, but for its utility and the style of its illustration, and has been the happy means of preserving and making known to the world some historic records of the highest value.—*Autographs of Royal and Noble Personages.*

Sir Humphrey Davy.

It is not unamusing to remark, that, in a memoir of Mr. Davy, published about the year 1809, we find the following advertisement-like paragraph:—"To such of our readers as have not as yet seen him, we beg leave to observe, that the professor exactly resembles other men, affecting nothing rude, vulgar, or extravagant, either in his person or address; and to the ladies, in particular, it would be unpardonable to omit, that he is still unmarried. He possesses great ani-

mal spirits, is gay, conversible, destitute of the jargon of science, the common refuge of little minds; has a pleasing face, a good address, a person rather slender, and is from thirty-two to thirty-four years of age." Whether it were in consequence of this "gentle hint," we know not; but, in the year 1811, Mr. Davy became attached to Mrs. Apreece, a widow of large fortune, and, in 1812, he made that lady his wife. —*Monthly Magazine.*

Lady Morgan.

The celebrated Lady Morgan visited yesterday the archives of the kingdom. M. M. Cor-Sarthe, secretary-general, and Alexandre le Noble, one of the historiographers of this noble establishment, had, in the absence of the keeper-general, the honour to conduct this lady through the institution. She appeared highly pleased with the chart of Childebert upon the bark of a tree; and with an immense roll of parchment, shewing the genealogy of the world from the creation to the period of its date, which is the fourteenth century. M. Alexandre le Noble, the young and skilful archæologist, explained the different objects to Lady Morgan. Before she left the Palais des Archives, she saw the famous iron cupboard in which are contained many treaties of peace with the Kings of England, the keys of the Bastile, the model, in platina, of the *mètre* and of the *kilo*, the autograph will of Louis XVI., &c. &c. Lady Morgan was accompanied by Sir Charles Morgan, and the beautiful Miss Sidney Clark, her niece. Several members of the Chamber of Deputies, some literary men, and many of the most celebrated artists were present.—*Paris, July* 15.

Lusus Naturæ.

A Jew, in 1802, exhibited for money, at Posen, in Poland, a hen, with a human face, which was hatched in a farm, near Wryesnier, and which he had received in payment of a small debt. He declared that another chicken, altogether similar, had been in the same brood, but that it died soon after its birth. The animal which he exhibited, and which I have myself seen, was alive, and in excellent health. It had attained its full size, for it was more than a year old. Its body was covered with feathers of different colours, and it resembled other hens in every respect, except the head; this was of the usual size, but denuded of feathers, and covered with a blueish skin. The cavities of the eyes were completely formed like those of human eyes; they were surmounted by two small arches of down, which formed very regular eyebrows. The upper part of the bill was shorter than usual; it had but one blunted point, and the nostrils were underneath it; so that, although it was horn, it presented the perfect resemblance of a very well-made nose; below this nose was a very regular mouth, with lips; two rows of very white teeth, close and pointed, and a rounded tongue, completed this most extraordinary *lusus naturæ.* This resemblance to a human countenance had something in it extremely disagreeable, and even horrid; but it was perfect, and had no need of the assistance of imagination to be recognised.—*Cuvier's Animal Kingdom.*

Pleasures of Imagination.

It is a pleasant thing to sit in the creative twilight of an autumnal evening, in the ruined strength of some ancient castle, when the season and hour seem gently to acquiesce in your feelings, and to sadden while you moralize upon the downfal of the strong—it is then pleasant, I say, above all pleasant things, to bid that jewel of a pyrotechnist, the imagination, light up the scene with the splendour of chivalry and beauty—to lean from the lofty gallery over the dazzling festival—to listen to the daring vows of the youthful aspirants, "before the peacock and the ladies," while they bind the golden chain that a valiant deed must loosen; or to watch the heaving of the noble and gentle bosom, and the softened lustre of the downcast eye, "struggling through tears unbidden," as the high-born maiden, half in fear and half in love, turns from the glittering pledge that devotes her faithful knight, or the brother of her heart, to glory or the grave; while high above the splendid scene, the gallant minstrel, blending poetry and music into a lofty harmony, invokes immortal fame upon the beautiful and the brave.—*Monthly Magazine.*

Accomplishments of Olden Times.

The following, from a newspaper of 1691, forms a curious contrast to a modern teacher's advertisement.—"About forty miles from London is a schoolmaster; has had such success with boys, as there are almost forty ministers that were his scholars. His wife also teaches girls lace-making, plain work, raising paste, sauces, and cookery to the degree of exactness. Her price is ten pounds, or eleven, the year, with a pair of sheets and one spoon, to be returned, if desired. Coaches and other conveniences pass every day, within half a mile of the house; and it is but an easy day's journey to or from London."

Cock-fighting.

It is remarkable enough that some of the most worthless and imbecile of the English princes have been, precisely, the greatest encouragers of this sport. Henry the Eighth established a cock-pit; James the First delighted in the amusement; and it was a favourite recreation of his profligate grandson, Charles the Second. To compensate for this, we have the example of our glorious third Edward, who prohibited cock-fighting, under severe penalties; and of Oliver Cromwell, who, whatever his political or religious adversaries may have objected to him, was neither a coward, a fool, nor a tyrant.—*Cuvier's Animal Kingdom.*

Portrait Painting.

The attention of the artist and the amateur has recently been called to a painting of singular merit, at Mr. Colnaghi's, of Cockspur-street, the publisher of the *Proof Portraits of the British Female Nobility*, in La Belle Assemblee. The painting alluded to is a portrait of Mr. Farren (an eminent solicitor in Dublin) by Richard Rothwell, R.H.A. It is one of the most natural and unsophisticated productions of the time. Nor are simplicity and truth its only qualities. The composition, the drawing, the

colouring, the effect, the expression, and the execution are all admirable. The resemblance to the original is also, we understand, very striking. Mr. Rothwell, though quite a young man, is in high favour with the nobility and gentry of Ireland; and we are led to hope, that, ere long, the engravers for LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE will be employed on some of the most splendid productions of his pencil.

The Life of Trees.

Where I stood, perhaps the foot of a civilized being had never before trodden. I contemplated a vegetative world, following, in regions of unlimited space, the laws of creation and maturity, and then sinking in every stage of natural decay, till all mingled again with its parent earth. Here a tree lay prostrate on the ground, perfect in its form, and covered with thick moss. Attempt but to pass it, and the feet sink deep in rotten wood, while the strength of an infant's arm might scatter its vast yielding bulk, in dust, over the land. There what *was* a giant pine, now a low green mound, sunken by gentle degrees to the very level of the earth, recalled to the mind the time, when, after a few more short years, all remaining traces of its existence should be obliterated, till, like those which in preceding ages had passed away, it should become confounded together and mixed with the soil. The varying duration of animal life, the return of seasons, the orbits of the planets, even the eccentric course of comets, become defined, and familiarized with our ideas of time, by the inquiring spirit and science of man; but the tree still rears its head toward the heavens in defiance of his research, while tradition and conjecture alone mark the span of its existence. Generations after generations of the human race have fallen, one after another into the grave, and yet, in this enlightened age, where is the man who can count the years of the gnarled oak? Can he mark the day when it burst its acorn with much more certainty than he could define the period when each stream and river first bubbled from the caverns of the earth? How grand is the design of nature presented to the view in these profound forests of North America!—*Head's Forest Scenes.*

Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

John Soane, Esq. R. A. has presented £1,000 towards erecting a monument to the memory of his H.R.H. the late Duke of York.

The King of Prussia has presented Auber with a rich snuff-box, as a token of his admiration of the music of *La Muette de Portici.*

Gurney's steam-carriage now goes at the rate of ten miles an hour, and is managed with perfect ease. The expense of 100 miles, exclusive of the engineer's wages, is only 16*s.* 8*d.*

A poor man, an inhabitant of Leeds, has invented a new carriage, which, when completed, will, *without either horse or steam power,* run upon a rail-road at the speed of from eighteen to twenty miles an hour, with sixteen or eighteen passengers; and, upon a highway, at from twelve to fifteen miles per hour, with six or eight passengers.

A gig, calculated to run at the rate of one mile in six minutes, and carry three passengers, on a good coach-road, drawn by a wooden horse, by the effects of mechanism, has been exhibited. This extraordinary piece of machinery may be guided in any direction by a single rein attached to the horse's mouth, and gains its power by the force of the hind legs being lifted up exactly in the same manner as a horse in full trot.—*Macclesfield Courier.*

A high-pressure steam-engine, forming a complete working model, has been constructed at Bradford, the cylinder of which is only one-sixteenth part of an inch in diameter, and the whole weight of the engine is only one ounce! It is perfect in all its parts, and works with as much precision as any engine of ten-horse power.

To clean old monuments, scrub them with a brush dipped in water sharpened with hydrochloric acid—twelve ounces of the acid to twelve French pints of water.

By removing the flowers from the potatoe plant, as soon as they are fully blown, the quantity of the crop of the potatoe is said to be increased one-fourth.

At the last exhibition of the Horticultural Society at Courtrai, nine pears of the *bons-chrétiens* species were exhibited, which weighed from sixteen to seventeen French ounces each; a Colmar pear weighed one pound and a half; and an English rennet one pound and two ounces.

A house belonging to a barber, has been recently discovered at Herculaneum. The shop, the furniture, the benches on which the citizens sat, the stove, and even the pins employed in the ladies' head-dresses, were found in high preservation.

Works in the Press, &c.

A Picture of Australia, embodying in a small compass, all that is known of the present state of New Holland, and Van Diemen's Land.

The Comic Annual, by the Author of Whims and Oddities.

By Mr. Bernays, a History of Germany, from the earliest Period to the present Time.

By Mr. Swan, a Demonstration of the Nerves of the Human Body, founded on the Subjects of the two Collegial Anatomical Prizes adjudged to him by the Royal College of Surgeons.

An Account of the Early Reformation in Spain, and the Inquisition, from the French, by the late Dr. A. F. Ramsay, with a Memoir of the Translator.

Tales of an Indian Camp, by J. A. Jones, Esq.

Stories of Waterloo.

A Flora of British North America, with Figures of nondescript or rare Species, by William Jackson Hooper, LL.D.

By Captain Brown, Biographical Sketches and Authentic Anecdotes of Horses; with a Historical Introduction, and an Appendix on the Diseases and Medical Treatment of the Horse. It is to be illustrated by Figures of the different Breeds, and Portraits of celebrated or remarkable Horses.

The Private Correspondence of David Garrick, Esq., with the most Eminent Persons of his Times.

BIRTHS.—MARRIAGES.—DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

Of Sons.—Lady Georgiana Stuart Wortley.—The Hon. Mrs. Beaumont.—The lady of the Hon. Edward G. Stanley, M. P.—The lady of Sir T. S. Pasley, Bart.—The lady of the Right Hon. Robert Peel.—The lady of the Right Hon. Leslie Melville.—The lady of Sir W. B. Cooke, Bart.—The Hon. Mrs. Milles.—The Countess of Guilford.

Of Daughters.—The Marchioness of Sligo.—The Hon. Mrs. Henry Montagu.—Mrs. Henry Pester.—Lady Harriet Paget.—Lady Georgiana Mitford.—The lady of Lieut.-Col. Ferguson.—Lady Elcho.—The lady of the Rev. J. W. Worthington.—The lady of Captain Basil Hall, R. N.—The Hon. Lady Forbes.—Lady Charlotte Lane Fox.

MARRIAGES.

At Melton Mowbray, F. Grant, Esq., to Miss I. E. Norman, niece of the Duke of Rutland.

At Cheltenham, G. B. Arbuthnot, Esq., eldest son of the late Bishop of Killaloe, to Harriette Louisa, youngest daughter of the late J. M. Ormsby, Esq.

Sir R. Hunter, to Miss Dulany, of Brighton.

At Wimbledon, A. A. Park, Esq., second son of the Hon. Mr. Justice Park, to Mary Frances, daughter of the late G. Brown, Esq., of Russell Square.

At Morville, Shropshire, R. Throckmorton, Esq., nephew of Sir C. Throckmorton, Bart., to Miss Acton, only daughter of the late Sir J. and sister of the present Sir F. R. Acton, Bart.

At St. George's, Hanover Square, the Hon. Philip Stourton, to Catherine, eldest daughter of Henry Howard, of Corby Castle, Esq.

At St. George's, Hanover Square, John Hampden, Esq., to Mary Georgiana, daughter of the late Edward Filmer, Esq.

At St. George's, Hanover Square, J. Bishton, Esq., of Bruton Street, and of Ruckley, Shropshire, to Anne, only daughter of the late C. Wright, Esq.

At Devonshire House, the Hon. William Cavendish, M. P., to Lady Blanche Howard, daughter of the Earl of Carlisle.

At St. George's, Hanover Square, T. H. Broadhead, Esq., to Charlotte Godolphin, only daughter of Lord Francis Godolphin Osborne.

At Cheltenham, W. C. Lambert, Esq., of the Temple, to Georgiana Charlotte, third daughter of Col. Norcott, C. B.

W. Allen, Esq., of the Glen, Peebleshire, to Elizabeth Wormald, eldest daughter of B. Gott, Esq., of Armley House, Yorkshire.

At the Castle, Edinburgh, L. Currie, jun., to Caroline Christiana, fourth daughter of Lieut.-Gen. Hay.

D. C. Macreight, Esq., to Caroline, daughter of the late Sir W. Paxton, of Middleton Hall, Carmarthenshire.

At Cambridge House, the Hon. Captain H. Ramsden, to the Hon. Miss Frederica Law.

Sir F. A. Mackenzie, Bart., to Caroline, eldest daughter of J. S. Wright, Esq., of Bulcote Lodge, Nottinghamshire.

At St. George's, Hanover Square, the Duke of Buccleugh, to Lady Charlotte Thynne, third daughter of the Marquess of Bath.

At Oxford, J. S. Duncan, Esq., M. A., Senior Fellow of New College, and Keeper of the Ashmolean Museum, to Jemima Agnes, eldest daughter of the late G. Welsh, Esq., of Leek House, Lancashire.

In Portman Square, the Hon. E. Petre, to the Hon. Laura Jerningham, fourth daughter of Lord Stafford.

At Kennington, Major-General Newbery, to Margaret, relict of the Rev. Inigo Jones.

DEATHS.

In York Terrace, Regent's Park, Sir Henry Chamberlain, Bart.

The Rev. Henry Hall, Vicar of Sherborne, Hampshire.

Aged 84, John Parke, the celebrated hautboy player.

At Abingdon, Berkshire, aged 65, Mr. Baron Hullock.

The infant daughter of the Hon. Edward Stafford Jerningham.

At Cheltenham. Lieut. G. Patrickson.

M. Macqueen, Esq., M. D., of Rigdmont House, Bedfordshire.

At Teignmouth, Devonshire, Mrs. C. Boscawen, youngest daughter of the late Hon. General Boscawen.

At Hampstead, Rear Admiral, Sir J. A. Wood, C. B.

Mrs. Caroline Gunby, aged 103.

At Carshalton, Harriet, wife of Captain Murray, R. N.

Mrs. Moore, relict of H. Moore, Esq., M. P.

At Bayham Abbey, the Marchioness of Camden.

At Rolvenden, aged 98, John Henry, Esq., Admiral of the Red.

Aged 84, the Right Rev. Dr. James O'Shaughnessy, Catholic Bishop of Killaloe.

At Mountfield, Sussex, the Rev. W. Carter, D. D.

The Lady of Sir C. Lorraine, Bart.

At Framlingham, Suffolk, aged 73, Dr. E. Good.

At Dawlish, Col. B. Chapman.

Jane, relict of Lieut.-Gen. H. Innes.

Jane Sophia, wife of Captain H. Hope, R. N.

At Leamington, the Rev. T. W. Northmore, Vicar of Winterton, Lincolnshire.

At Epping, aged 62, Lieut.-Gen. H. Conran.

At Cheltenham, Mrs. Ann Stroud, aged 103.

At Plymouth, Eliza, wife of Lieut.-Colonel Morse.

Near Aberdeen, R. Hamilton, LL.D.

In Bedford Square, Charles Warren, Esq., Chief Justice of Chester.

John Reeves, Esq., the parent of the Loyal Associations.

La Belle Assemblée,

OR

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES, No. LVIII., FOR OCTOBER, 1829.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

A Portrait of The Right Honourable LADY ANNE BECKETT, engraved by WRIGHT, from a Miniature by Mrs. MEE.

An elegant whole-length Portrait Figure, in an Evening Dress.

An elegant whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Home Costume.

An elegant whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Promenade Dress.

An elegant whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Dinner Party Dress.

An elegant whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Child's Dress for the Promenade.

LITERARY CONTENTS.

TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have the pleasure of announcing the receipt of a Tale, entitled "*Loved and Hated*," by Miss JEWSBURY, of Manchester.

"*Desperate Affection*" is very carelessly and incorrectly written—the diction, even if corrected and polished, is not in accordance with modern taste; the narrative is overwhelmed by a tedious minuteness of detail; and the subject itself is of a dark, gloomy, and revolting character. Under other circumstances, however, we shall be glad to hear again from the writer.

"F. M. Esq." shall hear from us, as requested.

Excepting to the object of its address, a "*Birth-Day Remembrance*" would occupy a space widely disproportioned to its interest.

"A. E. M." will perceive that we have availed ourselves of his prose communication. His "*Stanzas*" were duly received, and will appear at some future opportunity.

Some agreeable trifles have reached us, from the pen of T. W. KELLY, Author of "*Myrtle Leaves*," &c.

We take leave to intimate to the author of "*Matilda's Unconscious Elopement*," that, in these "piping times of peace," we have no desire to hear of "war's rude alarms," &c.

In a very early No. "*Lines, suggested by walking through an Ancient Gothic Church*;" by "Mrs. BRAY," Author of "*De Foix*," "*The White Hoods*," "*The Protestant*," &c.

Quite impossible to find room for 300 *blank* verses upon "*Mountains and Rivers!*"

"*The Blind*"—"*Adieu!*"—"*The Rain*," &c., by SUSANNA STRICKLAND, are all in reserve. Her "*Hours*," we trust, will not move heavily.

We have seen a better version of "*The Beggar and his Dog*" than that by W. B. It is not *every* reader of LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE that would sympathize with the writer's *warmth*.

We shall, if possible, insert "*La Rosière de Suresne*" next month.

"*The Elopement*" indicates talent; but it is on a scale too much extended for LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE; and, in other respects, it is not altogether unobjectionable.

PRINTED BY SHACKELL AND BAYLIS, JOHNSON'S-COURT, FLEET-STREET.

OCTOBER, 1829.







THE RT. HON. LADY ANNE BECKETT.

Engraved by [illegible] from an original Miniature by [illegible].

The [illegible] of the Series of the Female Portraits

Published by Whittaker & Co. [illegible] La Belle Assemblée [illegible] 1828

The Proofs by M. Colnaghi [illegible] Street

LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE,

FOR OCTOBER, 1829.

ILLUSTRATIVE MEMOIR OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LADY ANNE BECKETT.

If antiquity, if intellect, if patriotic service can reflect honour, Lady Anne Beckett must be regarded as the member of a family than which few, if any, can be mentioned as sustaining a more elevated rank in public estimation. She is a Lowther; and it is known that the Lowthers are of immemorial standing in the county of Westmorland — that, in instances innumerable, the name has been distinguished by talent of the highest order—and that, for centuries, in the field and in the senate, they have shed lustre upon the annals of their country.

In our Memoir of Lady Lucy Eleanor Lowther*—daughter of the late, and sister of the present Earl of Harborough, and wife of the Hon. Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Cecil Lowther, second son of the Earl of Lonsdale, and brother of Lady Anne Beckett—we have given so interesting a sketch, historical and genealogical, of Lady Anne's ancestors, that we shall here content ourselves with an exceedingly brief notice.—Her Ladyship is the fourth daughter of the Right Hon. William Lowther, second and present Earl of Lonsdale, in the county of Westmorland; Viscount and Baron Lowther, of Whitehaven, in the county of Cumberland; a Baronet of England and Nova Scotia; K.G.; F.S.A.; Lord Lieutenant of the counties of Cumberland and Westmorland; Recorder of Carlisle; a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Army, &c. Her mother, the Countess of Lonsdale, was the Lady Augusta Fane, daughter of John, late Earl of Westmorland, by his first Countess, Augusta, daughter of Lord Montagu Bertie, son of Robert, first Duke of Ancaster; consequently, her Ladyship is cousin, by the maternal side, to the beautiful and accomplished Countess of Jersey, daughter of the present Earl of Westmorland.†

Lady Anne Lowther was born in the year 1788, and, on the 20th of January, 1817, she was married to the Right Hon. John Beckett, Lord Advocate General, eldest son of Sir John Beckett, Bart., to whose title and estates he has since succeeded. Sir John's father—John Beckett, of Leeds, in the county of York, and of Somerby Park, in the county of Lincoln, Esq.—was created a Baronet on the 2d of November, 1813. He had married, in 1774, Mary, daughter of the Right Rev. Christopher Wilson, Lord Bishop of Bristol; and by that lady he had a family of eight children. He died on the 18th of September, 1826, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Sir John, the present Baronet, husband of the lady whose portrait we have now the honour of introducing into our Picture Gallery of Britain's Female Nobility.

* Accompanied by an exquisite portrait.—*Vide* La Belle Assemblee, Vol. I. page 231.

† For an admirable portrait of the Right Hon. Sarah Sophia, Countess of Jersey, from a miniature by G. Hayter, M.A.S.L., *vide* La Belle Assemblee, Vol. III. page 93.

THE FAMILY LIBRARY.

It is to be lamented that, in this country, the wise and the good, in religion, in politics, and in morals, are less easily excited to action than are those of an opposite character. Yes, deeply is it to be lamented, that the party which embraces three-fourths of the talent as well as of the integrity of England, requires to be not only stimulated, but goaded and driven into an exertion of their powers. Secure — falsely secure — in their own strength, nothing short of the actual presence of evil, in its most imposing, most threatening form, can awaken them to a sense of danger, can induce them to adopt precautionary measures for safety. Rather than bar the door against the lion, they would allow him to enter, that they might display their prowess, and enjoy the triumph of expelling him. It is, as we have said, only by the actual presence of evil—threatening, terrific, appalling evil—that they can be urged to adopt a right course. Thus, it was not until after the appearance of that deeply envenomed serpent, The Edinburgh Review, now expiring beneath the Ithuriel spear of truth, that The Quarterly Review was thought of, by way of antidote; it was not until after the vigorous birth and progress of that anomalous institution, The British and Foreign Bible Society, that the dying embers of The Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge were raked together, and a new blaze enkindled; it was not until after the machinery of the London College was in full play, that the friends of the Establishment, in Church and State, were impressed with a sense of the necessity of founding and establishing a Royal College in aid of the national religion, and to check the spread of infidelity and political disaffection; and we shrewdly suspect that, had it not been for the meditated publication of a work of an opposite tendency, from an opposite quarter, we should never have had to congratulate ourselves and the nation on possessing so valuable a succession of volumes as *The Family Library* now bids fair to furnish us with.

That, in each of the instances cited, evil has been productive of good, is a position, the truth of which we shall not contest; but we can perceive no valid reason why we might not have been put into possession of *all* the good, without being subjected to *any portion* of the evil. To Mr. Murray, however, all classes of the public are deeply indebted for the publication of *The Family Library;* a work—or rather series of works—which, while it is sufficiently handsome for the magnificent library of a palace, is sufficiently cheap for the humble book-shelf of a cottage. It will constitute, in its progress, an assemblage of sound, useful, standard literature, in every department. In quantity, each volume is nearly, if not quite equal to a volume of the new edition of the Waverley Novels; and, when it is considered that the publisher has to pay a heavy price for copy-right, or literary labour, and that the embellishments are at once numerous and beautiful, it will be found to be actually cheaper than Sir Walter Scott's very cheap work.

Nor is this the extent of the service which Mr. Murray has rendered to the community. As it now seems to be agreed, on all hands, that education must be accorded to the people at large, it is eminently gratifying to see the means of instruction—of diffusing knowledge—in able and honest hands. All that remains to be shewn is, whether honesty, genius, and well-directed talent will not prevail against — will not triumph over — their opposites. An open field, and fair play, and we have no fears for the result.

At present we have five volumes (published monthly) of *The Family Library* before us: Vols. I. and II. comprise *The Life of Napoleon Buonaparte; with fifteen engravings on steel and wood, by Finden and Thompson, the wood-cuts from designs by George Cruikshank;*—in Vol. III. we have *The Life of Alexander the Great, by the Rev. John Williams, M.A., Rector of the Edinburgh Academy;*—Vol. IV. contains *Lives of the most Eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects* (to be completed in three volumes), *by Allan Cunningham;* — and Vol. V. commences *The History of the Jews* (also to be com-

pleted in three volumes) *by the Rev. H. H. Milman, Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford, &c.*

A few words upon each of these works in order; and, first, of *The Life of Buonaparte.* A more judicious choice of subject, for the commencement, could not have been made. We had Sir Walter Scott's overwhelming mass of facts, and words, relating to Buonaparte, in we forget how many volumes, and we had Hazlitt's cockney metaphysics on the same theme — sufficiently amusing in themselves, but no more like history or biography "than we to Hercules;" and we had French Memoirs, and compilations without number and without end; but we had no straight-forward, readable life of the Corsican ruler, adapted for general perusal. It was wise, therefore, to commence with the life of a man whose very name has made the nations tremble, and in whose ambitious and sanguinary career a lively and universal interest is felt. The writer chosen has shewn himself well qualified for the task. His narrative, adhering closely to chronological order, is close and compact; his style clear, lively, and spirited; and his work abounds in anecdote, and in forcible illustration of character. Another great merit it possesses is that of impartiality. We are not annoyed in our progress by the politics of the author obtruded on every occasion. Facts, and the illustration of facts, are his object. He has a leaning, it is true. He is friendly to social order, but without raising a violent outcry in its favour. Every honourable minded man must have a leaning, more or less; it is just and proper that he should have; but it is also just and proper that he should allow others to have their leanings. All this is especially requisite, in writing aught that is connected with the history of our own times. As a specimen at once of our author's style, and of his liberality of feeling, we shall transcribe two paragraphs relative to the poisoning affair at Jaffa. It will be recollected, that, when Buonaparte found it necessary to pursue his march from Jaffa for Egypt, a number — generally stated at 500—of the plague patients in the hospital were found to be in a state that allowed no hope of their recovery—that Buonaparte, unwilling to leave them to the mercy of the Turks, ordered a deadly dose of opium to be administered to them —and that, in consequence, the unfortunate wretches perished. Such, at least, was the report, for which we were indebted, in the first instance, we believe, to Sir Robert Wilson.

Buonaparte himself, while at St. Helena, referred to the story frequently; and never hesitated to admit that it originated in the following occurrence. He sent, he said, the night before the march was to commence, for Desgennettes, the chief of the medical staff, and proposed to him, under such circumstances as have been described, the propriety of giving opium, in mortal doses, to *seven* men; adding, that had his son been in their situation, he would have thought it his duty, as a father, to treat him in the same method; and that, most certainly, had he himself been in that situation, and capable of understanding it, he would have considered the deadly cup as the best boon that friendship could offer him. M. Desgennettes, however, did not consider himself as entitled to interfere in any such method with the lives of his fellow men: the patients were abandoned; and, at least one of the number fell alive into the hands of Sir Sydney Smith, and recovered.

Such is Napoleon's narrative; and it is, probably, near the truth. We have sufficient evidence in the general history and character, as well as positive statements, of the medical officers at Jaffa, that no opium *was* administered. That the audacious proposal to that effect was made by Napoleon, we have his own admission; and every reader must form his own opinion as to the degree of guilt which attaches to the fact of having meditated and designed the deed in question, under the circumstances above detailed. That Buonaparte, accustomed to witness slaughter in every form, was in general but a callous calculator when the loss of human life was to be considered, no one can doubt. That his motives, when he made his proposal to M. Desgennettes, were cruel, no human being, who considers either the temper or the situation of the man, will ever believe. He doubtless designed, by shortening those men's lives, to do them the best service in his power. The presumption of thus daring to sport with the laws of God and man, when expedience seemed to recommend such interference, was quite in the character of Napoleon: cruelty was not: least of all cruelty to his own soldiery—the very beings on whose affections all his greatness depended. Popular rumour, however, spread through Europe the story that five hundred Frenchmen had been poisoned by their General at Jaffa; and yet,

Sir Sydney Smith, the bitter enemy who was at Jaffa almost immediately after the French army left it, gave no hint whatever, that even the groundwork of this exaggerated statement had ever reached his ear.

Of numerous conflicting accounts, we are disposed to regard this as the most candid, the most rational, and the most probable. If we mistake not, the facts are traceable to Desgennettes himself. As for Sir Robert Wilson, his name hardly deserves to be mentioned on the subject: if, in the first instance, he told a falsehood, he disgraced himself; and it was not by afterwards eating his words, for party purposes, that he could annihilate a fact, if fact it were, or free himself from the stain of falsehood, if he had been guilty of an untruth. If Sir Robert's original statement were correct, the truth was dreadful; if false, the calumny was atrocious and horrible.

We must not dwell upon these volumes; yet we feel it impossible to lay them down without taking another brief excerpt, vindicatory, in some measure, of the treatment under which Buonaparte laboured at St. Helena:—

His house was, save one (that of the governor), the best on the island. From the beginning it was signified that any alterations or additions suggested by Napoleon would be immediately attended to; and the framework of many apartments was actually prepared in England, to be sent out and distributed according to his pleasure. As it was, Napoleon had for his own immediate personal accommodation a suite of rooms, consisting of a saloon, an eating-room, a library, a billiard-room, a small study, a bed-room, and a bath-room; and various English gentlemen, accustomed to all the appliances of modern luxury, who visited the exile of Longwood, concur in stating that the accommodations around him appeared to them every way complete and unobjectionable. He had a good collection of books, and the means of adding to these as he chose. His suite consisted in all of five gentlemen and two ladies: the superior French and Italian domestics about his own person were never fewer than eleven; and the sum allowed for his domestic expenditure was £12,000 per annum,—the governor of St. Helena, moreover, having authority to draw on the treasury for any larger sum, in case he should consider £12,000 as insufficient. When we consider that wines, and most other articles heavily taxed in England, go duty free to St. Helena, it is really intolerable to be told that this income was not adequate—nay, that it was not munificent—for a person in Napoleon's situation. It was a larger income than is allotted to the governor of any English colony whatever, except the Governor-General of India. It was twice as large as the official income of a British secretary of state has ever been. We decline entering at all into the minor charges connected with this humiliating subject: at least a single example may serve. One of the loudest complaints was about the deficiency and inferior quality of wine. On examination, it appeared that Napoleon's upper domestics were allowed each day, per man, a bottle of claret, costing £6 per dozen (without duty), and the lowest menial employed at Longwood a bottle of good Teneriffe wine daily. That the table of the fallen emperor himself was always served in a style at least answerable to the dignity of a general officer in the British service—this was never even denied.

As one proof of the impression which this work has made, not only in England but on the continent, it is said to have been already translated into three foreign languages. Amongst the embellishments of the volumes are—a line engraving, on steel, from David's picture of Buonaparte crossing the Alps—Portraits of Napoleon, Josephine, Maria Louisa, and the King of Rome—the Battle of the Pyramids—a Charge of the Cossacks, &c.

We know not whether it were by way of contrast—the hero of ancient with the hero of modern times—that the Life of Alexander the Great was appointed immediately to succeed that of Buonaparte. There seems to be no objection to this arrangement. In recording the exploits of the Macedonian conqueror, however, access could not be had to equally copious and correct *data*, as in the case of the adventurer from Corsica. The value and the importance of contemporary history and contemporary biography can be correctly estimated only when we reflect upon the difficulties which are encountered in the attempt to enter into, or form a judgment of, the character of extraordinary events, and extraordinary men of long-past ages. The same facts, the same objects, present themselves through *media*, so different to different individuals, that, as it has justly been said, *history cannot be true:* yet it approximates truth with sufficient nearness for general purposes. In composition, it is important—almost essential—

to have an abundance of materials, howsoever heterogeneous in their nature, before us; for, as in the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom, so, by the careful comparison of numerous varying and even contradictory accounts of one and the same transaction, we are enabled to distinguish truth from error, to dispel the latter and establish the former. Could the genius of Hume have submitted to the drudgery of research, of examination, and of reasoning, he would not have bequeathed to posterity, in the form of a History of England, a flimsy texture, which, as Horace Walpole truly observed, might easily be shaken into its primitive atoms. Let us remark, *en passant*, that, valuable as it is in some respects—brilliant and vivacious as is its style, though disfigured by a thousand gallicisms which could not be tolerated in the present day —Hume's History—his *Romance of History*—is rapidly sinking into a state of disrepute, from which it will be impossible to recover; and this entirely from its deficiency in truth, in soundness, and in grasp of mind.

To return from this momentary digression. Had there been a printing press in the time of Alexander the Great—had the press been active then, as it is now, and has been for many years—the historian of his life would have been empowered, through industry and research, satisfactorily to trace the whole of that wonderful career, portions of which are, and must ever remain, deeply veiled in obscurity.

Mr. Williams, however, has done much. Every previous narrative of the life and actions of Alexander, is crude, abrupt, and disjointed; but he has at least succeeded in presenting a compact and luminous whole. Bringing with him a store of learning, ancient and modern, European and oriental, he has spared no labour in the prosecution of his task. His chronology and geography are truly valuable; and the latter is materially aided by an excellent map.

We cannot here follow the conqueror in his progress, nor is it necessary that we should; but, from their sterling good sense, and as they cannot be otherwise than interesting to many of the readers of La Belle Assemblée, we shall venture to abstract a few of Mr. Williams's remarks, illustrating the mode of education prescribed by Aristotle, whose pupil Alexander became when he had attained his fifteenth year. At that period, as at present, "great differences of opinion prevailed on the subject of education. Some directed their attention principally to the conduct of the intellect, others to the formation of moral feelings and habits, and a third party appeared more anxious to improve the carriage and strengthen the body by healthful exercise than to enlighten the mind. Aristotle's plan was to unite the three systems, and to make them co-operate in the formation of the perfect character." His course of education was divided into three parts: the first comprising the period from the birth to the completion of the seventh year; the second, from the commencement of the eighth to the completion of the eighteenth year; and the third, from the eighteenth to the twenty-first. More care should be taken of the body than of the mind for the first seven years. Four principal branches of education belong to the first part of the middle period: literature, gymnastics, music, and painting; of which writing formed a subordinate branch. Not only the theory of painting, but a certain degree of skill in handling the pencil, was to be acquired; Aristotle regarding "this elegant art as peculiarly conducing to create a habit of order and arrangement, and to impress the mind with a feeling of the beautiful." Music, both in theory and practice, was "a necessary part of education, on account of the soothing and purifying effects of simple melodies, and because men, wearied with more serious pursuits, require an elegant and innocent recreation." With reference to the third period, "the liberally-educated man, or the perfect gentleman, should not be profoundly scientific, because a course of general knowledge, and what we call polite literature, is more beneficial to the mind than a complete proficiency in one or more sciences; a proficiency not to be acquired without a disproportionate sacrifice of time and labour." "The education should vary according to the destination of the pupil in future life; that is, supposing him to be a gentleman, whether he was to devote himself to a life of action, or of contem-

plation. Whether he was to engage in the busy scenes of the world, and plunge amidst the contentions and struggles of political warfare, or to live apart from active life in philosophic engagements and contemplative retirement."

What can be more just or sensible than all this? In fact, the whole of Mr. Williams's synopsis is admirable, sound, and judicious. Hear what he says on the subject of gymnastic exercises, in youth:—

During this period the lighter gymnastics alone were to be introduced, and especially such exercises as are best calculated to promote gracefulness of manner and personal activity. Aristotle had strong objections to the more violent exertions of the gymnasium during early life, as he considered them injurious to the growth of the body, and to the future strength of the adult. In proof of this, he adduces the conclusive fact, that, in the long list of Olympic victors, only two, or, at most, three instances had occurred in which the same person had proved victor in youth and in manhood. Premature training and over exertion, he therefore regarded as injurious to the constitution.

Mr. Williams, as we have already intimated, displays great industry: he is very correct, and very lucid, in his statement of facts; but he is deficient in philosophical inference: he neither thinks deeply nor reasons closely. We could have wished, also, for more ease and grace of style. Another objection we have to urge is, that Mr. Williams is too prone to give to greatness the admiration which is due only to goodness: in other words, he seems to forget that *goodness* is the only real *greatness;*—that the philosopher, the philanthropic statesman, is *greater* than the warrior, because he is *better*—because, instead of immolating the human race—instead of sacrificing to the bloody Moloch of rapine, slaughter, and destruction—he contributes to the comforts, the enjoyments, the happiness of his species. Still Mr. Williams's production is eminently valuable, and cannot fail of becoming a stock book. In addition to the map already mentioned, it contains two portraits of Alexander, executed on wood, from antique medals.

We now turn to a different theme—the first volume of *Cunningham's Lives of the British Painters, &c.*—Allan Cunningham is a delightful poet; his soul is full of the deepest and wildest romance; but we have, from certain passages in his prose compositions, been led to doubt the justness of his perceptions respecting works of art—especially those of the lofty or epic class. Yet here is a passage (from the volume before us) replete with excellent feeling:—

Entertainment and information are not all that the mind requires at the hand of an artist. We wish to be elevated by contemplating what is noble, to be warmed by the presence of the heroic, and charmed and made happy by the sight of purity and loveliness. We desire to share in the lofty movements of fine minds—to have communion with their images of what is godlike—and to take a part in the rapture of their love, and in the ecstasies of all their musings. This is the chief end of high poetry, of high painting, and of high sculpture; and that man misunderstands the true spirit of those arts who seeks to deprive them of a portion of their divinity, and argues that information and entertainment constitute their highest aim.

Cunningham has shewn himself, in all respects, infinitely better qualified for his task than we expected. His present work—this commencing volume at least—displays a rich fund of knowledge; abounds with information—with anecdote—with original and manly criticism—with bold, vigorous, and independent thought. He opens with a rapid sketch of the history of painting and of painters, in this country, down to the time of Hogarth; after which, he presents the lives of Hogarth, Reynolds, Wilson, and Gainsborough. Of these, Hogarth and Wilson are evidently his favourites. Reynolds is *not* a favourite with Cunningham; for, a generous, hearty, benevolent-minded fellow himself, he does not seem to comprehend the possibility of a man, parsimonious or niggardly at his table, being great in the exercise of his art. We are apprehensive, however, that, were the greatness of some of our modern artists to be estimated by their liberality of spirit, they would find themselves sadly "curtailed of their fair proportions." One in particular we have in our eye, who, though in the receipt of a princely income from the beautiful and splendid efforts of his pencil, will never, if he can prevent it, suffer a picture of his—though he may have been paid for it, or have

sold it "out and out," as the phrase is—to be engraved, without exacting a pecuniary consideration for his leave! It is true—and just as it is true—that no engraver dares to engrave from a painting, without permission from the *proprietor* — the *owner* — of the painting, whomsoever he may be; but, if we pay an artist for a picture, the picture is *our's:* we may engrave it, or grant permission for it to be engraved—ay, fifty times over, if we please—without reference to the painter, who, from the moment of our purchase — unless there be a specific agreement of reservation to the contrary —has not a claim, or a shadow of a claim, upon it. Where is the painter who will tell us, that, when we have bought of him, and paid him for a picture, it is not *our's* EXCLUSIVELY — that we may not, should it please us, tear it into ribbons, or commit it to the fire, and scatter its ashes to the winds? And yet we must not have it *engraved,* forsooth, without the painter's permission! It is time that this question — if for a moment it can be a question—were settled, and *finally* settled.

We have no space left, in which to enter upon a critical analysis of Mr. Cunningham's performance: when his second and third volumes come before us, we may possibly return to the subject: at present, we shall merely quote one highly characteristic passage:—

The character of William Hogarth, as a man, is to be sought for in his conduct, and in the opinions of his more dispassionate contemporaries; his character as an artist is to be gathered from numerous works, at once original and unrivalled. His fame has flown far and wide; his skill as an engraver spreads his reputation as a painter; and all who love the dramatic representation of actual life—all who have hearts to be gladdened by humour—all who are pleased with judicious and well-directed satire—all who are charmed with the ludicrous looks of popular folly—and all who can be moved with the pathos of human suffering—are admirers of Hogarth. That his works are unlike those of other men, is his merit, not his fault. He belonged to no school of art; he was the produce of no academy; no man living or dead had any share in forming his mind, or in rendering his hand skilful. He was the spontaneous offspring of the graphic spirit of his country, as native to the heart of England as independence is, an he may be fairly called, in his own walk, the first-born of her spirit. He painted life as he saw it. He gives no visions of by-gone things—no splendid images of ancient manners; he regards neither the historian's page nor the poet's song. He was contented with the occurrences of the passing day—with the folly or the sin of the hour; to the garb and fashion of the moment, however, he adds story and sentiment for all time. The morality of Hogarth has been questioned; and indeed the like has befallen Crabbe. We may smile as we look at his works—and we may laugh—all this is true:—the victims whom Hogarth conducts, pass through many varied scenes of folly, and commit many absurdities; but the spectacle saddens as we move along, and if we commence in mirth, we are overwhelmed with sorrow at last. His object was to insinuate the excellence of virtue by proving the hideousness of vice;—and if he has failed, who has succeeded? As to other charges, preferred by the malice of his contemporaries, time and fame have united in disproving them. He has been accused of want of knowledge in the human form, and of grace and serenity of expression. There is some truth in this, perhaps; but the peculiar character of his pictures required mental vigour rather than external beauty, and the serene Madonna-like loveliness could not find a place among the follies and frivolities of the passing scene. He saw a way of his own to fame, and followed it; he scorned all imitation, and by word and works recommended nature for an example and a monitress in art.

But:—

To be eminently popular in portrait-painting requires more than mere skill and talent. Hogarth was a man of plain manners, unpolished address, and encumbered with the dangerous reputation of a satirist. He was unacquainted with the art of charming a peer into a patron, by putting him into raptures with his own good looks. There were other drawbacks. The calm, contemplative look, the elegance of form without the grace of action, and motionless repose approaching to slumber, were not for him whose strength lay in kindling figures into life, and tossing them into business.

The embellishments of this volume greatly enhance its value: besides well-executed portraits of Hogarth and Reynolds, on steel, it contains ten wood-cuts.

In the progress of *The Family Library,* the most arduous task yet undertaken is that of writing The History of the Jews, by the Rev. H. H. Milman. The vast and varied learning which its accomplishment requires—the thorough knowledge

of the Bible, in its original language—an intimacy with all the leading commentators upon Sacred Writ, ancient and modern — a full acquaintance with the history and antiquities of Egypt, of Babylon, of Persia, of India, and with all that can throw light upon the manners and customs of the east, down to the present day, are amongst the qualifications, the necessity for possessing which, in order that justice might be rendered to the subject, would have deterred many an able and experienced writer. But Mr. Milman has boldly and vigorously set his shoulder to the wheel; and, as far as he has hitherto proceeded, in his view of the patriarchal age, of Israel in Egypt, of the Desert, of the invasion of the promised land, of the conquest, of the judges of Israel, of the monarchy, and of the kingdoms of Judah and Israel, to the capture of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar, in the year 587 before Christ, with which his first volume closes,* he has acquitted himself with credit and with honour. The ground was most delicate to tread upon: in some instances, perhaps, we could have wished it to be passed over with a lighter and more rapid foot; yet, upon the whole, we have little room for complaint. Mr. Milman's narrative is clear; his facts are succinctly yet graphically stated; his tone is equally removed from that of the bigotted enthusiast, and that of the philosophistical sceptic. Take, as one brief, though not brilliant example, his summary of the character of David:—

Thus, having provided for the security of the succession, the maintenance of the law, and the lasting dignity of the national religion, David breathed his last, having reigned forty years over the flourishing and powerful monarchy of which he may be considered the founder. He had succeeded to a kingdom distracted with civil dissension, environed on every side by powerful and victorious enemies, without a capital, almost without an army, without any bond of union between the tribes. He left a compact and united state, stretching from the frontier of Egypt to the foot of Lebanon, from the Euphrates to the sea. He had crushed the power of the Philistines, subdued or curbed all the adjacent kingdoms: he had formed a lasting and important alliance with the great city of Tyre. He had organised an immense disposable force: every month 24,000 men, furnished in rotation by the tribes, appeared in arms, and were trained as the standing militia of the country. At the head of his army were officers of consummate experience, and, what was more highly esteemed in the warfare of the time, extraordinary personal activity, strength and valour. His heroes remind us of those of Arthur or Charlemagne, excepting that the armour of the feudal chieftains constituted the superiority; here main strength of body and dauntless fortitude of mind. The Hebrew nation owed the long peace of the son's reign to the bravery and wisdom of the father. If the rapidity with which a kingdom rises to unexampled prosperity, and the permanence, as far as human wisdom can provide, of that prosperity be a fair criterion of the abilities and character of a sovereign, few kings in history can compete with David. His personal character has been often discussed; but both by his enemies, and even by some of his learned defenders, with an ignorance of, or inattention to his age and country, in writers of such acuteness as Bayle, as melancholy as surprising. Both parties have been content to take the expression of the *man after God's own heart*, in a strict and literal sense. Both have judged by modern, occidental, and Christian notions, the chieftain of an eastern and comparatively barbarous people. If David in his exile became a freebooter, he assumed a profession, like the pirate in ancient Greece, by no means dishonourable. If he employed craft or even falsehood in some of his enterprises, chivalrous or conscientious attachment to truth was probably not one of the virtues of his day. He had his harem, like other eastern kings. He waged war, and revenged himself on his foreign enemies with merciless cruelty, like other warriors of his age and country. His one great crime violated the immutable and universal laws of morality, and therefore admits of no excuse. On the other hand, his consummate personal bravery and military talent—his generosity to his enemies—his fidelity to his friends—his knowledge of, and stedfast attention to the true interests of his country—his exalted piety and gratitude towards his God, justify the zealous and fervent attachment of the Jewish people to the memory of their great monarch.

A few lines more, relating to Saul and the witch of Endor:—

The prophets stood aloof; no dreams visited his couch; he had persecuted even the unlawful

* The second volume reached us while this article was in preparation for the press, but too late for us to enter upon an examination of its contents. It brings down the history from the time of the captivity to that of Vespasian.

diviners. He hears at length of a female necromancer, a woman with the spirit of Ob: strangely similar in sound to the Obeah women in the West Indies.

To the cave-dwelling of this woman, in Endor, the monarch proceeds in disguise. The woman at first alleges her fears of the severity with which the laws against necromancy were then executed. Saul promises her impunity. He commands her to raise the spirit of Samuel. At this daring demand of raising a man of such dignity and importance, the woman first recognises, or pretends to recognise, her royal visitant. "Whom seest thou?" says the king.—"Mighty ones ascending from the earth."—"Of what form?"—"An old man covered with a mantle." Saul, in terror, bows his head to the earth, and it should seem not daring to look up, receives from the voice of the spectre the awful intimation of his defeat and death. On the reality of this scene we presume not to decide: the figure, if figure there were, was not seen by Saul; and, excepting the event of the approaching battle, the spirit said nothing which the living prophet had not said before repeatedly and publicly. But the fact is curious, as showing the popular belief of the Jews in departed spirits, to have been the same with that of most other nations.

The prophecy, like others, may have contributed to its own accomplishment.

What we chiefly object to in Mr. Milman, is his incessant desire to explain, in cases where all attempts at explanation must inevitably fail. We had marked numerous examples, but, for brevity's sake, one shall suffice. Having mentioned Isaiah's proof of "his divine mission by the sign of the shadow retrograding ten degrees on the dial of Ahaz," he observes—"It is not necessary to suppose that the sun actually receded, but that the shadow on the dial did; a phenomenon which might be caused by a cloud refracting the light." Surely this, to say the least of it, is in bad taste. Indeed, it must be allowed, that Mr. Milman is frequently deficient in tact. His defects of grammar, and style, are such as might not have been expected from an eminent classical scholar. He is also reprehensibly addicted to the use of the figure of speech which rhetoricians term *vision*—relating past events in the present tense. This figure, effective as it may occasionally be found in popular harangues, and fond as our neighbours the French are of it, is beneath the dignity of historic composition. These, however, are trifles almost too unimportant for serious notice.

In addition to three maps—the Wanderings of the Israelites in the Desert, Palestine, and the Dominions of David and Solomon—several clever wood-cuts, in this volume, are in every respect satisfactory as illustrations; though we cannot help thinking that, in many instances, steel might be more advantageously resorted to than wood, and without any material increase of expense.

It appears that, amongst the succeeding works in preparation for the present series of *The Family Library*, are—The Life of the Earl of Peterborough, by Sir Walter Scott—a fine subject, especially for a lover of the romantic;—The Lives of Marlborough, Captain Cooke, Cowper, and Julius Cæsar;—The Life of General Wolfe, by Southey—we hope he will do the *soldier* more justice than he rendered to the *sailor* some years since;—The Life of Sir Isaac Newton, by Dr. Brewster;—The Life of Cervantes, by Mr. Lockhart—the author judiciously selected;—The Court and Camp of Buonaparte;—The Life and Reign of George III.;—A History of the English Reformers;—Lives of the English Philosophers;—The History of the British Empire in India;—Elements of Botany;—Lives of Eminent Physicians;—The Life and Times of Dante, &c.

We speak advisedly, and from full and extensive knowledge, when we say, that a *popular* Life of Nelson is still a *desideratum* in British biography. Southey, great as his powers are—and no one admires them more warmly than we do—has not grasped the subject—has not done justice to the subject: we want a Life of Nelson very different in its nature from that which has issued from *his* pen.

There is room, also, for a *popular* Life of Mary, Queen of Scots; unless, indeed, that which has been given in Constable's Miscellany may have been found to answer the required purpose; for Whittaker's Vindication of the royal victim is too *recherché*, and too voluminous, for the general reader.

THE MASQUE.

By Mrs. S. C. Hall, Author of "Sketches of Irish Character."

"With feast and antic revelry."

"Oh! Madame ———, vous êtes charmante! Ma foi! de blue—de blue and silver, *c'est la chose pour vous—c'est vraiment superbe!*"

"No, Colinette—no, not blue—let it be pink. Yes, pink and silver mixed, or *trimmed* you call it, girl, with Provence roses."

"C'est comme il vous plaira mi ladee—every ting you look well in," said the ingenious waiting-maid; "but de blue—c'est céleste!"

"No, Colinette, I must have pink, 'love's proper hue,' to match this sweet, this rosy garland." She placed a coronet of roses on her jetty hair—and as her mirror reflected the image of the lady of Lorton Castle, the consciousness of her own beauty lent a deeper dye to her dimpled cheek. She was, in truth, a witching creature, full of life, and joy, and romance; with now and then a touch of sadness, that like a summer's cloud, made the sunshine of her beauty more intense, when it had passed. But, alas! for the poor lordlings that crowded her train—she was so capricious—so obstinate—she absolutely revelled in their misery—laughed at their misfortunes—curled her beautiful tresses with their perfumed odes—and yet, she could be gentle, tender, and affectionate; so affectionate, that wherever the eye of the cottager saw her, it bore witness to her worth and to her virtue. In the neat white-washed dwelling which her bounty had bestowed, she was a guardian angel.—In the noble castle which called her mistress, she was generous to munificence—but in the gay and festive scenes where all confessed her peerless in grace and beauty, she was tyrannical and capricious.

Then she was *so* rich! Ay, and noble too, the sole heiress of an ancient baron. Fair estates had she by flood and field, and all at her own command.

One aged aunt of all her noble relatives alone remained, and the Lady Katherine might be often seen, kneeling at her couch, or supporting her feeble steps on the borders of the wooded lake, or down the venerable walks, heedless of those who waited her return with "lover's jealousy." Strange, that in her two-and-twentieth year, this paragon—this miracle of beauty, wealth, and wit, should still be in a state of single blessedness—and though she governed hearts, and treated them too, as the strings of her lyre, yet the fair lady appeared herself unwounded, though half the nobles of the land had performed the *kotou* at her highness's feet. In the regions y'clept fashionable, this was regarded as a perfect mystery; and many surmises about the Lady Katherine's objection to the "silken chains," were constantly afloat. One "most intimate friend" of her ladyship's declared that she had been married to an Italian bandit while she was at Rome. Another amiable Dowager asserted "she had undoubted authority for stating that she remained single because she had a *certain* relative who had a *certain* claim on a *certain* estate, adding with a significant nod that every body was not what every body supposed." Lady Kate, however, laughed at all their stories; and if she had a secret, her only confidant was a large black water-spaniel, or something between a water-spaniel and a poodle—whose upper lip was scarred in such a manner that it displayed one very long white tooth to great advantage. This animal took most singular liberties in the castle—scratched the damask ottomans—broke the finest exotics—waged perpetual war with a venerable mouser, the property of the old housekeeper; was at the commencement of every possible mischief, and generally drew old Tramp (in other respects a steady, sensible dog) into the turmoil, then left him to get out of the scrape as well as he could, while he ran wagging what was once a tail, to his lady-mistress, and was permitted to kiss her fair hand in return for his misdeeds.

"Indeed, my dear aunt, I must have my

fête champêtre on the Saint Genevieve's day; every thing quite in the Italian style—the lake with light gondolas here and there flitting like fire-flies through the night, and troops of merry masquers in those stately illuminated groves; while all is sparkling with light and life."

"You have your whims, my own Kate," said the old lady, "but certainly a masque in Lorton Castle is out of keeping with the state befitting Baronial descent in old England. In Italy, the hot sky, the habits of the people, all contribute to render such a scene in unison; but, trust me, your masque will be a failure."

"I know, my dear aunt, that it may be insufferably ridiculous—but that is my delight; fancy Sir James, of the Stoney-head, with his short thick figure, his ambling gait and snuffling voice, in the character of Mars!—While his tall thin lady—five feet ten at least—personates the goddess of love; then, Lady Jane Thurlow—we all know that *her* reputation is not the fairest—shining forth as 'goddess of the silver bow.' Then *that* Dowager, the patroness of arts and literature, who tramples virtue under foot, and erects a standard to the rights of women on the ruins of female delicacy, who calls propriety want of spirit, and a gentle wife a tame animal, she is to doff the blue and be the modest—"

"Stop, my love; really you run on so, that I cannot understand you. I wish, my dear niece, that you would seriously think of bestowing your hand on some of the worthy nobles who solicit it, and who," added the old lady with a sigh, "when I am gone would love you as I do."

Katherine kissed, affectionately, the wrinkled brow of her dear relative. "So I will, dear aunt; I will give my hand to some happy man, one of these days, when I meet a worthy noble, one, I mean, whose patent of nobility has been made out by an unerring hand. When I can meet a noble of nature, I will marry."

Lady Grantham shook her head. "My dear Kate, when will you leave the regions of romance and dwell on earth?"

"After my masque, dear aunt—after my St. Genevieve is passed—I promise you," she continued, solemnly, "to be an altered creature; to be no more wild or wandering, but to be worthy my high descent, my noble fortune, and last, not least, my dear aunt's love."

The night arrived—Colinette played her part to admiration. She did more, absolutely, than ever French waiting-maid did before. The robe of pink sparkled with silver stars—the *ceinture* fitted to a pin's breadth—and a superb *aigrette* of diamonds was already sparkling on the lady's noble forehead—when she started, and exclaimed, "No diamonds in my hair, Colinette—no diamonds—that wreath of Provence roses—I placed them out myself—*that* shall be my only additional ornament."

"Eh, mon Dieu!—Madame, mi ladee! c'est impossible—regardez. Vous paroissez belle comme une déesse."

"I tell you, Colinette, I will not wear the diamonds—take them away, girl—what care I for those glittering gems—hold, I will place those roses on myself."

"Oh! *ver well—ver well*—miséricorde—elle est vraiment folle," she muttered, as she closed the casket—"not care pour les diamands! Oh, ma pauvre ladee!"

Every thing that the most refined taste could dictate, or the most unlimited liberality procure, contributed to embellish the castle and gardens of Lorton. Festoons of the most beautiful flowers, natural and artificial, were suspended from, or garlanded round, the stately trees—and, twisting from one to another, formed the most beautiful arcades and bowers. On a mount, at the end of one of the avenues of stately elms, rose the white columns of a marble temple, towering above the laurel grove with which it was surrounded, and sparkling with a thousand varied lights. The dense unbroken foliage of Lorton Wood, in the back ground, threw this beautiful object into full light—and the delightful music of a band of Welch harpers, habited as Druids, who poured forth their native melodies with truth and feeling, accompanying their harps at times in full chorus with their deep and manly voices—realized the scenes of faëry.

But, oh the lake!—with its robe of silver tissue, reflecting so softly the hues of departing day—and giving back to the clear blue sky the light and image of that noble orb, that looks down with such

calm dignity on our puny illuminations—no gaudy lamps disturbed the tranquillity of this sylvan scene—from the deep bowers of woodbine and jessamine, that mingled their perfume and their blossoms, came forth the tones of the mellow horn, and the softly breathing flageolet, while here and there a gondola darkened for a moment the face of the pure waters; and the mirth and melody from the marble temple and the ancient castle came softened on the breeze, which

"Scarce kissed the lake, scarce stirred the trees."

On the bank of this calm water was a grotto—the favourite haunt of the Lady Katherine. A clustering vine mixed its foliage with the shells and spars that adorned the sacred cell—a limpid stream trickled from the rock in which it was formed—and the golden-crested wren, the confiding robin, and even the swallow, who dipped her dappled wing in the lake, found refuge in it for their callow young.

Many a merry group repaired to this spot during that festive night, and expressed much wonder that the lady of the revels had not taken more pains to adorn her favourite haunt—the only perceptible alteration was, that the floor was thickly strewed with rose leaves, and a beautiful lamp, of curious and foreign workmanship, shed light and perfume around it. The black poodle, tired of the noise and bustle, and tired also of stuffing, and begging, and various feats of dexterity which he had been called on that evening to perform, had extended his lazy length on the mossy seat which fronted the lake, and evinced such a disposition to keep the quarters he had taken possession of, that neither belles nor beaux thought it worth while to encounter the white tooth, which he very ostentatiously displayed. It must be confessed, that although the Lady Katherine played the hostess to the assembled country with all her native grace and dignity, yet, as the stars began to disappear from the firmament, and the lights to flicker in the variegated lamps, there was a wild and feverish anxiety about her, that was at once perceptible and mysterious. At length the castle bell rang merrily—the masquers joyfully entered the great banquetting hall—and the conservatories that were profusely supplied with all that wealth could procure, to satisfy the craving appetites of "lord, lady, and 'squire." Servitors, in rich baronial liveries, anticipated the wants of the craving multitude—and even the curiosity of the many respecting the lady's deportment, was swallowed with the cold fowl and champagne, of which they partook with unabated, unabating industry.

But where is *she*?—Poor Carlos! you *have* relinquished your mossy seat; and your mistress's fair hand is on your shaggy pate. She has carefully replenished her lamp. And were it not that some secret grief has wetted her cheek with tears, she would look the very queen of faëry—down—down they roll—they absolutely drop on Carlos—poor fellow! he sees his mistress is unhappy, and, out of pure sympathy, looks in her sweet face as sorrowfully as a dog can look. Even the coronet of roses is too heavy for that burning brow; and the cherished flowers are cast at the lady's feet.—Hush!—hush!—do you hear that?—

Listen, my lady love,
  List to my lay—
The lay that I promised
  On Genevieve's day.
The first sigh of midnight
  Comes o'er my brow—
'Tis the day, and the hour,
  Where art thou now?

What a bustle! Carlos is certainly mad!—how the fellow jumps—did you never hear music before? But the lady!—St. Vitus possesses them both. And the cavalier, who rushes so madly into the grotto. There—ladies invariably end such matters by fainting.

I thought the gentleman looked by far too romantic to be a regular John Bull, even *en masque*—and, to confess the truth, an Englishman goes very oddly to work, whenever he attempts "polite attentions" to a fainting lady. I saw one of our *delicate* islanders throw half a basin of turtle soup into a lady's face who fainted at the Lord Mayor's dinner. I suppose the dear matter-of-fact man thought it would do her good, as he was so fond of it himself.

—— "*Tesoro mio! Anima mia!* You did not then forget me on St. Genevieve—

you still thought of your plighted faith—and even in exile you remembered Luodovico?"

The fair lady did not confirm this somewhat confident address, but she let the gentleman take for granted it was quite true, for she did not contradict it.

"Let us now," she said, "go to the hall; I cannot to-night introduce you to the gaping multitude. But, oh, Luodovico! you know not how my heart has reproached me, for so long concealing from my dear aunt an affection—I may now so call it—of which I had no reason to be ashamed. But here—here is a masque—we can enter at the north door unperceived; and your cloak and hat are in good keeping."

The fair lady, however, was mistaken, when she fancied that she could enter unperceived with her gallant looking cavalier.—"We did not see that *person* before," said the snuffling Sir James, who, as the fair Katherine predicted, did appear as the god of war.—"Does your ladyship know him?"

Lady Jane Thurlow assured the worthy baronet she did not, but added—"I will address him, and soon find out."

She did so; and he, anxious to escape observation, assured her, in Italian, "that he was a brigand chief, who, to restrain any excesses that might be committed by his bandits, attended at that late hour to see the company safe out. The lady, to shew her *Italian* learning, entered into a bantering dialogue with the poor hunted knight, who had become, unintentionally, the centre of a circle.

"I am certain he is not a person of any consequence," said the decisive little Miss Cartville, who had visited Switzerland, Rome, Paris, and 'finished her education' in six months—"how horridly he pronounces Italian."

"He is as tall as Lady Dareville's footman and as *outré*. I quite agree with Miss Cartville in thinking that, notwithstanding his black hair and large moustachios, he has never been out of England," observed another.

"Hair can be dyed, and moustachios stuck on, for particular occasions," said Mr. Smirke, a dapper old bachelor, measuring five feet nothing. N.B. *He* came out that night in full Florentine costume.

"Is that ring on his finger real diamond, or *mock*?" whispered a tall grace to Miss Cartville.

"*Real*, indeed!" sneered the *travelled* lady.

"Who are they all looking at?" said a thin lady of a certain age.

"At a *new* protégée of the Lady Katherine's," answered Mr. Smirke.

"Shame, shame, Sir; how can you say any thing half so unkind of that dear girl. I do assure you, that, notwithstanding the many odd things I have heard—(she absolutely refused the Earl of Bramble with thirty-seven thousand a year!)—yet I always believed, notwithstanding her odd ways, and I must even confess that she *has* many odd ideas, yet I do in truth love her very sincerely, even with all her faults." So said Lady Thurlow.

"Bow-wow," said a voice close at her elbow.—Guilty conscience! how she started! After all, it was only Carlos, who was trying to make his way to one who evidently was an old acquaintance. This would have been "confirmation strong" to the busy people, but a splendid display of fireworks attracted their attention at the very moment, that Carlos attained his object, by the dint of pushing, scratching (and, to confess the truth) sometimes by a slight application of his tooth to an impeding leg or ancle. The conclusion of the fireworks was the signal for departure—and even Lady Jane Thurlow had not discovered who the gallant cavalier could be. There was matter to dream upon!

Lady Grantham was seated in her dressing-room, when the Lady Katherine entered, and, overcome by contending feelings, threw herself on her knees, and hid her blushing face in the old lady's lap.—"My Kate! my sweet child! what ails my darling?"

"Nothing—that is not much! You are tired. My dearest aunt, to-morrow—I mean by and by—I will tell you all—but bless me, bless and forgive your wayward niece. My St. Genevieve is come, and passed—and now, now, indeed, I will be an altered creature."

"Something has occurred of which I am ignorant, Katherine. I am not wearied, never wearied of you; and when I open the casement, and let in the light and

perfume of this glorious morning, I shall feel quite refreshed, quite able to hear whatever my child may have to tell. Your aunt's *heart*, Kate, is not enfeebled even at sixty-nine." She opened the window, and the sweet air did indeed refresh the throbbing heart and brow of the young lady. Katherine knew she had erred in concealing any thing from her venerable friend. Concealment implies guilt; but it did not so in her case. When once she had collected herself, she related, it must be confessed, with still glowing cheek, and often averted eyes, her somewhat romantic story.

"Five years ago—and immediately after I left school (where, unfortunately, my head and heart were less cultivated than my hands and feet) you remember you permitted me to accompany the Marchioness of Danbeigh on a continental tour. All the world admired the Marchioness — and the Marchioness condescended to admire me. She was *a savante —a belle esprit*—she affected singularity that she might be thought a *genius*, and was, after all, my dear aunt, precisely the sort of woman a thoughtless girl ought not to have been confided to. However, the deed was done, and you believed I was cultivating literature and the *belles lettres*, when I was adding folly to romance, and drinking intoxicating draughts of flattery—'tis true we had our *soirées* at Paris and our *conversazione* at Rome and Naples—but though they were crowded by persons of literature and *virtu*, yet where every one is desirous of shining and talking, little real information can be obtained—the love of self blinds us to the merits of others.

"The young heiress of Lorton was an object of universal interest—and my ten thousand per annum was magnified into fifty. The Marchioness, eager to establish her literary fame, thought little about me, except so far as I gave her what she was ever and always anxious for—*éclat*. She was surrounded by poets, painters, and musicians, who humbly solicited her patronage, and *I*, by knaves, fools, and rakes, who solicited my fortune. One night, I remember it well, it was at Naples, we had been to the opera, and a large party was assembled in our *palazzo*, when a gentleman present mentioned that the next day was the *festa* of St. Genevieve. 'Indeed!' said Lady Danbeigh, 'then we will have a *festa* too. You have long, (addressing herself first to one, then to another of her sycophants) promised to read your poetry, and play your music; bring your several performances, and we will accept your offerings at our shrine.' 'Perhaps,' said Lord James Duncombe (who never had an idea of his own in his life), 'perhaps we can prevail on the capricious Lady Katherine to accept from us some token of our liege love.'—'Oh, yes,' replied the Marchioness, laughing, 'some pretty toys for pretty girls; I wish her young ladyship was a little more intellectual—*Mais cela viendra avec le temps*, as Madame said of the *sagesse* of *Monsieur son époux*.'—Alas! how very little either of us knew of true wisdom.

"The *festa* came, we had certainly an assemblage of the sister arts. Such daubing of canvas and compliments, such singing, such—oh! Well, Heaven help the men, some of them are certainly great, I had almost said, fools. Poor Lord James, he brought me a diamond ring that would have fitted a *porteur*: it was a most splendid misfit. Many others produced their offerings, but I was out of humour, and did not accept them—I hated presents—until late in the evening, *Luodovico*—"

"Who?" interrupted her aunt.

"*Signore Luodovico*, a young Neapolitan noble, who was generally at our *palazzo*, brought me a bouquet of Provence roses. 'Take them, lady,' said he, 'they are at once the emblems of your purity, and my affection; like you, they are still sweet and spotless, but in an impure atmosphere they will soon wither; like my affection, their perfume will remain perhaps when we are alike forgotten.'—My dear aunt, I wish you would learn Italian just to hear how sweet those words sound with the pure Tuscan accent."

"I am at present, my dear, contented to hear them in English—*go on*."

It is very disagreeable to be told to "*go on*," when a person hardly knows what to say.

"Signore Luodovico—(at length she did "*go on*")—Signore Luodovico was a young man of noble ancestry, his eldest brother

possessed the estates and titles of one of the most ancient Neapolitan houses; and the time I spent in dear Naples, was just before the commencement of that magnificent struggle against tyranny, which has since been the ruin of some of the most glorious of God's creatures. I really, aunt, do not exactly know how it was; but certainly Luodovico evidently loved me so much, and yet, withal, was so—not humble either—so respectful, so delicate in his attentions, he even dared to tell me of faults and follies; and notwithstanding all my coquetry, I found that I loved, preferred him, to every one else."

"An Italian! Oh, my dear niece, it was strange forgetfulness."

"Pardon me, dearest aunt, nobility is not confined to country; but I will not argue with you now, I will simply state facts. We were riding out one evening to enjoy the cooling breeze and the splendid view of Mount Vesuvius, 'crowned with wreaths of smoke, the whole still coloured with the red and purple lights of the departing sun,' when turning a projecting rock, which hung, as it were, over the beautiful bay, my horse started, and by a violent effort threw me completely into the sea. The Marchioness, I believe, fainted, or something of that sort. Sir James, who was of the party, began taking off his boots, the groom ran after my scampering horse, but Luodovico buffeted the waves, and at the risk of his own noble life, brought me, after many hair breadth 'scapes, safe to the shore; be it, however, remembered, that in this, he was not unaided; Carlos, poor Carlos, assisted his master in dragging me from the salt waters, and received that interesting cut on his lip from some rock or blow, on the occasion. I was going to write and tell you all about it; and many a sheet of paper did I destroy in the attempt; but I know not the reason my hand seemed paralyzed when I got as far as 'my dearest aunt.' The Marchioness one evening was indisposed, or offended, and as it was certain no one would be admitted, I had passed beyond 'my dearest aunt,' and was getting on with my letter, when suddenly Luodovico sprang into the balcony. 'I have been refused entrance,' said he, 'at the gate, but I learned you were at home, and guessed I should find you here. I come, Katherine, to bid you, perhaps, an everlasting farewell.' Much he said which I cannot now repeat, I cannot bear to think of: he told me that his brother had been that morning arrested, and he feared the proofs against him, of being one of the leaders in a plan, or plot, as they called it, for the restoration of Neapolitan liberty, were so strong, that the reigning powers would sacrifice him as a warning to others. Nothing, however, he assured me, could intimidate those young and noble spirits who panted for their country's freedom; and he urged my immediate departure from Naples, to avoid those scenes which he too surely anticipated would follow. The more he urged me to forget him, the more convinced I felt that I never could; *he* was the only sincere friend I had met; *he* was the preserver of my life, and he was surrounded with danger. One promise I did make, that I would never mention his name in England, until he could claim me as his wife on my own domain. I forgot the duty I owed my dear aunt; but having promised"--she looked imploringly in Lady Grantham's face: what is sweeter than an aged relative's forgiving smile? "We left Naples, Luodovico's brother, that gallant youth, was one of the first victims who suffered. Oh! had he died in the glorious struggle! But no, they murdered him in cold blood; and Luodovico, poor Luodovico, was afterwards proscribed, banished, his fair estates confiscated, and himself thrown a houseless, homeless wanderer, bereaved of all except a noble mind. We met in *Provence*, he was then disguised, and it was but for a moment, but that instantaneous meeting convinced me that he was still unchanged. Three months ago he wrote and informed me that the present dynasty, anxious to gain popularity, if possible, had restored to him, and a few other nobles, the principal portion of their possessions; but he also assured me that as Naples was again enslaved, it possessed no charms for him, he hoped to be able to dispose of his property, and meet me here on the night of St. Genevieve. He knew I had not forgotten the Provence roses. I wrote to him *my* little plan, and that I meant to terminate my follies on that night, in commemoration of the sweet lesson he had

taught. Carlos, you know, I brought from Italy.—And now, dear aunt, your niece's tale is told."

"He really saved my Katherine's life! but where is he, is he here?"

The young lady rang a silver bell, which stood on her aunt's table, and in a few minutes the noble Italian knelt to receive the blessing of his fair mistress's aged relative.

I need not say what followed—the old tabbies received the usual compliment of cake and favours, which they discussed very eloquently. Colinette sang, unceasingly—

"*Gay, gay, faut passer l'eau,*
Et que l'amour entre dans le bateau."

She was somewhat consoled for the absence of the diamonds, by the orange flowers and roses which composed the bridal wreath, having just arrived (with a pretty white silk dress for her pretty self) from Victorine's, from "*chère, très chère Paris!*" But the person, of all others, who behaved with the greatest decorum on that day, was Carlos; he seated himself in the barouche, with the gravity of a judge, and never displaced the silver favour that adorned his shaggy throat with a single scratch. The old piper, who deprived of the gay and cheerful light, had wandered "fra the north," and had long been lodged, fed, and clothed, at the expense of "the fair lady of Lorton," struck up, just as the "merry bells rang round" the joyful "lilt" of—

"Heigh! let us haste to the bridal,
For there'll be lilting there;
For Jock's to be married to Jenny,
The lass wi' the gouden hair."

Lady Katherine's hair was, as we have before stated, glossy black; but that had nothing to do with the Highland piper's "lilt" to which, not "merry masquers," but merry English yeomen, danced with English lasses, pure and blooming, even as the Provence rose which Luodovico gave to the Lady Katherine.

THE SURGEON'S FAMILY.

By Miss Hutton, Author of "The Miser Married," &c.

There is a town in Wales, in the immediate vicinity of which are fertile fields and a considerable river. In the back ground are mountains; and, at the distance of a few miles up the stream, the adjacent hills are clothed with wood, and a magnificent salmon leap is formed by a ledge of rocks which intersects the river. These are the sort of objects which tourists travel far to see; but tourists do not come here; for the two roads which lead from the town, to the northward and southward, are in the uncivilized state of the ancient roads of the principality, and take their course, with unbending perseverance, over every obstacle that lies in their way. No Mac Adamite hammer ever smoothed their ruggedness; no spade ever lowered one of their hills, or wheelbarrow raised one of their dingles. And why should they have done so, when a native pony can trot with ease and safety over a mountain, or through a glen? and when a pony is a sufficient conveyance to and from the town? This place has the remains of a castle, of such remote antiquity, that it is said no records are in existence respecting its erection or its inhabitants. I suspect, however, that no antiquary has yet taken the trouble to search for these records.

Cut off from intercourse with other people, the town contains, within itself, a number of inhabitants sufficient to supply each other's wants. Welch ale is sold at several houses; food and clothing at more than one. A resident surgeon and apothecary takes charge of the health and broken bones of the people; two attorneys divide the care of their property; and a plain, honest clergyman watches over their conduct, and preaches to them once a week, in the tongue of their forefathers, the aboriginal Britons.

The old surgeon passed his life not only in attendance on his fellow townsmen, but in diverging from his centre in every direction, for the welfare of mountain shepherds and lowland farmers. He kept a plentiful and hospitable table; re-

ceived money from such of his patients as chose to pay him; and, at last, yielded to the fate he had often averted from others.

The surgeon's wife was in her youth extremely beautiful, and has now great remains of beauty; though time and sorrow have imprinted their marks on her face, and though she has, at twenty-four different times, made her husband the father of twenty-four children. The manners of this lady are dignified; her sentiments are lofty, her disposition is liberal, and her heart is kind. Her understanding will declare itself in the following extract from a letter of her's written recently to one of her daughters, which affords a curious specimen of the literary attainments of a primitive Welch gentlewoman, and of a style scarcely to be expected from the narrow limits of those attainments:—

"You express a wish, my dear Elizabeth, that I should write to Mrs. H. I am no scribe, though I write fluently enough to my children: to any other persons I never wrote two letters in my life; nor, to my recollection, even one. You know that I never had any instruction, or opportunity of instruction, in spelling, reading, or writing, the psalms and chapters for the day excepted. This was all my parents taught myself and six sisters, and, indeed, all that they thought it necessary to teach us. I married at nineteen: and, by that means, lost the advantage the other children derived from the society of their parents, their relations, and their respective friends, who were all people beyond the middle classes of life. I never felt the necessity of instruction until your eldest sister was two years old, and your brother Owen was at her heels, when, according to the custom of my family, I put her to letters; but I absolutely knew not the difference between a consonant and a vowel. However, she learned to read any common book that was put into her hand by the time she was six years of age: when I was overpowered by numbers. From this time I brought up my children as well as I could, not as well as I wished.

"I overwhelm you with this subject, to impress upon your mind the contrast between Mrs. H. and myself. She is a person of education and talent, and, as I am informed, her name stands high in literary fame; I can therefore only say, respects to Mrs. H., and I hope to be ever sensible of her goodness to you, and her kindness to me."

It must be remembered, that teaching to read and write the English language in a remote part of Wales, is not to be compared with the teaching it in our National and Infant Schools. In that part of our island English is a foreign language, neither spoken nor understood by the common people. The middle classes do speak and understand it; but it is only those who, like the family and friends of the surgeon's wife, are "beyond the middle classes," that can read and write English.

Perhaps it is not intended by Providence that twenty-four sons and daughters, of the same parents, should arrive at man's and woman's estates; at least such was not the case with the surgeon's family. Seventeen was the highest number that ever graced his board at one time: and of these only one son and nine blooming daughters now remain. The daughters are all handsome and all clever; quick in thought, word, and action; inheriting their mother's understanding, with little more cultivation than she was enabled to give them. A school for young ladies was not one of the wants of their native town; or, if it was, it was a want which no one undertook to supply. One daughter only was sent to the boarding-school at the county town, after the mother had been "overpowered by numbers," that she might be qualified for a preceptress to her younger sisters; but, eminently beautiful and interesting as she was, she was prevailed upon to quit her country for England, before they had time to benefit by her instructions. Seven of the surgeon's daughters are married, and bid fair to make the surgeon's widow the grandmother of a colony.

The only surviving son is a physician, and has quitted Wales. Several of the others were in the navy, and fell in the course of their hazardous profession. One brave and noble boy—it was Alban, so named, as his maternal ancestors had been for generations, after the patron saint of the family; indeed I am not certain whether tradition does not claim the

saint as one of the family. Alban, when at home, was the best swimmer, the swiftest runner, the boldest rider, the most expert marksman, the most unerring player at quoits, in the neighbourhood; and at school, in the county town, he was said to be the finest youth that had been seen there within the memory of the inhabitants.

Alban was the favourite son of his father and mother, and it was decided by them that he should be trained to his father's profession, become his father's assistant in his future life, and his successor after his death. Alban fulfilled the speculations of his parents, so far as to become a skilful surgeon; but his native hills and glens did not afford him a field sufficiently ample; he quitted his country and family, when he had turned twenty-one years of age, with a determination to see the world, and find his way in it. He was soon after appointed assistant surgeon of a second rate man-of-war.

Alban wrote to his mother in high spirits—"The surgeon is a good man; he leaves all the management and duties of the profession to me. Our destination is the Baltic; and in six months I shall see you again." About a month afterwards Alban wrote again—"Before you receive this, I shall be on my way to the Mediterranean. Of all places, it is the last I would go to; but the ship has been ordered there, and to-morrow we unmoor." How little did Alban foresee what awaited him in the Mediterranean!

While Alban was on board this ship, and while he was in familiar conversation with the captain on the quarter-deck, a discontented sailor rushed past him, and stabbed the captain in the side. He was carried to his cabin, and, though Alban was only assistant surgeon, he would permit no other to attend him. The event proved that his confidence was not misplaced, for, by his great skill and care, Alban succeeded in recovering his commander.

The captain, who was afterwards an admiral, and who is since dead, returned to England, leaving Alban on board the ship; but, before he sailed, he recommended him so strongly to the admiral who commanded on the Gibraltar station, that, contrary to the rules of the navy, but in consequence of a discretionary power vested in such a commander, to be exercised on extraordinary occasions, Alban was appointed surgeon of a first rate man-of-war.

Who was now so happy as Alban! all his dislike to the Mediterranean forgotten. Gibraltar was but a rock, but the society of the officers of the garrison rendered it delightful. He had become acquainted with an hospitable Spanish merchant, at whose house he frequently passed his evenings when on shore. The merchant was a Jew, but a Jew might be a good man, and Ben Amor was good. The head dress of the merchant's wife was frightful, but she was a kind-hearted, generous woman. Simlie, their daughter, was exquisitely beautiful, and superlatively amiable and interesting, without a single drawback. In a word, Alban was a favourite every where; the world smiled upon him, and he deserved its smiles.

The house of the Jew merchant was always open to Alban, and, by degrees, he found it most convenient to pay his visits in a morning; for, at this time, the merchant being engaged in his counting-house, and his wife in her domestic concerns, their daughter was most in want of society. Alban was remarkably handsome, the pride of a handsome family, and Simlie was not blind to his attractions. The result of their conversations was, that the handsome Christian and the beautiful Jewess became desperately in love with each other.

At length the mother of Simlie suspected the attachment, and, without mentioning the circumstance to her daughter, she communicated her suspicions to her husband. The merchant was at first dumb with astonishment at an attachment which he might reasonably have expected, if his head had not been in his counting-house; and, when he found words, he was raging with passion. Simlie was summoned into the presence of her parents, and charged with the unpardonable sin of loving a Christian. On her knees she confessed her love, and owned she could not live without her lover. The father, unmoved, forbade her ever to see him more, and vowed his

utmost vengeance if she disobeyed this command. The daughter rose, despair in her countenance, and rushed out of the room, without speaking. Alarmed by her look and manner, the mother instantly followed, and arrived in time to lay hold of the clothes of her daughter, as she was in the act of throwing herself out of her chamber window.

After this terrible scene, the mother of Simlie became the advocate of her daughter; and the father so far relented as to say that he would not oppose her marriage, though he declared he would never receive the Christian as his son.

The young Jewess had 50,000 crowns in money, and diamonds of the value of 5,000 crowns, whether in her own possession, or given by her father after her marriage, I know not: but this made no difference to Alban. He could not be insensible of the worth of gold and diamonds, but Simlie was equally dear to him whether she possessed them or otherwise. He engaged a clergyman, privately, to perform the two requisite offices: by the first of which, the young Jewess was baptized according to the rites of the Christian church; and by the second, which immediately followed, she became his bride.

This is the "Romance of Real Life;" if it were a tale of fiction it should end here.

Alban and his Simlie were as happy in each other as any of the heroes and heroines brought together by fiction; and, to complete their happiness, she had the prospect of becoming a mother. They had been married ten months, when a gun-boat, belonging to Alban's ship, with the master of the ship, and a crew of nine men, was going to Tangiers for fresh beef. Alban and two officers of the garrison agreed to go in the boat, for the purpose of seeing this Moorish city; but the two officers were ordered on guard, and Alban, who was very desirous to see Tangiers, and thought he might not have another opportunity, determined to go without them. The gun-boat sailed in the evening. In the night there came on the most tremendous storm ever remembered in the Straits at that time of the year, which was May, and the gun-boat was wrecked on the coast of Barbary.

On the vessel getting a-ground, Alban, the master, and the crew, eleven persons in all, crowded into a small skiff belonging to it, and pulling only two oars; and were rowing along the shore in the hope of reaching Tangiers, when a party of Moors came down and fired upon them with muskets. One shot alone took place in the boat, and that one passed directly through the head of Alban, and wounded the master, who was sitting close by him. At the moment that Alban received the shot, he was urging the men to make greater exertions. He sighed deeply, his head sank on the master's shoulder, and he expired without a struggle. Thus fell Alban on the Mediterranean, in the twenty-fifth year of his age. It was scarcely daylight when this unfortunate affair happened; and it is supposed that the Moors imagined the boat belonged to a Spanish smuggler, which had been hovering on the coast for some days, and trying to land her cargo.

After incredible exertions and sufferings on the part of the officers and the crew, the boat reached Tangiers, where the body of Alban was interred in the garden of the Swedish consul; himself and all the other European consuls attending.

Alban was universally lamented, but his young wife was inconsolable. It is some satisfaction, however, to know that she was immediately received into her father's house, and treated by her parents with the utmost kindness. She was shortly after delivered of a son. The melancholy fate of her favourite son met the eyes of Alban's mother in a newspaper, which had lain on her table unopened for several hours. She sank to the ground on reading it, and has never recovered the shock.

THE HALF-HANGED BANDIT.

Tired and jaded, I turned my solitary steps towards Paris, when in the middle of the road I observed a traveller walking leisurely along. On coming up with him, curiosity induced me to observe his physiognomy, which a feeble acquaintance with the science of Lavater, enabled me to pronounce that of a boon companion—a decided amateur of good eating and drinking, when those blessings were to be obtained without too much trouble. He seemed to be one of those enviable mortals who jog along the road of existence without knowing or caring whither they are bound; one of those to whom the moment is every thing, and who give themselves but little concern about their evening couch or their morning meal. His countenance was frank and open, and throughout his whole person reigned an air of careless hilarity—a total abandonment of all sublunary concerns to the supreme divinity of chance; and I must confess that such a system has often appeared to me quite as philosophic as any other. He that "takes no thought for the morrow," unlike the cautious, calculating reasoner, enjoys the good that is offered, and is at least not tormented by anticipation of the evil. I have generally remarked, that the man who, in the disagreeable journey of life, abandons himself blindly and unhesitatingly to the empire of circumstances, comes off better than his fellow-travellers, and is distinguished from the crowd by an air of boldness and independence that is not without its charm. Such was precisely the case with the pedestrian whom I now overtook. As I had set out with a determination to amuse myself, and as he seemed inclined to be sociable, I slackened my pace in order to keep alongside of him, and was soon convinced that I had not been mistaken in the judgment I had formed of his jovial disposition, for he was the first to break silence.

"You are probably going to Paris, *Monsieur?*" said he, carelessly; "if so, you can shew me the way, for in these cursed by-roads I have twice lost myself."

"With all my heart, my good fellow; you have only to keep along with me, and we shall reach Paris together: though, by the way, you don't seem in a great hurry to arrive."

"Oh, as for that, I never hurry when I feel myself in safety. Simple as I stand here, many a rock in Italy has served me as an ambuscade for more than fifteen days together: and there have I been planted, my ear cocked, my eye on the look-out, and my good carbine in my hand, watching for game that I could not always start."

I am not naturally timid, and after all, what was there to fear? I was a match for the stranger in physical advantages, and was besides armed: but I own that I felt an odd, awkward sort of sensation, more attributable to surprise than to any other cause. I soon, however, recovered my self-possession sufficiently to reply to him.

"Is it possible, *Monsieur,* that I see before me one of those hardy Sicilian brigands, to whose account have been laid so many charming adventures of robbery and murder, and whose daring career has furnished so fine a subject for the pencil of Salvator Rosa?"

"Faith, even so," replied the bandit, "I have in my day been enrolled among those hardy Sicilian bands, those brave fellows that would lift you up a man from the high road, with as much ease as a sneaking, beggarly pickpocket would extract a handkerchief or a purse at a village fair." He sighed deeply and shook his head mournfully at these recollections of departed greatness.

"Ay," said I, with an appearance of profound sympathy, "you may well regret those golden days!"

"Regret them! ah! the bandit's is the only life. Nothing under the sun could compare with our hardy mountaineers. Only fancy a dashing young fellow of eighteen; his dress a smart green frock with gold buttons, his hair tastefully plaited, his pistols stuck in a rich silk girdle, an enormous sabre trailing behind him with a formidable rattle, a glittering carbine slung across his shoulders, his trusty stiletto at his side: only fancy an interesting young bandit armed thus at

all points, posted on the summit of a rock, bidding bold defiance to the abyss beneath: singing and fighting—fighting and singing: making alliance one day with the Pope, the next with the Emperor; receiving ransom for the strangers that fall into his hands, as for so many slaves; drinking his delicious rosolio; ruling the roast at taverns; throwing the handkerchief to village beauties; and always sure of dying on a gallows or on a bed of state: only picture to yourself such a charming life, and then judge what I have lost."

"Lost, say you? And yet if I may judge, you must have been rather a shy bird to catch; and if you have given up the trade, I suppose it was with your own free consent."

"Indeed!" replied the bandit; "you little know how matters stand: but if you had been hanged like me—"

"You! hanged!" And I involuntarily started back.

"Ay, hanged, and all owing to an excess of devotion. You must know that I was snugly concealed in one of those impenetrable defiles that border Terracina. One fine evening when the moon rose brilliant and lovely, I recollected that for a long time, obdurate heathen as I was, I had not made an offering of the tithe of my booty to the Madona. By a singular coincidence it happened that on that very day the *fête* of the Virgin was celebrated. All Italy had resounded with the homage offered up at the blessed shrine. I alone, miserable sinner, had not even muttered an *Ave-Maria*. Determined, however, to make up for lost time, I descended the valley with rapid strides, poetically admiring, as I went along, the soft silvery reflection of the stars in the broad lake, and I arrived at Terracina at the moment when the moon shone brightest. Wholly absorbed in my devotion to the Madona, I traversed a crowd of Italian peasants who were enjoying the cool evening breeze at the threshold of their doors. Never once reflecting that every eye was fixed on me, I arrived at the church porch. Only one of the folding doors was open; on the other was posted a large placard which contained a most flattering description of my person, and agreeably tickled my vanity, by informing me that a high price was fixed upon my head. Nothing daunted, I entered the church—an Italian church too—with its fretted arches, its mosaic pavement, its lofty dome, its altar of white marble, its delicious perfume of incense, and the last lingering sounds of the organ dying on the breeze. The sainted image of the Madona was encircled with a wreath of flowers. I prostrated myself before her, and offered her a handsome share of my booty, a diamond cross that had been worn by a young Sicilian beauty, and a small English box of elaborate workmanship. The Virgin appeared propitiated by my homage. I arose, nothing doubting, and was preparing to depart in peace for my mountains, when just at the church-door I was seized from behind, and dragged by a set of ill-looking police agents, to a dungeon whence there was no escape, for there was not a petticoat about the place, and as I had not a piastre in the world, it was impossible to bribe the gaoler."

"And so you were hanged, my honest fellow?"

"By the Virgin, the very next morning. Great pains were taken to conceal the report of my detention, and a few hours sufficed to construct a gibbet, and to find an executioner. In the morning the officers of justice visited my cell, and desired me to quit my dungeon. At the outer gate were collected a number of horrid spectres, in the shape of a group of Italian penitents, white, black, and grey; some with sandals, others with their feet naked, each holding a lighted torch in his hand, his head covered with a *san-benito* that exposed to view nothing but a ghastly hollow eye on which the leaden stillness of death was already imprinted. In front of me four priests, muttering the service for the dead, carried a funeral bier, and away I marched gaily to the gallows, which, by way of doing me honour, had been erected in the most distinguished style. It was elevated upon a gentle rising ground, and somewhat resembled a large direction post. White daisies formed a soft flowery carpet at its foot: behind rose the hills that had so often witnessed my exploits; in front yawned a precipice, at the base of which, rolled with monotonous murmur, a rapid torrent, whose exhalations penetrated even to the theatre on whose stage I was about to exhibit.

Around the instrument of death all was perfume and light. I advanced with a firm step to the foot of the ladder, but casting a last look upon my coffin (which lay in readiness for the moment when all should be over) and measuring its dimensions with a glance, 'This coffin is not near large enough,' cried I; 'and by the Virgin, I am determined not to be hanged till one of the proper dimensions is brought:' at the same time I assumed so resolute an air, that the chief of the police gang found it necessary to venture a few words as a sedative. 'My son,' said he, 'you would have just reason to complain, if this coffin were destined to contain your body entire; but as your exploits have gained you a high reputation in the country, it has been decided that, as soon as you are dead, your head shall be severed from your body, and exposed to public view from the most elevated point of the city. You may therefore make yourself perfectly easy, for you see you will have plenty of room: I scorn to deceive an honest man like you.'

"With this reasoning I was perfectly satisfied. I ascended the ladder, and in the twinkling of an eye was at the top. From my elevated position the view was admirable, and the hangman being a novice in his art, that circumstance afforded me sufficient time to cast a last look upon the crowd. I observed some determined young fellows of my own stamp, trembling with ill-suppressed rage, and some young girls in tears, while others, on the contrary, testified every symptom of joy. In the midst of the crowd was one of my own band, as brave a lad as ever handled blade: in short, a fellow after my own heart, whose parting look seemed to promise me a deep and speedy vengeance. While every thing was preparing, I walked carelessly to and fro upon the platform of the gallows, just on the brink of the precipice. The sympathetic hangman shuddered at my temerity: 'Have a care,' cried he, 'or you will be killed! wait for *me*.' At last, all was ready; but the tender-hearted finisher of the law was seized with a vertigo; his limbs tottered under his feeble frame; the rolling cascade below, the burning sun above, bewildered his brain. At length, however, the cord was awkwardly arranged around my neck, the executioner pushed me into the yawning abyss, and attempted to shorten my sufferings by pressing his ignoble foot upon my shoulders. But on these firm, tough shoulders, mortal foot cannot print its trace with impunity; the executioner slipped, retrieved himself for a moment by grasping at the foot of the gallows with both hands; one of them gradually relaxed its hold, and the next instant he was himself precipitated headlong into the abyss, and borne away by the torrent."

This gallows, with its gay and smiling accompaniments, this scene of death, so jocundly pourtrayed, had wound up my curiosity to the highest pitch. I was anxious to hear the continuation of his adventures, and at my request, he thus resumed his story.

"I have the most perfect recollection," said he, "of even the slightest sensations which I experienced; and if the whole business were to begin over again in an hour from this, I should feel not the slightest concern. As soon as the rope had been fastened around my neck, and the executioner had pushed me from the ladder, I at first felt a great pain about the throat; shortly afterwards I felt nothing—the air inflated my lungs slowly, but pinched up as they were, the slightest particle of the balmy breeze restored me to life; and besides, being lightly balanced in mid air, I might be said to breathe it at every pore. I can even recollect that this swing-swong motion was not without its charms; I beheld external objects, as it were through a thin veil of gauze: my ear was rather fatigued by a stilly silence. I began gradually to lose myself in my meditations, though I can no longer exactly recollect the subject of them, unless it was the money I had won the evening before from my comrade Gregorio. All of a sudden I gasped for breath—I could no longer see objects distinctly—I no longer felt the swing-swong motion—I was dead."

"And yet," said I, "here you are, alive and hearty, and I congratulate you most sincerely on your escape."

The bandit, upon this, assumed an air of gravity, and assured me that there was a miracle at the bottom of it. "I had been dead," resumed he, "upwards of an

hour, when my comrade cut the rope. On coming to myself, the first object that my eyes beheld was a lovely female—her sylph-like form reclining with deep interest over my exhausted frame—her soft black eyes fixed with intense anxiety on mine so long closed in death—her balmy breath revivifying me with a soul more pure than that which had quitted its tenement. Her voice, her look, her language, her soul, were Italian. Methought for an instant that I had newly risen from the tomb, and that I was in the presence of Raphael's Madona. Now, Signor, you have heard the bandit's story. I have faithfully promised the lovely Maria to become an honest man, if possible. Love, they say, works miracles; and perhaps he will, in favour of Maria, operate my conversion. I have even already made considerable progress in the path of virtue, for I have procured myself two most indispensible requisites to the character of an honest man—a good coat, and a new hat."

"But besides that," added I, "you must have a trade, and I am greatly afraid, my good friend, that you have none."

"That is precisely what every one tells me," replied he; "and though I tormented my poor brains from morning till night about it, I could never perceive that a trade led to any thing good in France. Now in Italy it is quite different: there the fields every morning produce mushrooms sufficient to feed a city ten times as populous as that of Rome: here, every thing must be paid for, even to the very mushrooms, which are rank poison."

"Do you think then," said I, "that the trade of lazzaroni is that of an honest man?"

"It is impossible to find an honester. Your lazzaroni is neither master nor servant; depends on no man's orders but his own; works only when his necessities require—and his necessities are never very urgent as long as the sun shines bright and warm. And then do you reckon for nothing the pleasure of seeing the pope every day? a pleasure that is equivalent to at least twenty indulgences every twenty-four hours: no life like the lazzaroni's."

"In that case I am surprised you have not got yourself enrolled as a member of the fraternity."

"I had some thoughts of it," replied he; "and Maria would fain have persuaded me to it, but I was always afraid of the eruptions of Vesuvius."

At the same instant we entered one of the barriers of Paris.

The entrance to Paris by the barrier of *Bon-Lapin*, is perhaps the most agreeable, though in appearance the most simple of all. The traveller who makes choice of that entrance, arrives across the fields, traverses a vast plain appropriated every morning to the field exercise of the cavalry about Paris, enters a spacious alley, and leaving to the left the *Grande Chaumière* with its *guingettes,* finds himself suddenly before the Luxembourg, that beauteous and tranquil retreat formed expressly for the delight of peaceful souls. The Italian, astonished at every thing he saw, questioned me at every step. His wonder was in turn excited by the old apple-women that encumbered the porch of the palace, and by the young "pillars of the state" who came to legislate for the good of the nation. He was amazed that not a single vagabond could be found warming himself lazily and luxuriously in the sun; that most of the lazzaroni (as he termed them) in this country worked like galley slaves. His musical ear was shocked to hear other lazzaroni in the street screaming their discordant notes to the accompaniment of a hurdy-gurdy. His eye was shocked with the sight of clumsy earthen pots—every thing modern—nothing antique—narrow streets—an infected air—young girls clad in the livery of wretchedness, and lacking the witchery of an Italian smile—venders of poison, ycleped apothecaries, at the corner of every street—and not a *single* Madona. The bandit was seized with consternation. "What can I do among such people?" exclaimed he, in a tone of anxiety that pierced through the natural hilarity of his disposition.

"In the first place, what are your qualifications?" asked I, beginning, I confess, to feel rather embarrassed with his person.

"Not very remarkable," replied he, "and yet I could play better music, I could paint better, I could guard a palace better than those I have hitherto seen:

and as to the venders of poison with whom your streets are filled, here is a stiletto worth all their drugs;" and he sighed, as he examined the point of his dazzling blade.

"If these are your only resources, Heaven help you, my good friend; we have already in the market about fifteen thousand painters, twice that number of musicians, and God knows how many poets who ride their Pegasus but slowly on the road to immortality. As to your stiletto, if you will be ruled by me, you will let it repose quietly in the scabbard; otherwise you may chance to enjoy the swing-swong motion you are so fond of, at a gallows where the rope never breaks, I promise you."

"Yet, without boasting, I sing a love song admirably. At Venice, the amateur serenaders always confided the orchestra to me, and I generally managed matters so well, that it has been my fortune to finish, on my own account, more than one affair that I had begun on another's."

"Ah! my good friend, serenading does not go down here. In France there is but one way to a woman's heart: gold here is a talisman that works more miracles than all the melody of Metastasio."

"In that case," replied the bandit, with *hauteur*, "I will enter the service of the King of France. His Majesty shall see in what style I can handle a carbine, and command a battalion."

"In the first place you must know that his Majesty is not so easily spoken with as an Italian captain of banditti. In the next, handle the carbine with what skill you may, you will find your matches here: there are two hundred thousand brave fellows in France who are paid for that work, at the liberal rate of five sols each *per diem*."

"Ah!" cried the brigand, knitting his brows, "what a vile country! that cannot even support a troop of brave fellows with a bandit chief at their head: what an excellent cook they would find in me!"

"Cook!" replied I, "and pray what talent can you boast in that way?"

"*Pardieu!* I could shew them that we lads of the stiletto do not starve ourselves: I could serve them up a ragoût seasoned with pimento, such as any man of taste would pronounce exquisite. When I was at Terracina, I was famous for a hare civet. If you could only ask his eminence Cardinal Fesch, whose soul God rest! I recollect that one evening I was sent for to prepare his supper, and his eminence swore by his hat, that he had never tasted any thing more delicious in his own palace."

Hereupon I addressed the bandit in a solemn tone: "I congratulate you," said I, "your destiny is in your own hands; your skill as a cook will ensure you a better welcome in France than you could expect were you gifted with the talent of a general. Visit every house in Paris, and when you come to one that suits you, walk in boldly—announce your culinary abilities—prove yourself a cook, and you are at the head of affairs directly. Your fortune is made: adieu."—I quitted him forthwith, relieved from all anxiety as to his future fate. W. B.

THE GRAPPLE CRAIG.

Induced, partly through ill health and partly for pleasure, to make a tour through the Highlands of Scotland, I started on my journey in the month of July, 18—; and, after a tolerable voyage, I reached the village of ——, pleasantly situated on a declivity close to the sea. From the neatness of this village, and the beauty of its surrounding scenery, my stay was longer than I had originally intended. It was in one of my excursions up the wooded, picturesque, and romantic banks of the river D—, that I became acquainted with the subject of the following narrative. The river runs for miles through the wildest scenery imaginable. Here, the projecting rocks approach so close, that the river rushes with dreadful violence through the narrow chasm below; there, they recede and form an amphitheatre, where the water in the centre lies as "deep and still as an untroubled lake;" while a path, from fifty to a hundred feet up the precipice, winds its way,

in sympathy, as it were, with the beautiful sinuosities of the river, disclosing, when it leads to the promontory, a scene of the most imposing effect.—In one part, where two jutting crags approach, is a bridge, the height of which from the water cannot be less than a hundred feet, while, on a projecting ledge of rock on the opposite side of the amphitheatre, is a chair, or seat, for the accommodation of lovers of the romantic. Few, indeed, but those, and such as are accustomed to the path, would venture to the spot.

While seated on this ledge, "admiring Nature in her grandest form," and musing on the beauty and sublimity of the scene, my attention was arrested by the appearance of an old man approaching me, in the common garb of a Scottish peasant. The broad bonnet was placed on his head with an appearance of pride and grace; in his hand he bore a staff, not only for the sake of securing his footing, but that he might exercise more authority over the school-boys, who sometimes broke through the adjoining woods to disturb the "corbies'" nests, which seemed to abound in this quarter. I had little time to note his person ere he reached me, and accosted me in the common dialect and salutation of the country. I asked him many questions regarding the surrounding objects, which he as readily answered. At last I came to be informed that the ledge of rock we then stood upon bore the mysterious name of the "Grapple Craig." Desirous of learning the origin of so singular a designation, I inquired of my informant if he could satisfy my curiosity on that point.

"O, ay can I, at least as I hae heard the story—that is, if ye are in no great hurry, and are inclined to listen; for I am ane o' those that are ill qualified at laying aff a tale."—I accordingly disposed myself to listen, and the old man proceeded in effect as follows:—

"Not long since, in the village close by, there lived a widow mother and an only daughter, whose name was Mary Stewart. Andrew Stewart had died before Mary had reached the age of seven: yet for all the disadvantages of poverty and indigence which this event brought upon the widow mother and her daughter, Mary grew to be one of the prettiest girls in the country side. She was modest, mild, and unassuming. Often have I seen her, when she has observed eyes resting on her in the kirk on Sunday, hang down her head to hide the modest blush that overspread her cheek. Such a girl in a country village could not be long without a lover; and this lover was Allan McIvor. He had lived within a few doors of Mary's mother, and had been Mary's playmate and companion from childhood; and the friendship they had cherished in youth grew to mutual love and esteem in riper years. They were so adapted and so attached to one another, that their spirits seemed joined in one bond of affection. McIvor was Mary's senior by three years. He was tall and well made; and by the time he had reached the age of manhood, nature had endowed him with a strong masculine and powerful frame. In temper, however, he was rash and uncontrollable; and if any one attempted to thwart him in his designs, he became like a mountain torrent whose course is obstructed, gaining force by the stoppage, till, overleaping its boundary, with tenfold violence it sweeps every thing before it. Such was the spirit that swayed McIvor; yet, many a time, when this spirit has been roused, and when no other would dare to cross him, has one gentle glance, one gentle word from Mary, restored him to calmness and to reason.

"The time was at last appointed for their nuptials. It was agreed that the widow, Mary, and McIvor, should live in one house, and be in some respects as they had ever been; but Providence had ordained it otherwise. I have said before that McIvor was fierce and uncontrollable in passion. It chanced upon the evening of a fair that McIvor and another young man of the name of Cameron met; and after conversing for a time, they fell into a dispute respecting some trivial occurrence. As Cameron had been drinking, he hesitated not to raise the then dormant spirit of McIvor, which was more easily effected, as Cameron had been one of Mary's rejected wooers. To exasperate McIvor, he threw out some unmanly insinuations against the maiden. McIvor's wrath was now converted into fury; and the consequences of their quar-

rel might have been fatal, had not some of their friends interfered and separated them. However, the insult which McIvor had received left a deep impression on his mind; and he vowed that when they might again meet, their quarrel should not be so readily appeased.

"This affray happened a short time before the appointed marriage day of Mary and McIvor; and the event which I am now about to mention, occurred on the Sunday fortnight preceding their intended union. It chanced that Mary and McIvor had chosen this path for their walk; and after wandering for some time through the surrounding woods and crags, they at last reached the spot where we are now seated, for the sake both of resting and enjoying the beauty of the country. They had not long sat, however, before they were surprised by the sudden appearance of Cameron coming along the walk that leads to this very point. It would seem that he was not aware of the presence of McIvor and Mary, until he had advanced so far that he was ashamed to retrace his steps. Mary beheld a flush of hatred, and rising revenge overspread the cheek of McIvor as he recognized Cameron. He fixed his eyes staringly upon him—his brows knit—and his whole frame shook and quivered with uncontrollable passion. Mary well knew the power that was working within him. She, too, shook with fear and dread of the consequences of their meeting. By every means in her power she endeavoured to pacify his anger; but all her efforts were unavailing, and he seemed totally unconscious of her presence. He sprang from the seat beside her, fixed his eyes sternly on Cameron, and fiercely exclaimed—"'Ah! I did not think we should meet so soon!'

"'And what does our meeting signify?' replied Cameron.—'Have you then, Sir, already forgotten the insolence I received from you at our last, not to dread our second meeting? If you have, I have not; and, had we met at any other time than the present, you should suffer for such insolence as you deserve to suffer. Meantime return the road you came, lest I should be tempted to do that which I might at another time repent.'

"'Sir, do your utmost—I defy you—I'll stay or return as I choose. Think not that I heed your threats! What happened at our last meeting might tell you otherwise.'

"'By Heavens! this double insolence I cannot brook.' Saying this, McIvor sprang upon him, and would have thrown him from the precipice, had not Cameron been aware of his intentions, and fixed his foot against a rising point to enable him to resist the shock. As it was, they met—they grappled—each with the intention of hurling the other into the chasm beneath. For some time they stood motionless, locked in each other's arms, so equal were they in strength. A second or two they hung projecting from the rock. Their strength was nearly exhausted. At last McIvor, mustering all his remaining force, gave his adversary a push—a fragment of the rock gave way beneath his foot—he fell from the promontory's edge, dragging McIvor with him in his fall. Mary sat during the struggle unable to rise or speak. At length, aware of McIvor's danger, she sprang up, ran forward, and would have pulled him back; but ere she reached the brink they were both gone for ever. Cameron fell on a ledge of rock at the bottom, and was killed upon the spot. McIvor struck against a projecting point in his fall, and was thrown into the water below, where, stunned by the previous shock, he was drowned, and his body hurried down the stream.

"Mary, after lingering for some months in mental anguish, at last died of a broken heart, and was, at her own request, buried by the side of her betrothed.—Such was the awful event that gave this rock the name of the '*Grapple Craig.*'"

A. E. M.

Original Poetry.

SHALL WE LOVE HEREAFTER?

By the Author of "The Siege of Zaragosa," &c.

Is this then all—THIS fond brief fellowship
With those on whom we doat?—Is the heart's vow,
Breathed amid silent tears, to love for ever
The worshipped ones that live within our breasts,
Pledged for a moment—NOT Eternity?—
Hear thou, my soul—Oh, hear and answer me!
Are all thy purest beatings, tenderest thoughts
And holiest sympathies, but given in vain?
Are the close ties, whose sweet and hallowed thrall
Makes even *this* dim earth a paradise—
Are they twined round each fibre of the heart,
To be at length, when death's cold night descends,
Plucked thence for ever—as in mockery?—

No,—by the deep communion thou hast held
With kindred spirits—by the lofty hope
That sanctifies thy flame of mortal love,
Bidding it burn more brightly—by those words,
Uttered by lips adored, in the hushed hour,
And witnessed by the chaste and myriad stars
That gazed on thee from their empyreal homes—
No,—by the blessed whispered words—"Remember,
In other worlds our love shall be renewed!"
By these—and by the yet more solemn records
That Memory holds within her dearest page—
Ay, by the looks—the looks of yearning fondness
That shed a halo o'er the dying bed—
The last faint pressure of the feeble hand,
That said "farewell!"—but NOT "farewell for ever!"—
By these—by *these*—there is an hour in store,
When the rich germ, implanted in our hearts,
Of love imperishable, shall be ripened;—
The vintage of the soul—when those rare flowers
That live to brighten this world's desert path
Shall, in a fairer climate, turn to fruit!

L. S. S.

THE SONG OF THE HOURS.

By Susanna Strickland.

Part I.

THE TWILIGHT HOUR.

SLOWLY I dawn on the sleepless eye,
Like a dreaming thought of eternity;
But darkness hangs on my misty vest,
Like the shade of care on the sleeper's breast,
A light that is felt, but dimly seen:
And the weary watcher will, sighing, say—
"Lord, I thank thee! 'twill soon be day;
The ling'ring night of pain is past,
Morning breaks in the east at last."

Mortal! thou may'st read in me
A type of feeble infancy;
A dim, uncertain, struggling ray,
The promise of a future day.

THE MORNING HOUR.

Like a maid on her bridal morn I rise,
With the smile on her lip, and the tear in her eyes;
While the breeze my crimson banner unfurls,
I wreathe my neck with the purest pearls—
Brighter diamonds never were seen
Encircling the neck of an Indian queen.
I traverse the east on my glittering wing,
And my smiles awake every living thing;
And the twilight hour, like a pilgrim grey,
Follows the night on her weeping way.
I raise the veil from the saffron bed,
Where the young sun pillows his golden head;
He lifts from the ocean his burning eye,
And his glory lights up the earth and sky!

Oh! I am like that dewy prime,
Ere Youth hath shaken hands with Time—
Ere the sands in his glass had wasted low,
And discovered the hidden rocks of woe;
When, like the rosy hours of morn,
Joy, and Gladness, and Love were born;
Hope, divine, of heavenly birth,
And Pleasure that lightens the cares of earth!

THE NOON-TIDE HOUR.

I come, like an eastern monarch dight,
In my crown of beams, in my robe of light;
And Nature droops at my ardent gaze,
And wraps the woods in a purple haze.
From my fiery glance the strong man shrinks—
Like a babe, to the bosom of earth he sinks!
While the sun flames out, and the heavens o'er head
Glow like an ocean of molten lead,
He feels his heart more languidly beat,
And veils his brow from the burning heat;
Yet cries, as he turns from the glowing ray—
"This is a glorious summer day!"

This is mankind's fiery dower,
Passion's all-consuming power;
Glorious, beautiful, and bright,
But too dazzling to the sight.

Records of the Beau Monde.

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER, 1829.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF THE FASHIONS.

ENGLISH FASHIONS.

Evening Dress.

A dress of white *Gros de Naples*, with a border beautifully painted in garlands, in bias, of natural flowers, richly grouped together, consisting of full-blown Provence roses, red and yellow, with blue convolvoluses. Above the border are three stripes of satin ribbon, pink, edged with celestial-blue. The body is made *à la Circassienne*, with full, short sleeves. The hair is elegantly arranged in the last new style of clustered curls and bows, but slightly elevated, and crowned with a wreath of full-blown, red roses, of the Provence kind. Broad bracelets are worn over the gloves, of small coral beads, fastened by a turquoise stone set in gold. The shoes and stockings are of fawn-coloured silk; the shoes are embroidered in front with a small *bouquet* of differently-coloured flowers.

Home Costume.

A dress of bright amber-coloured *gros de Naples*, with a broad hem, headed by two narrow flounces; one falling over the other, in Vandyke points, edged by a slight pattern of embroidery in white silk. The sleeves *à la Mameluke*, with double, falling *mancherons*, edged with the same work as that on the flounces at the border of the skirt. The head-dress consists of a blond cap, with three borders of a Vandyke pattern; they are turned back from the face, and the cap is lightly ornamented with bows of corn-flower blue ribbon; with very long strings, depending as low as the knees. Half-boots of blue satin, and blue kid gloves, complete the dress.

FRENCH FASHIONS.

Promenade Dress.

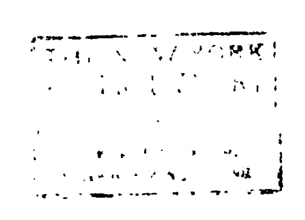
A dress of apricot-coloured muslin, with a broad hem round the border, headed by a beautifully wrought fringe of the same colour. The body *en gerbe*, and confined round the waist by a belt of ethereal-blue ribbon, fastened in front by an oblong gold buckle. The sleeves are *à l'imbécille*, and are finished at the wrists by narrow cuffs of muslin, embroidered, and surmounted by a lace ruffle. A pelerine is worn with this dress, of embroidered *tulle*, frilled round by a broad trimming of the same, and finished next the throat by a lace ruff, fastened in front by a bow of blue ribbon. The hat is of white *gros de Naples*, ornamented beneath and above the brim, with bows of blue ribbon: in front of the crown is a puckering of blue sarcenet. Half-boots are worn with this costume, of stone-coloured jean.

A Dinner Party Dress.

A dress of primrose-coloured taffety, with a broad flounce of the same, elegantly embroidered in white floize silk; this is headed by a very narrow flounce, finished in the same manner; and the whole surmounted by a *cordon* of primrose-coloured silk. The body is *à l'Enfant*, with a narrow cape of white satin, pointed in front, and edged with blond. The sleeves are short, and *en béret*. A hat of white chip has a bow under the brim on the right temple, of lilac and white ribbon sewn together, strings of which float over the shoulders. An elegant wreath of flowers falls over the edge of the brim, on the right side, consisting of vine-leaves, with a few small bunches of the purple grape, and yellow roses: on the left side, above the brim, at the base of the crown, is a *bouquet*, formed of yellow roses, and a bunch of grapes, with two or three vine leaves.

A Child's Dress for the Promenade.

A tunic and petticoat of fine cambric, or jaconot muslin, trimmed with narrow lace, of a Vandyke pattern. Several very





EVENING DRESS. MORNING DRESS.



PROMENADE DRESS, CHILDS DRESS, DINNER DRESS

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small tucks surround the border both of the tunic and petticoat, next the feet. The front of the *corsage* is finished on each side by *fichu* robings, from whence descend the sides of the tunic. The pantaloons are of the same material as the dress, and are made tight round the ankles. The sleeves are short, and have a bow of pink ribbon on each shoulder: a sash of the same kind and colour of ribbon encircling the waist. A cottage bonnet of Leghorn, lined with pink satin, and kid half-boots, the colour mignionette-leaf green, complete this very charming and infantine dress.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHIONS AND DRESS.

So unpropitious has been our summer, particularly towards its close, that we find many of our fair countrywomen already resorting to warm clothing. In this, they evince a prudent care for the preservation of their beauty, towards which, health is the chief ingredient. It is unsafe, in a climate such as our's, to be tardy in delaying to impart warmth to the chest, and to protect the feet from the chill of a London pavement, and the humidity of walks in the country, howsoever well gravelled, or paths yet more damp in extensive pleasure grounds. These remarks were induced by having seen, at a fashionable bathing place, some ladies of distinguished rank in satin pelisses; and many in very beautiful *demi-saison* cloaks; but even the latter were carefully wrapped round their forms, which thus acquired a far more comfortable appearance for the declining time of the year, according to the short summer we have experienced, than could have been received from the thin collar of embroidered muslin, the almost transparent *canezou* spencer, and the petticoat of thin *barège* or printed muslin.

Far more genteel for the morning walk, as autumnal costume, is a dress, made partially high, of dark-coloured, fine Merino; with a black velvet pelerine, *en fichu*, with long ends dependant to the feet. These comfortable dresses are bordered with two very broad bias folds; and round the neck is a black velvet ornament, pointed *à la Vandyke*. The body is made quite plain, fitting as close to the shape as possible, and the sleeves] *à l'Amadis*; very wide at the thicker part of the arm, but the gauntlet-cuff coming very high, and fitting tight to the arm, very nearly approaching the elbow. This gives to these capacious sleeves a novel feature, and divests them of much of their heretofore ridiculous appearance. The colour most admired for these dresses is a fine Etruscan-brown, though they are of various dark, and unobtruding tints. Shawls of real cachemire are, as usual, favourite envelopes, at this season, with those who can obtain them. Our own charming manufacture of those we call Thibet-shawls, are also much in request, and are very general in open carriages, and at quitting the provincial theatres, music meetings, or other evening parties.

The hats fly very much off the face, which renders either a broad blond at the edge, or a veil, absolutely indispensable. We have seen one of canary-yellow satin, lined with the same colour, and ornamented with two ribbons of different shades, pink and yellow: these, under the brim, were sewn together, and were disposed in rosettes over each temple. A superb white blond veil was worn with this hat, which, in spite of its whimsical association of colours, was very becoming; the hat, itself, was of a very moderate size. Under the brim of some extensive hats it is customary to place as many as six rosettes, in order to take off that bareness from the lining, which, when so *évasée*, gives to them an appearance absolutely brazen, and is not becoming to any countenance; particularly to the young, who always add to their attractions by simplicity of attire: and we should think that matrons, whose charms may be in the wane, would do better in not copying the fashionable *follies* of their Gallic neighbours.

There are seen but few now of those beautiful transparent bonnets of coloured crape in the cottage style; and those are only seen on the heads of young persons. Instead of the *chevaux-de-frise*, which was formerly placed at the edge of the brim, a deep white blond is now adopted, set on full: a bonnet of white crape of this kind, lined with lemon-colour, has been

much admired; the brim, however, of this, was edged with a double *ruche* of *tulle*. We cannot expect much novelty, at present, among the hats and bonnets; before October shall have passed away, we may look for that ensign of winter, the black velvet bonnet. Those reckoned now most new and elegant are of watered *gros de Naples*, either white or coloured. There is nothing very novel in the shape, except that the crown is round; it is often encircled by a band notched at the edges, and bound round by a narrow *rouleau* of satin, either of the same colour as the bonnet, or of one well suited to it.

White dresses are now visibly on the decline with people of real fashion, except among convalescents of rank, who have only sent out their cards of thanks, but have not yet been out to return the numerous calls which have been made them. The indisposition dress, then, of snowy white, is extremely elegant. It consists of a high-made dress of the finest India muslin, with almost innumerable small tucks round the border, ascending as high as the knee; next the feet is a superb Brussels' lace, set on straight; the bust is ornamented, *en chevrons*, with the same costly material, in letting-in lace: round the throat is a double ruff of lace, the same as that round the border; and the cuffs of the sleeve, which sleeve, though easy, is only of a moderate width, are richly ornamented, in points, with lace. Ball dresses are of figured gauze over white satin, and coloured crapes are much worn by young ladies at evening parties: among these the cherry-colour is already very predominant. The *corsages* are chiefly in drapery, both at the front and at the back; but ladies who have *embonpoint*, very judiciously prefer a body quite plain. The sleeves called *imbécilles*, are still in favour: they have *mancherons* formed of two points, falling over each other. Chintzes are worn in home costume, but of darker colours than they were last month; and they much resemble what were called the Swiss chintzes, worn in the year 1819. For *demi-parure*, nothing is reckoned more elegant than a dress of slate-coloured *gros de Naples*, made partially low, and *en gerbe* in front of the bust: two flounces ornament the border of the skirt; the sleeves, though wide at the upper part of the arm, taper off tastefully till they reach the wrist, where they are terminated by a pointed cuff. The mode of trimming the skirts of dresses for home costume is by a broad hem as high as the knee, where the hem is headed by a *ruche*, sometimes the same as the dress, sometimes of lace or *tulle*; an unmeaning and ungraceful fashion. We are sorry to see our native dress-makers, while they complain of ladies employing French *marchandes des modes*, have so little invention of their own. Some of the French fashions are graceful and elegant, others most absurd.

Young ladies now begin to adorn their hair, which is arranged in a very charming and becoming manner, with *bouquets* of flowers the hair is disposed in bows, braids, and clusters of curls; when ringlets are not added, the curls do not come lower than the top of the ear; but corkscrew ringlets, on each side, descend below the tip. When the curls are fully clustered, they are gracefully divided from the forehead; but arranging the hair in front, *à la Fantasia*, in light curls or *anneaux*, each side different from the other, seems most prevalent. Dress hats are of white crape, with white ostrich feathers. Caps of thread lace for home costume are more in favour at present, than those of blond. Caps of coloured gauze are ornamented with satin *rouleaux* in arcades; flowers are placed above, and within the interstices. These caps discover a great portion of hair over the temples in full curls.

The muslin collars, so justly celebrated for their beautiful embroidery, have now the addition of a very broad lace round them. This is of cobweb texture, and of the most superb pattern.

The favourite colours are scarlet, jonquil, Etruscan-brown, ethereal-blue, lilac, marshmallow-blossom, and pink.

Cabinet of Taste,

OR MONTHLY COMPENDIUM OF FOREIGN COSTUME.

By a Parisian Correspondent.

COSTUME OF PARIS.

Fashion among our Parisians is only another word for caprice, and often resorts to modes long ago laid aside. Thus,

in out-door costume, the mania for oriental shawls has again taken place, with as much fervency as when these rare and expensive articles first made their appearance. The pelisses are still of light colours and texture, often of muslin, and continue to be made with the sleeves of an enormous width. They are left open at the inside of the arm, where they are confined by a double row of gold buttons. Some whimsical ladies wear a pelisse, in the morning walks, named *à la maîtresse*. These *négligées* are of printed muslin, having a light blue ground; the skirt is left open in front, discovering a cambric petticoat embroidered. They are made with a double falling collar, one plaited in a number of very small plaits, the other laid in large flutings. Cloaks are now frequently seen on well-dressed women, and are expected to be much in request this winter.

On Leghorn hats a very favourite ornament is a large *bouquet* of various flowers, separated in two portions; they are placed end to end, in bias, and form an ornament in front of the crown. Fine straw, of very beautiful workmanship, and Leghorn, are often made in the shape of what the French name English hats; but instead of the ribbon being crossed over the brim, some have a ribbon which surrounds the crown, and ties on the left side. The strings are fastened on each side, or are fixed on the summit of the crown. Straw hats are lined with lilac, and hats of white chip are trimmed with ribbons half white, half lilac. Wreaths of flowers, bent archwise, form favourite ornaments on hats. Three ostrich feathers, also, are much admired; two on one side, and one on the other. These feathers stand rather erect towards the crown. Young persons, who seldom wear feathers, have on their hats detached *bouquets* of flowers; one on the crown, at its base, the other almost at the edge of the brim: their hats are generally of white chip, Leghorn, crape, or *gros des Indes*. The manner of wearing the hats is by entirely discovering the forehead. A very pretty bonnet has appeared at Tivoli, formed of white blond and rose-coloured crape; the crown, or caul, resembled a cap divided into three parts. To demonstrate this may be imagined a strip of blond between two half circular pieces of blond, and, on the seams, a narrow strip of puckered, rose-coloured crape. Bonnets of straw have the brims often lined with cherry-coloured *gros de Naples*; with a band round the crown, ornamented by a rosette of two loops and two ends. Lemon-coloured crape hats are lined with rose-colour, and are trimmed at the edge of the brim with a double *ruche*. One lady, at Tivoli, wore a white chip hat, the crown of which was round, and *en ballon*: it was formed of six points, a lilac binding marking out the seams. The edge of the brim was bound in the same manner. The lining was lilac as well as the strings, which were tied under the chin. This hat was adorned by two long ostrich feathers, *plumes boîteuses*, white and lilac. Several silk hats are made with very low crowns, and are ornamented with half-opening roses, or daisies. Yellow satin hats are much admired, with several rosettes placed under the brim; in front of the crown are branches of geranium.

At full-dress dancing assemblies, nothing is reckoned more elegant than a robe of fine India muslin ornamented with gold at the border of the skirt; and about as high as the knee ascends a wreath of flowers worked in gold embroidery. The same description of work embellishes the *mancherons* and the tucker part of the bust. The sleeves are open from the shoulder to the wrist, in the Persian drapery style, and loop up by one single button of gold. At the last ball at Ranelagh, a lady wore a dress of white organdy, with a very broad border of sweet peas, worked in scarlet cotton, in three rows. At a late sitting of the Institut, the ladies were all in half-dress; very few gowns of *gros de Naples*; they were chiefly of printed muslin, organdy, white jaconot, or figured *barège*. Some dresses were trimmed with fringe; but two flounces at the border of a dress seemed the most prevalent fashion, and as it is the most elegant mode of trimming a dress, especially for a tall figure, I believe it will never be out of date. When dresses are embroidered, the body is generally made tight to the shape, and the embroidery, disposed *en chevrons*, ornaments the front and the back. Fancy gauzes are the most favourite materials for ball-dresses. They are of light colours, with flowers of a

more conspicuous tint. A new article also of *barège*, with a white ground on which is a brocaded flower, is much esteemed: the flower is either a pink, a ranunculus, or a violet.

Many young ladies wear false ringlets, which they name *Anglaises:* they are *en tirebouchons*, and descend on each side of the head, just below the tip of the ear. The caps are very large, and the ribbons which trim them excessively broad; so that the bows are obliged to be kept out by three rows of wired ribbon. A wreath of flowers is so disposed as to hide all appearance of this stiffening. At the back of these blond caps is a rosette of gauze ribbon, from which descend broad and long lappets. The hair is, in its present mode of arrangement, very much elevated on the top of the head. Over the forehead are two *bandeaux* of hair, and a bow of three loops on the summit of the head. A wreath, composed of ears of corn, blue corn-flowers, and scarlet field-poppies, with a small wheat-sheaf above the bows of hair, often completes the head-dress. The ear-pendants worn with it, should be garnets or rubies. Chains of gold, *à la chevalière*, often form a favourite ornament on head-dresses of hair. Sometimes these chains are made of differently-coloured stones. These ornaments wind round the bows of hair on the summit of the head, and appear as if concealed behind the different loops, after the chain has crossed the forehead. Toques of gauze, richly figured, are worn at evening dress parties; they are ornamented with satin foliage in dark green, generally representing ivy, or with an elegant plume of ostrich feathers. The dress-hats are of white crape, with *plumes boîteuses* of white and cherry-colour.

Though it is not the season for much display of jewellery, many ladies wear a great number of rings; and I saw a little vain creature among the best dancers at a ball, a few weeks ago, whose fingers on the left hand were loaded with diamonds, and differently coloured gems, and who waltzed the greater part of the evening without a glove on that hand.

Half-boots are generally the colour of the dress, and are surmounted by a fringe round the leg.

Sometimes the bracelets and belt are of dark-coloured silk, woven to represent human hair. These are embroidered in elegant wreaths of Saxon-green.

The favourite colours are palm-leaf-green, rose-colour, blue, cherry-colour, violet, foresters'-green (called here *English*-green) lilac, and yellow.

Monthly View

OF

NEW PUBLICATIONS, MUSIC, THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN DRAMA, THE FINE ARTS, LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE, &c.

At the moment when, in certain classes, an almost unprecedented zeal for emigration prevails—a zeal, in most instances, without knowledge—an important service is rendered to the community by the publication of such a work as *"The Picture of Australia; exhibiting New Holland, Van Diemen's Land, and all the Settlements, from the first, at Sydney, to the last, at Swan River."* This production—a single portable volume, with an excellent general chart of Australia, by Sidney Hall—is entitled to much higher praise than the author modestly claims; "a mere outline," says he, "it is true, but still, I hope, faithful to the original in the principal features." In fact, numerous authorities have been industriously consulted, and carefully compared; and, throughout the volume, the grand points, *pro* and *con*, are very clearly, and very impartially given.

This is not the place in which to enter upon an extended review of such a work; but, with a view to general information, we shall state that it is divided into eleven chapters, bearing the following titles, and each of them embracing a variety of use-

ful, interesting, and curious detail:—General Description—Seas, Islands, Reefs, &c.—Climate, Soil, and appearance of the Country—Native Minerals and Plants—Animals—Native Population—Progress of Discovery—Sketch of the Colonies and Settlements—Towns, Buildings, &c.—Colonial Population—Institutions, Cultivated Produce, &c.

Though far from being the most satisfactory portion of the volume, as far as copiousness of information is concerned, we must confine ourselves to the author's remarks respecting Swan River, now the main point of attraction to those who are possessed by the spirit of emigration. And first, after adverting to the unfavourable reports of the French commodore, Baudin, and those of a more favourable nature by Captain Stirling and Mr. Fraser, we have the summing up of Mr. Fraser's estimate, as follows:—

"In giving my opinion of the land seen on the banks of the Swan River, I hesitate not in pronouncing it superior to any that I ever saw in New South Wales, east of the Blue Mountains, not only in its local character, but in the many existing advantages which it holds out to settlers. The advantages I consider to be,

"First, the evident superiority of the soil.

"Secondly, the facility with which a settler can bring his farm into a state of immediate culture, in consequence of the open state of the country, which allows not a greater average than two trees to an acre.

"Thirdly, the general abundance of springs, producing water of the best quality; and the consequent permanent humidity of the soil; two advantages not existing on the eastern coast. And,

"Fourthly, the advantages of water carriage to his door, and the non-existence of impediments to land carriage."

The author proceeds then very sensibly to remark—

These, it must be admitted, are most promising qualities, though the absence of timber is not very reconcileable with superiority of the soil,—as, in all uncultivated countries, the want of timber indicates some defect either in the climate or the soil. The scanty soil upon the hills, the salt marshes on the plain towards the sea; the great accumulation of alluvion on the banks of the river, and the marks of flooding, though there is any thing but high land (the hills thirty-three miles inland being only about fifteen hundred feet high, and an extensive flat behind, carrying the water beyond these hills the other way)—all these circumstances require either to be contradicted in practice, or explained away in theory, before the region of the Swan River shall acquire a permanent title to the name of "Southern or Australian *Hesperia*," which some describers have, in the greenness of their admiration, bestowed upon it.

Further—

In situation, the country on both sides of Cape Leeuwin bears some analogy to Southern Africa, and therefore it may be expected that there should be some similarity in the weather. There is, however, this difference, that both the seasonal winds bring rain; while in Southern Africa there is burning drought during part of the year.

* * * * *

In one important respect, the colony at the Swan River has the advantage over every other British colony.

In all the others, the labourers—who, composing the great majority of the population, must impress their own character, to a considerable extent, upon the whole of it—are a degraded or vitiated caste: or, rather, they are both, as the one of these can hardly be separated from the other. Indeed it would not be easy to determine whether the negroes of the West Indies, or the convicts of Australia, have the most unwholesome influence upon the state of society. The comparison is ignorance with vice; and that ignorance may be taught, is fully as tenable a position as that vice may be reclaimed. It is, therefore, much in favour of the colony at the Swan River, that it is to be free from both.

As far as we deem ourselves competent to form an opinion upon the subject, we perfectly agree with the author of this volume, that the doctrine entertained by the new school of political economists, of relieving the country at home by the migration of settlers, "is more than doubtful"—that "it is *ex facie* absurd:"—

It is useless to send those who are physically burdensome out of the country, because they must either be fed at the expense of the country, or starve; nor is it much wiser to transport at the public expense those who are politically burdensome—those who can and would support themselves, but may not; because the country at home must lose all that has been expended in rearing them, without gaining any thing in return. Much as many other things are prized, full grown human beings, disposed and qualified to perform work, are the most valuable possessions of any country; and the exporting of them in order to relieve it, is nearly a parallel

case with throwing the sailors overboard in order to relieve a vessel that is overladen, and caught in a storm. The lumber and the guns, and in cases of great extremity, even a passenger or two, should go before these.

The respectability of the Swan River settlement will be enhanced—that of its population, we mean—by the circumstance of the settlers being such persons only as have resources of their own upon which they can depend in the new country:—

Government pays no expence either in taking the people out, or in fetching them home again, if they should feel disappointed or dissatisfied; neither does it furnish any provisions. Land is furnished to those only who are in a condition to turn it to account, government giving the land, and only demanding from those who get it the investment of the capital necessary for working it, and the actual cultivation to a certain extent, within a stipulated time. The capital required is after the rate of three pounds for every forty acres of land, or eighteenpence per acre. The articles in which this capital is required to be invested, consist of every thing that can be useful to the settler in establishing himself, and bringing his land into a state of productiveness, including, of course, live stock, and agricultural and other useful instruments; and half-pay, and other government pensions, are considered as capital in the same manner. When the possession of the requisite capital is proved, to the satisfaction of the local governor of the colony, a licence of occupation for the corresponding quantity of land is given. The land is free to the settler, without quit-rent or other burden, from the time of obtaining the licence; but the title to the free simple is not given until he shall, by cultivation, show that he is worthy of it. That proof is to consist of improvements, such as roads, buildings, or other permanent works, executed upon the land to the extent of one shilling and sixpence for each acre. Three years are allowed for that purpose, and if, at the end of them, one fourth of the land has not been cultivated to the value of one and sixpence an acre, the settler must pay a rent of sixpence an acre into the public chest or treasury of the colony. Another trial is, however, given before the settler finally forfeits his original title. This trial lasts for seven years longer, and if at the end of them the land remain uncultivated or unimproved, it reverts to the crown, and may be disposed of.

We dismiss this book with our full commendation.

With far higher interest than we had anticipated, have we perused "*Memorials of Charles John, King of Sweden and Norway; illustrative of his Character, of his Relations with the Emperor Napoleon, and of the Present State of his Kingdoms; with a Discourse on the Political Character of Sweden: by William George Meredith, Esq., A.M., of Brazenose College, Oxford.*" Accustomed as we have generally been to regard Bernadotte as little more than a successful military adventurer—one of the upstarts of the French revolution—we certainly were not prepared to meet the sound sense, the political wisdom, the high-minded patriotic feeling which are presented in the volume before us, as appertaining to, and constituting the character of the successor of the Gustavi. In a rapid, but well-written Introductory Sketch, of 90 pages, Mr. Meredith furnishes a distinct bird's-eye view of the state of Sweden, foreign and domestic, preparatory to his "Memorials;" in which, as he observes—

We may trace the King of Sweden from the moment he landed on the quay of Helsingbourg, to his very last meeting with the representatives of his people. We shall find him during the course of his extraordinary career, in all possible situations, and under the influence of all the feelings with which men can sympathise. As a warrior, as a statesman, as a patriot, as a father, as a promoter of science, and as a patron of the arts; in his tent, in his cabinet, invoking an implacable despot, planning the studies of his son—in the hall of agriculture, in the theatres of universities, in the academies of science, he alike fixes our interest. We are surprised to hear one whom we have considered only as a successful soldier, giving utterance to feelings of refined sensibility in language of majestic eloquence.

Certainly Bernadotte appears to have identified himself with the cause of Sweden. Several of the documents preserved in this volume are masterly productions; and, in particular, the letter to the Baron Cederhjehm, on the education of Prince Oscar, and the speech delivered in the Council of State, on the 14th of July, 1817, when that Prince, as Duke of Sudermania, took his seat for the first time, must be read with general and lively interest: the practical advice which the letter contains is admirable.—Altogether, as a contribution of historical and biographical material, Mr. Meredith's volume will be found to possess considerable value.

We have seldom had a desire to quote so largely from any production of its class, as from "*Private Life; or, Varieties of Character and Opinion; in two Volumes; by the Author of 'Geraldine,' &c. &c.*" It is so full of truth, of nature, and of beauty, that we are persuaded no reader, with the slightest pretension to taste or judgment, can be otherwise than delighted by its perusal. With a fine perception of character in all its varieties, and with eminent skill in its delineation, the author's forte seems to lie in sprightly and natural, elegant and dramatic conversation: many of her scenes might be transferred to the stage, without requiring even the change of a word. Her *dramatis personæ* are not men of straw, set up merely for the purpose of being knocked down by the intellectual prowess of the author: on the contrary, the observations of each individual are allowed their full force; and it is only to the strength of fair argument and the weight of just opinion, that the palm is awarded—awarded, less by the writer than by the reader. Our extreme difficulty is, in finding a passage sufficiently short for our purpose, that may convey a fair idea of the nature of the work, which, in fact, must not be judged of by parts, but by the whole. All that we can do is, to give a glimpse—a very partial and imperfect one—of the character of "Cousin Frances," a very good woman, with an excellent mind and heart, but the victim of nervous sensitiveness to such a degree as frequently to mar her own comforts and those of her dearest friends. "Her evil genius was early independance." She "expected and exacted too much. If she formed an intimacy, she was not satisfied with affectionate attention,—she required exclusive preference—she must reign alone, and supreme, and like Cæsar, be first or nothing;—she made no allowance for the infinite variety of dispositions; the endless shades of character which society presents;—she expected demonstration from the reserved, and ardour from the cold. She was not contented to be welcomed and approved; —she must be distinguished and paramount." "Disappointment soured a temper originally uncertain; and now, instead of looking on the sunny side of events and characters, she sees every thing in shade;"—"shuts herself up with her own prejudices, by her own fireside, and then complains of being left alone." However, she determines on a visit to her cousin, Mrs. Grenville, and her amiable daughter Constance; and arrives at the Priory, "with a cross face, followed by a worn-out, wearied-looking maid, and a cross dog," which she always introduced as "the only living thing disinterestedly and personally attached to her." The description of her arrival, and of the miseries of her journey, performed in the most delightful weather, and through the most beautiful country, is admirably given; but we cannot introduce it. Some time afterwards, an evening walk is determined on, and commenced by a winding path through a wood.

As the party proceeded, the sun disappeared, the path gradually narrowed, and at length presented a mass of tangled boughs, and projecting roots, which it was somewhat difficult to penetrate. * * * * Mrs. Grenville, under the snug protection of a cottage bonnet and an excellent temper, laughingly battled with the boughs, and stumbled over the roots, only rallying Constance on her skill as a pilot. But the patience of Frances waned rapidly, under the influence of an irritable temperament, and one of the spreading hats, that began to be rife in the world of fashion about this time. Every step was exasperation;—the equilibrium of the hat was perpetually disturbed by its rude contact with the closely-woven boughs:—first, some rough hazel twigs laid claim to the bow on one side, and then an untractable thorn seized the veil on the other:—the indignation of Frances became every moment more uncontrollable;—it was in vain that Constance predicted a speedy amelioration of their lot,—in vain she promised that five minutes would restore them to light and liberty;—it was in vain that she apologized for herself, and the tangled underwood, in the most penitent tone;—her consolations and excuses were alike rejected. Frances was not to be appeased:—it was really abominable conduct—conduct that she should not easily forget, —to be dragged through such a place, absolutely at the peril of her life,—and all for the amusement of Constance. * *

At length they emerged from their leafy labyrinth; and after mounting a stile sufficiently high to quicken the indignation of Frances, found themselves in a green meadow, under the open canopy of heaven. But here an unlooked-for impediment arose, in the shape of a fine herd

of cattle, grouped close by the path they were to pursue:—no sooner had Frances caught a view of them, than in a tone of dogged resolution, she avowed her determination not to stir a single step till they moved off.

"They are only farmer Gray's cows," said Mrs. Grenville, in an encouraging accent.

"Only farmer Gray's cows! and pray what security is there in the name of farmer Gray?" inquired Frances, pettishly: "I am sure I shall not attempt to pass them."

"They appear to me to be fixed there for the night, however," said Constance, eyeing them composedly:—"they have just that still, motionless, evening look, that Cuyp gives them in his landscapes."

"You take the matter very coolly, indeed, after bringing one into such a situation," observed Frances:—"however, I am resolved not to stir a step till they think proper to move."

"A contest of patience between the irrationals, and us rationals, so called by courtesy," said Constance, laughing:—"I suspect the cows will win the day."

Mrs. Grenville pointed to the west, where the gorgeous pageantry of the clouds was fast fading into the sober hue of twilight.

"We shall be quite benighted, I am afraid," said she;—"come, Frances, take my arm, and let us venture: remember, we are nearly two miles from home."

"Go, go, by all means," returned Frances; "but I shall remain here:—I shall not stir."

"Oh! we can pass the night, *al fresco*, in the wood, if you please," said Constance:—"it will be quite a treat:—we can kindle a fire at midnight if we are cold:—but do you think, Mamma, in that case we could accomplish striking a light?" and she began rubbing two dry sticks together very energetically. "Alas! helpless fine lady that I am!" said she, "not a spark will come."

"I believe we must be content to retrace our steps, and return by the wood," said Mrs. Grenville, appealing to Frances.

"You will as easily persuade me to step into purgatory," said Frances, resolutely.

Mrs. Grenville listened to this decision in hopeless perplexity; and after a pause, betook herself to panegyrising the gentleness of the cows.

"They look remarkably quiet, particularly gentle," said she, with an emphasis on the two adverbs, and advancing towards the herd with that noiseless and reverential caution which ladies practise in such rencounters.

"Yes, you will set them all off;—that is what you will accomplish, Mrs. Grenville," exclaimed Frances, as one of the animals moved a few paces forward, and fixed on the party that sedate, steady, protracted gaze to which cows are prone.—"Never will I pass that creature," continued she, with increased energy, and retreating towards the stile,—"never."

Constance and her mother now exchanged a few words of consolation, *sotto voce*;—but in the midst of their deliberations, the welcome sound of a voice whistling a tune caught their ear. Constance started across the meadow, and returned in triumph with a sturdy boy, about three feet and a half high, whom she introduced as Dick Green:—his costume consisted of a pair of ragged trowsers, a still more ragged jacket, one shoe and a half, and a quarter of a hat.

"Here is a champion for you," said she, laughing, and out of breath.—"Never was knight errant more welcome to a distressed damsel:—he undertakes to drive away the cows."

And very soon, to Mrs. Grenville's inexpressible relief, after a few cabalistic words uttered by Dick, the whole herd began to move;—even the steady gazer, though the least disposed for a ramble, was at length detached, and followed slowly in the rear, now and then admonished to mend her pace by a pebble flung from the hand of Dick.

This indicates somewhat of the *manner* of the writer; but her general grace and wit, delicacy and elegance, with the utmost purity of spirit, must be sought in the work itself. So almost must her sweet and simple morality, her piety without cant, her religion and cheerfulness, combined in all the finest affections of the heart.

We think we are more and more pleased with the embellishments of the new edition of the Waverley Novels. The second volume of "*Guy Mannering*," the fourth of the series, has appeared in due order. Its frontispiece is a most joyous scene of revelry—the pastime of High Jinks—splendidly and brilliantly pourtrayed. "'A forfeit! A forfeit!' exclaimed a dozen voices: 'his Majesty has forgot his kingly character.'" Nothing could be happier than Kidd's design, and he is ably seconded by Mitchell, in the engraving. The vignette (drawn by Cooper, and engraved by Edwards) is a powerful representation of the throttling of the villain Glossin, by that other miscreant, Dirk Hatteraick: "'Donner and blitzen!' said Hatteraick, springing up and grappling with him; 'you *will* have it then?'" The position of Glossin's left arm, however, we cannot possibly comprehend.

Just twelve months ago, we had the

pleasure of recommending to the notice of our readers, a light, lively, unpretending volume, entitled "*The Life and Remains of Wilmot Warwick, edited by his Friend, Henry Vernon.*" We have now a second volume, containing, we presume, the *last* "last words" of the said Wilmot Warwick. It comprises nine pleasant tales and sketches, greatly varied in character, but all in some degree imitative of "The Sketch Book," to whose author, Geoffery Crayon, the former series was inscribed. This is dedicated to a still *greater* man—"our ancient ally, THE GRAND TURK." We hope his highness will condescend to have it translated, for the amusement, edification, and advantage of the ladies of the harem.

When we had laboured through the contemptible and disgusting trash that was forced upon our attention by Mr. Nathan's "*Fugitive Pieces and Reminiscences of Lord Byron, &c.* [we cannot find room for the whole of the *lengthy* title] *also some Original Poetry, Letters, and Recollections of Lady Caroline Lamb,*" our first impulse was to employ the utmost severity of censure, upon the manner in which two distinguished individuals have been dragged forth into an offensive exhibition. It is, indeed, quite shocking to every sense of common feeling, decency, and taste, that the deplorable doggrel, ascribed to the pen of Lady Caroline Lamb, should, by whatever means obtained, have been suffered to come before the public. Amongst other pieces, we find some lines addressed to a woman whose very name ought never to be mentioned, or even alluded to, in decent society. Reflection, however, convinced us, that the compiler of the volume had sinned through ignorance and imbecility, rather than from malignity of heart; and, therefore, with his book, we drop the subject. Yet we ought to say that it is not *all* bad, for it contains the whole of Lord Byron's Hebrew Melodies, with the addition of two or three that had not before been published.

"*Lays of Leisure; a Collection of Original and Translated Poems, by the Rev. W. B. Clarke, A.M., Author of 'The River Derwent,' and other Poems,*" are distinguished by the same ease of versification—the same mild and benignant feeling—which characterise the earlier productions of the writer, some of whose very pleasing effusions have occasionally imparted value to the poetical department of LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE. The present volume, comprising sixty-nine occasional poems, much varied in subject and manner, is inscribed "To the memory of a Parent, whose Christian death was the best illustration of the purity and patience of his life." We extract the following specimens, not because they are the best in the volume, but because they are amongst the shortest, and therefore better suited to our purpose:—

There may be pleasure in the sound
  Of trumpets in the battle wailing;
And joy to hear the vessel bound
  Along the summer billows sailing;
But never sound so sweet can be,
As Woman's voice of melody!

It may be joy, to list the chime
  Of horn and hound, 'mongst green hills ringing,
And in the spring's calm evening time
  To hear the thrush and blackbird singing;
But never sound so sweet can be,
As Woman's voice of melody!

But sweet though be that silvery voice
  In hour of pleasure or of sorrow,
Its tones best bid the heart rejoice,
  When soft affection's words they borrow:
Oh! *then* what sounds so sweet can be,
As Woman's voice of melody!

The next is addressed "To Adeline:"—

Fair maiden! who so bright dost seem
  In thine own pure and gentle beauty,
Let not Imagination's dream
  Entice thee from the path of duty;
For years are coming, when the things
  That Nature spreads so gaily round thee,
Seen through the mist the future brings,
  Shall with their mien confound thee.

Not all that's grand and glorious now,
  Can stand the test of Time, the changer;
And many a flattering form shall shew
  The fearful front of hidden danger:
But be thou simple as thou art,
  In conscious innocence of spirit,
And thou shalt feel within thy heart
  The holiest calm thou canst inherit.

"*Portraits of the Dead; to which are added, Miscellaneous Poems, by H. C. Deakin, Esq.,*" are the emanations of a poetic

and highly cultivated mind. Their author, we presume, is young, and his little volume, in despite of its defects, the result chiefly of inexperience, gives promise of future excellenee. Portraits of the Dead, consisting of eight sketches of character, display much tenderness of imagination: the subjects are all of a melancholy nature, "the young, the beautiful, the brave," whom sorrow has laid in an untimely tomb. The Minor Poems, seventeen in number, are on various subjects, and evince, by turns, grace and tenderness of feeling and expression, and strength and vigour of conception. The blank verse is frequently rugged and inharmonious, and the author's ideas are not always expressed with sufficient clearness and distinctness; but these are faults which care and attention may obviate. The closing stanzas of a piece entitled The Phantom of the World [Death] will serve as a specimen of the writer's powers:—

King! tremble in thy pride of state,
  Thy sceptre, dove, and orb,
Which thou dost proudly elevate,
Than thee will have a longer date—
  The Fates thy pomp absorb!
Dash down thy crown, thy robes consume,
And bend before the King of Doom!

Thou, clothed with earth's felicity,
  And girt with splendid pride;
The insatiate foe shall level thee,
Give to the grave thy vanity,
  The poor man by thy side—
Power, pomp, and riches, but provoke
The Terrible's impartial stroke!

Thou man of sorrows! thou subdued
  By ills unnumbered given;
Death sweeps aside thy solitude,
His lightning-glance doth but intrude
  To light thy path to heaven!
Thy poverty and sorrows cease,
When hurled at thee his lance of peace.

O shroud your sights, ye thoughtless crowds,
  And bend your brows in fear;
The fleshless tyrant shouts aloud,
His banner is a snow-white cloud,
  A blood-red beam his spear—
That waveless banner is unfurled
Of him, the Phantom of the World!

In a formidable old-fashioned octavo of more than 500 pages, we have "*Miscellanies, in Two Parts: I. Prose;—II. Verse, &c. By William Mavor, LL.D., Author of many Popular Works, for the Use of Schools, and Young Persons.*" This collection appears to embrace nearly three hundred very harmless trifles, of all sorts and sizes; and, to the admirers of Dr. Mavor and his works—for all men have their admirers—we doubt not they will prove very acceptable, especially with the author's portrait by way of frontispiece. It is something to be able to say—"The consciousness of meaning well, however imperfect his performances, and that he has never, by a single sentiment, pandered to vice, or injured the cause of virtue, will shed a gleam of sunshine on the closing scenes of life, and be his best support, when all other cordials fail."

Without any high-flying pretensions, "*The Garden of Surrey, or a Sketch of Dorking, and of the Beautiful Country surrounding it, by W. Thorne,*" will be found a very agreeable and instructive companion to the visitor of the respective scenes, descriptions of which it embraces. Mr. Thorne is evidently well acquainted with his subject, in all its localities.

NEW MUSIC.

VOCAL.

Lays of the Passions: the Poetry by Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson; the Music by John Barnett.

UNDER the title of "*Songs* of the Passions"—the change is not for the better—we noticed (at page 82) the poetry of these "*Lays;*" and we should be happy were it now in our power to say, that the sweet and graceful muse of Mrs. Wilson had been duly supported by the genius and talent of her composer. On the contrary, our search for either beauty or originality in the composition has been in vain; and with the exception of one or two of the Songs, this music will, ere long—like much more of the same stamp now publishing—be committed to the "tomb of all the Capulets."—"HOPE," certainly is not *reviving* in its character; and, if aught were wanting to the *misery* of "DESPAIR," it might be the doom of listening to the accompaniment of the second "Lay of the Passions." "JOY" is rather more happily expressed: it is lively, and animated; and, with the airs adapted to "LOVE" and "CHEERFULNESS," is infinitely superior to those of "JEALOUSY" and "REVENGE." The transition in the time

of the last is anything but pleasing. "MELANCHOLY" is indeed *dismal.* In a word, the poet has not received justice at the hands of the composer, whose reputation must be rather deteriorated than advanced by the present publication.—The lithographer has wofully disappointed us in the execution of the plates.

The Elements of Practical Music, by Charles C. Spenser.

Mr. Spenser has endeavoured, in a small compass, and at a very reasonable price, to give as much of the theory of music as he has considered indispensable to every performer, vocal or instrumental. His little book is so arranged as not to interfere with any method, or instruction book, but to fill up a *hiatus* which is generally to be found in introductory works. He has treated on intervals, notation, the simple concords and discords, and has touched upon rhythm generally. He is concise and perspicuous, but we confess the last sentence in his book would prove a stumbling-block to most musical tyros: "musical intervals are one to another, as the logarithms of their ratios, as is shewn by writers on harmonics." With the exception of the last half page, which certainly does not come under the head of practical music, we consider the work as well concocted, and likely to be useful.

Duettino, La piena di contento, composed by Finlay Dun.

Duettino, Ah, che nel dirti addio, composed by Ditto.

Mr. Finlay Dun possesses the most valuable and most rare talent among the musicians of the present day, that of writing an elegant, natural, and well-defined melody, which will tell without the adjuncts of a German accompaniment. Let Mr. F. Dun but study, and add the beauties of science to those of natural good taste, and he will stand amongst the most prominent of British composers.

PIANO-FORTE.

Beethoven's favourite Waltz, with Variations, by Henry Dulcken.

"Sweet Remembrance," a Fantasia, with Variations for the Piano-forte, by Francis Fetis.

Mr. Dulcken's waltz, we have no doubt, will be a profitable publication to the proprietor. It is of a class not frequently met with, combining a considerable degree of the harmonic power of the Germans, with facility of execution; it is a trifle, but of a species which a concerto player need not despise. The Tyrolese Yodeln, one of the follies which the fashionables patronise, is barely tolerable, even when vocalized in the best possible manner; as an instrumentation it becomes wearisome in the extreme. In the hands of a great master, we might have expected to find the subject so relieved by pleasing digressions and varied harmonies, as to have lost its monotonous character. Mr. Fetis, however, appears to have laboured to preserve as much of its insipidity as possible, and we congratulate him on his success. The admirers of the Yodeln may have it here, *usque ad nauseam.*

The Tyrolese Family, No. III., a Divertimento for the Piano-forte, composed by Jq. Moschelles.

The principal objection to these airs as a collection, exists in the similarity which the wild uncultivated melodies of a small district must necessarily bear to each other. This has been obviated, as much as possible, in the vocal arrangement, by placing those airs in contact of which the style was the least similar; and we must allow that as far as regards contrast of effect, the three Nos. have progressively improved: there is considerably more variety of melody in the last. "Der Fischer," "Die Alpenlust," "Der lustige Alpenhirt," "Die treue," and "Freyheits Lied," are all of very differently-marked characters; and by the tact Mr. Moschelles has exhibited in his digressions and additional matter, and the variety he has produced by his able harmonization of the airs, the whole collection bears the appearance of a very interesting, though rather wild, fantasia.

THEATRICALS.

HAYMARKET.

LISTON has left, and yet the Haymarket continues to excite a full share of interest in that unfortunate portion of the world, which is still destined to inhabit the metropolis, in this dullest of all seasons. But season, rain, and cold on the one hand—and Doncaster and partridge-shooting on the other—are all lost sight of and forgotten in the comfort and pleasantry that encircle the little theatre. The old stock pieces of the house have been re-gilded and decorated, and almost look like new; their jokes are as good as ever, their sentiments as fresh as when they were first written, and their situations as pleasant and perplexing as if we had never seen them before. Everything here is as it should be, and the only matter of complaint is, that its merry reign should be so short. Heartily do we hope, that, if the exertions now making for re-opening Covent Garden should prove unsuccessful, the summer season at this theatre will extend to the spring. No house should be larger than this, and none kept open longer. We have little doubt that a few of Mr. Kean's performances on this stage, during the winter, would revive the—not dead, but dormant—spirit of dramatic interest which formerly characterized our country; and which sordid speculators, by

building large theatres—and short-sighted managers, by introducing monkeys and mummeries, have exerted themselves so assiduously to extinguish.

A *petit* comedy called *Fatality* ranks among the novelties of the month; we regret, however, that absence from town should have prevented our witnessing its performance.

A personage, whose name is as familiar in our mouths as household words, has appeared here in the shape of a very lively little comedy—or extravaganza—viz. *Mr. William Thompson, or Which is he?* This piece is written we believe by Miss Boaden, a young lady who affords a very favourable promise of future distinction as a dramatist. There is a great deal of humour displayed in the conception and incident of this piece, and much quaint wit sparkles in the dialogue. We cannot say that there is anything positively new in the situation or the equivoque (when *shall* we have a new incident?); but considerable ingenuity and invention are exhibited in combining and arranging the materials, and throwing them into a novel and amusing form. The primary humour of the piece arises out of some ludicrous mistakes which occur from the accidental arrival of two Mr. William Thompsons at the same place, one being received for another. Mr. Reeve enacts the first *Mr. William Thompson* with so much extravagance and grotesque humour, that no William Thompson in the world could forbear laughing the heart's laugh, although the satire were less perfectly good-humoured than the pleasantry of this piece is. We have rarely seen him to more advantage. Vining, as *Mr. Thompson* the second, was also very amusing; and Williams, an actor of real and sterling ability in a wide range of parts, performed a *Dr. Sooth'em* with extreme humour and perception of character. Miss F. H. Kelly had little to do; she did not fail, however, to give that little importance.

Mr. William Thompson will no doubt take his station among the established favourites of the house.

In speaking of the production of a lady, we may be permitted to observe that a daughter of Mr. Charles Kemble is about to give to the stage a tragedy, which has been mentioned in terms of eulogy by more than one distinguished ornament of literature. It will afford us, indeed, very high satisfaction, to see a youthful member of a family, so celebrated for its genius, displaying talents in another art, and dignifying the temple of the drama, when those who once illumined and adorned it have passed from out its portal like shadows. The actor passes without a record; the dramatist lives again in his writings. We look with much interest for the production of this tragedy; and trust that, while the fair adventurer cannot bring to the support of the stage the grandeur and intellectual power of a SIDDONS, she may yet sustain it with the elegant sweetness and graceful vigour of a Hemans or a Mitford.

ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.

The events of the month at this house have been, as usual, of that rapid character, that an attempt to criticise them would be to describe a cloud, or to follow a sunbeam. The one most entitled to an elaborate analysis is the opera of *Der Vampyr*, a production which entitles Mr. Arnold to the thanks of all classes of the admirers of music, and consequently of all classes of his Majesty's subjects. He who disputes our musical taste must visit the English Opera, and witness *Der Vampyr;* he must see the interest with which Mr. H. Phillips is heard, in passages of music not very familiar to English ears, but in which the universal power of harmony is acknowledged in its full force.

A smart operetta, called *Sold for a Song*, has also been produced. It is conceived in the spirit that characterizes all the light playful pieces of this house; it is a trifle—a summer toy;—a pleasant prelude or antidote to some of the subduing and painful scenes in which Miss Kelly exercises her magical charms upon the imagination. These have again been brought into play, in another new musical melo-drame;—it is called the *Recruit*, but it possesses little interest beyond that which the energy of Miss Kelly infuses into it. In the *Serjeant's Wife* she has again, by a display of that singular and intense excitement, in which all sense of self, of individual being, is lost—produced the most powerful sensations. Her acting in the scene in which she witnesses the attempt to murder the father of her husband, was an exhibition of extraordinary genius. We cannot say that we should wish to see it again—it is like looking down a volcano, or listening to a thunder-storm; but it is a scene which every one should see who desires to witness the workings of human nature in an awful and terrible extremity.

FINE ARTS' PUBLICATIONS, &c.

The Winter's Wreath.—First in the field, apparently—no slight advantage—a set of the proof embellishments of "The Winter's Wreath for 1830," have reached us. Great improvement was effected in this publication last year; and should the literature of the forthcoming volume equally rise in character with the plates—which we have no reason to doubt—a still greater improvement will be displayed.—Unable to refer to their literary illustrations, we must briefly notice the respective subjects at random.

View of Dordt, from the Harbour (S. Austin and W. Miller) is a very lively scene, bright, sparkling, and effective—the water remarkably good.

The Hunters of the Tyrol (J. F. Lewis and C. Armstrong) a picture of which neither Eastlake nor Landseer need be ashamed; and the engraver has well performed his duty.

The Peasant's Grace (Jan Steen and W. H. Lizars) a fine and spirited engraving from a chaste and impressive painting.

The Vale of Arcady (Cristall and W. Radclyffe) is a delightful scene, imbued with that fine classic spirit in which Cristall stands unrivalled.

A View near Derwent Water, Lodore (W. Havell and R. Brandard) is a most lovely, inspiriting, and almost dazzling effect of sun-light. The brightness of the sky, the freshness of the trees, the stillness of the water, the quiet repose of the cattle, are all in admirable keeping.

The Parting from the Bridal of Fontenaye (C. R. Bone and E. Goodall) cannot fail of being approved for its picturesque and characteristic effect.

Blind Howard and his Grandchildren (A. Mosses and E. Smith) a happy personation of mild and gentle feeling, simple, yet pathetic in character.

The Mandoline (Howard, R.A. and H. Robinson) one of the academician's noble female portraits in fancy costume. It is very faithfully engraved.

The Idol of Memory (Northcote, R.A. and E. Smith) a bold and spirited representation of female loveliness: the engraver has successfully emulated his master. This is one of the gems of the collection.

The Solace of Pandean Pipes (Mosses and H. Robinson) replete with life, spirit, and characteristic expression, even to the dog.

Il Cavaliere Pittore (F. P. Stephanoff and H. Robinson) is a charming subject delightfully treated, with somewhat of a foreign air. The extent of detail in this little piece is surprising: and for the skill with which all the accessories are managed, both painter and engraver are entitled to great praise.

From counting the plates, we apprehend the Frontispiece and Title-page are yet to come. We need not add that we have been much gratified by the inspection of these clever and well-executed plates.

Howard's Spirit of the Plays of Shakspeare.—Five hundred original designs from Shakspeare, after all the illustrations of our natural bard that we have already had, form no slight undertaking for a young man; yet such is the task prescribed to himself by Mr. Howard (the son of the Academician) in the work, a large portion of which is now before us; *viz.* "The Spirit of the Plays of Shakspeare, exhibited in a Series of Outline Plates illustrative of the Story of each Play; drawn and engraved by Frank Howard, and dedicated with Permission to Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A., accompanied by Quotations and Descriptions." Of twenty-five Nos. averaging twenty plates each, fifteen Nos. are published. The novelty of Mr. Howard's plan is thus described in his preface:—"The dramatist, who is limited in the time for representation on the stage, exhibits in his scenes those occurrences only which he considers most important, and best adapted for theatrical effect; but the painter, by making the story of the play complete in a series of designs, arranged as the events are supposed to have taken place, and by filling up what the nature of the drama compels the poet to leave undefined, shews the author's ideas in a new light. He does not take what is common to both, for that is no more than repeating the poet; but he throws all the advantages of his own art into the scale, displays an additional originality, and enhances the interest of the work." * * * * "My object will be to give the spirit of the play, rather than a servile imitation of individual passages, and, if possible, to render the plates complete in themselves, that they may interest equally as an illustration of the poet's ideas, and as an intelligible series of amusing designs." Mr. Howard's plan was probably suggested by Flaxman's invaluable outlines from Homer, Dante, &c., and it is no more than justice to say, that he has caught much of the poetic spirit of his author, and that he has displayed much force and versatility of talent. Independently of their general merit, the illustrations of the English historical plays are valuable also for the correctness of their costume, a point to which Mr. Howard has paid great and laudable attention.

Illustrations of Natural History.—The plates of this work ("Illustrations of Natural History, embracing a Series of Engravings and Descriptive Accounts of the most Interesting and Popular Genera and Species of the Animal World") the commencement of which was noticed at page 84, are so very carefully and respectably executed, that they deserve to be mentioned in the department of the Fine Arts. In No. IV. we have the Bison, Zebu, Holderness Cow, Hereford Ox, Suffolk Duns, and Kyloe Ox; in No. V. the Giraffe, Buffalo, Musk Ox, and Leicester, Teeswater, and South Down Sheep; and, in No. VI., the Nyl-Ghau, Musk, and Heath, Cheviot, Merino, Tartarian, Iceland, and Wallachian Sheep. More or less, these all evince truth, freedom, and spirit. The letter-press is equally satisfactory as in the former Nos.

Melanges of the Month.

Varieties in High Life, &c.

The Duke of Wellington's new mansion at Hyde Park Corner, is expected to be fit for his reception by St. George's Day; when, it is understood, a grand entertainment will be given.

Report speaks of an approaching marriage between the Hon. Seymour Bathurst and Miss Hankey.

The King was pleased to confer upon the Margrave of Baden, previously to his departure from England, the royal Hanoverian Guelphic Order of knighthood.

We understand that the gentleman with whom Mr. Colburn has associated himself, in consequence of the increasing nature of his concerns, is Mr. Richard Bentley, lately of the firm of Messrs. S. and R. Bentley, the well-known printers of Dorset Street. Mr. Bentley is a near relative of the late John Nichols, Esq., the eminent antiquary and topographer.

Lord Hertford is expected to winter at Rome.

Lord Cochrane has arrived in England.

Mathews and Yates are just now *at home* at at Paris.

The affairs of Covent Garden Theatre remain at sixes and sevens. A general subscription has been opened for the relief of the establishment, but hitherto without any striking success.

Baron Von Yedlitz, of Vienna, has translated Lord Byron's "Childe Harold" into German; but the authorities have forbidden its publication.

The Odéon at Paris is recovering its estimation with the public.

Frédérick, of the Porte of St. Martin, Paris, who had refused to play the part of *Faliéro*, in Delavigne's tragedy, has been adjudged by the Tribunal de Commerce, to either play it at an appointed day, or pay a fine of 500 francs for every day's delay afterwards.

The Earl of Aberdeen is sitting to Sir T. Lawrence for his portrait, intended as a present to Mr. Peel.

The celebrated Madame Minette, of Paris, has been entrusted with the execution of numerous magnificent dresses, intended for the young Queen of Spain.

The Brighton people are confident in their expectations that the King will pass a month at the Pavilion, this autumn.

The Earl of Glengall has been elected a representative peer of Ireland, to replace the late Earl of Blessington.

The great Fonthill estate is again coming to the hammer.

The coronation of the Queen of Sweden took place at Stockholm on the 31st of August.

At Paris, a young lady of 50,000 francs a year, offers her hand, by advertisement, to any young gentleman who sings well, takes no snuff, is addicted to the domestic virtues, and has a fortune equal to her own.

Fawcett's retirement from the stage is expected.

A matrimonial alliance is said to be contemplated between Lord Monson, and Matilda, the beautiful daughter of Lady Strachan.

The Rev. Dr. Bagot is the new Bishop of Oxford.

Hertford House is for sale.

Sontag quits France after her engagements of the present season, as she is permanently engaged as first chapel singer to the King of Prussia, at a salary of 20,000 francs per annum.

Laurent's offer of £8,000 for Covent Garden Theatre was not accepted.

A gallery is building in the King's new palace, St. James's Park, for the reception of his Majesty's extensive collection of foreign presents, and other curiosities; among which may be mentioned, the armour of the late Tippoo Saib.

Mr. Johnstone, of Annandale, is expected to renew his long pending claims to the peerage of Annandale, the consideration of which has been twice adjourned by the House of Lords.

An almost literal translation of Shakspeare's Othello, by M. Alfred De Vigny, is in preparation at the Theatre François.

Report states that one of the daughters of Earl Grey is about to be united in marriage to a gentleman of large fortune in Yorkshire.

In the very polite and fashionable neighbourhood of Battle-bridge, a project is afloat for an establishment by Mr. Lanza, to be called the Royal Panarmonion; to consist of a public theatre, a sort of private academic theatre for practice and study, a panorama, and a set of assembly, concert, exhibition, and reading rooms. The building is to be in the centre of a spacious garden, with fountains, walks, &c.

The king has been pleased to become the patron of the Philological School, Gloucester Place, and to present it with a donation of sixty pounds, and an annual subscription of thirty pounds. The school is destined for the education of the sons of half-pay officers of the army and navy, &c. to the number of seventy boys on the foundation, besides fifty-five others.

The Princess Esterhazy has left England for Ratisbon, on a visit to her mother, the Princess Tour and Taxis, sister to the late Queen of Prussia, and to the Duchess of Cumberland.

The Earl of Shaftesbury is at Frankfort, purchasing paintings of the German school, for his collection in England.

The Duke of Wellington and Mr. Wellesley have shaken hands on the adjustment of their differences.

The law officers are said to have prepared their report, to the effect that Richard Stamp Sutton Cooke is not the legal representative of the barony of Stafford.

Culinary Poetry.

A young lady was requested one evening to write some verses: she assented, on the condition that some one should give her a subject. A gentleman present (who from some previous conversation concluded her to be unacquainted with culinary arrangements) proposed that the subject should be, "*Pickling and Preserving.*"

The lady hesitated, and said she could not encounter the task; but the next day she sent the following lines:—

Let youthful poetesses sing
  Of laughing loves and weeping graces,
And Cupid's dart, and Zephyr's wing,
  And milk-white hands and blooming faces;
And faithful maids, and constant swains,
  And eyes so blue, and lawns so green;
Which sometimes haunt the wand'ring brains
  Of love-sick damsels of fifteen.
Let them in honied measure tell,
  Of moonlight walks and myrtle bow'rs;
I've bid adieu to Philomel,
  And hate the sight of groves and flow'rs,
(Except nasturtiums, which I think
  When pickled, quite as good as capers)
But neither rose, nor fragrant pink,
  Can equal the delicious vapours
Of apricots and sugar-candy,
Steeped in a jar of Cognac brandy.
The joys of love scarce last a day,
But good preserves will ne'er decay;
The lover slights his once-loved maid,
But who e'er tired of marmalade?
And passion cools, and true knots sever,
Will capsicums grow cool? No, never!
Ah! then, if pleasure you desire,
Go, seek it by the kitchen fire;
Go, peel the onions, slice the ham,
And skim the simmering currant jam;
Or, if a nobler task you wish,
Raise a pork-pie without a dish.

The first kiss from the lips of beauty
  May send some foolish fellows raving;
The first plum from a standard fruit-tree,
  Is very much more worth the craving;
And fairer than maid, flow'r, or beam,
The snow-white froth of raspberry cream;
For think—before a well-filled table
  Of macaroon and l'Eau de Parva:
E'en lovers, the most tried and stable,
  Forget all ladies, but—the carver.
Think—think—(and oh! that it were print!)
  When captains lose their coats so dandy;
When majors hobble, ensigns squint,
Kernels will still be good in brandy.

Ah! then be mine the nobler part,
To please the palate, not the heart;
And though no laurel leaves entwine
  A deathless garland to my praise;
I'd rather see them chopped up fine,
  To flavour custards and pâtés.
For warriors fall, and poets pine,
  Monarchs grow old and states decay,
  Lovers turn false and locks turn grey,
But *men will never cease to dine.*

E. P.

Circular of Advertisements.

[Under this head, what follows is actually in circulation, as a printed note, with the writer's address subjoined.]

"Templa petit Parnassia."—"Cœptis adspirate meis."

AN AUTHOR, *whose public and private repute is unexceptionable, confidently offers—*

To NOBLEMEN *and* GENTLEMEN, *an unlimited supply of Verses suited to amateur collections.*

To LADIES, *small Poems and Sketches for Portfolios, to continue in MS. or to be printed, as required.*

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Honour through all these professions.—The terms are very moderate.

The Grand Signior.

The present padishah, or grand sultan of the Ottoman empire, is Mahmoud II., who was born on the 20th July, 1785, and ascended the throne 28th July, 1803. He is of the eighteenth generation from Osman I., who founded the dynasty, and the thirtieth sovereign of that dynasty. The hereditary prince is his eldest son, Abdul Mechid, who was born on the 20th April, 1824. And, besides whom, he has one other son, two years old, and four daughters. The present sovereign's title runs as follows: "We, the Sultan, son of a Sultan Chakan, son of a Chakan Sultan, Mahmoud II., Chan, son of the victorious Sultan Abdul Hamid, by the infinite grace of the Creator of the World, and eternal God, and by the mediation and miraculous act of Mohammed Mustapha, the chief of prophets, whom the blessing of God preserve, servant and lord of the cities of Mecca, Medina, and Kuds, towards which the whole globe turns its eye when prayer is made, Padishah of the great cities of Istambul, Edrene, and Bursa, which all princes behold with envy," &c.

Portrait of Mahmoud II.

The countenance of Mahmoud is deeply sunburned, but the expression of his features is animated and agreeable. His long arched eyebrows, his large coal-black eyes, beard, and moustachios, and the noble air of his head, produce a striking effect on the first sight of him, and correspond precisely with our notions of an Oriental despot. He is not tall, but his broad shoulders, open expanse of chest, and nervous and well-formed arms, give an idea of great physical strength. He has lately adopted several points of the European costume; but gloves he finds very inconvenient, and never wears them. Spurs, too, though he uses them occasionally in riding, he does not approve of. He call them a devilish invention, only fit to be adopted by persons who are anxious to break their necks. He rides much on horseback, and except on grand occasions of ceremony, and on Friday, when he goes to the mosque, he always uses a European saddle. He has a riding-master, named Calosso, an Italian, who is a great favourite with him, and who instructs all his troops.

A Good Customer.

Dr. West, of Magdalen College, Oxford, better known as Jemmy West, the same who provided in his will for the building of a temple to a heathen goddess, and endowed it sufficiently for a light to be kept burning every night in the shrine, was in the habit of taking a daily promenade in the Magdalen meadows; the grass happening to be unusually long, and nearly ready for the scythe, not only annoyed this worthy in his daily walk, but with the anticipation of the clamours of the hay-makers. Hav-

ing remarked to a dairy-man how troublesome the grass was, the former replied, "My cows, Sir, would soon eat it down for you."—"You don't say so, my good friend," was the rejoinder, "pray how long would they be about it?" —"Why, Sir, thirty cows would eat it off in a fortnight."—"Then, my good man, put in sixty, and get rid of it in a week, and I will give you twenty pounds." The grass disappeared in the time.

Phrenology in the Moon.

The queen, in whose pericranium, like that of most of her sex, was a wonderful rise of inquisitiveness, was particularly anxious to know if the organs of curiosity and vanity were as prevalent with my own countrywomen as with hers, and said she would be happy if I would describe the means by which we depressed them; for this lady had a great idea of promoting, by her own example, and by her personal influence, the moral and domestic virtues of her female subjects. In reply to these inquiries, I assured her Majesty that it was a subject to which I had seldom given much attention, either in the land below, or in her Majesty's realms; though I could answer for my own dear countrywomen, that they possessed as great a share of love and modesty, and attachment to their children, as in any other country of the world. But when her Majesty, who would not be put off with a general answer, asked me the average number of inches which ladies' heads displayed of these qualities, I was obliged to confess my ignorance on this point; upon which she told me I was a credulous old dotard, to suppose that a woman's disposition could be guessed at by any thing she said or did.—*Travels of Phrenologasta.*

Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

The Royal Charter has been granted to the King's College, and final arrangements have been made for the immediate erection of the buildings.

It is said that new London Bridge will be in a condition to be opened on the 18th of June next, the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo.

A new society, named the Literary Union, is about to be established in the metropolis, on the principle of the modern clubs, to promote free intercourse amongst the professors of art, literature, and science.

The numbers of English now in France is said to be as follows:—Paris 14,500; Versailles 2,080; St. Germain 150; Tours 2,795; Bourdeaux 965; Barreges 80; Montpellier 300; Marseilles 120; Lyons 63; Fontainbleau 30; St. Quentin 200; Dunkirk 500; St. Omer 700; Boulogne (sur mer) 6,100; Calais 4,550; and in various other parts of France, about 1,865; making a total of 35,695; of this number 6,680 are mechanics. Their whole annual expenditure is, on the lowest calculation, estimated at 95,885,500 francs, £3,835,420 sterling.

Arrangements are said to be making for a communication with India, by steam vessels, according to which, if the ordinary rate of ten miles an hour could be constantly maintained, the voyage might be performed in thirty days; *viz.* to Lisbon, 4 days; Malta, 5; Alexandria, 5; by land, across the desert to Suez, 2; Bombay, 14.

An Omnibus is now constructing, to run between London and Brighton; to have a double body, to carry 24 inside and 14 outside passengers; and to be drawn by five, six, or seven horses, as may be found requisite.

According to the last census, the population of Paris amounts to 713,765: the number of births yearly to 25,156; marriages, 6,465; and deaths, 22,917. It is estimated that there are in that capital 346,188 men; 367,796 women; 224,922 hearths; 366,000 individuals living upon their property, or by their industry; 348,000 by their daily labour; 77,192 by charity; 3,787 sick in the hospitals; 9,771 infirm or aged persons in the workhouses; 12,580 foundling children; 16,000 men in garrison; 429 public functionaries; 10,450 clerks; 446 individuals connected with the law; 1,139 at the Institut and the University; 47,000 students; and 80,000 domestics.

It has been calculated that out of a population of 42,000,000, in Germany, there are 12,500 writers; or one author to every 3,200 individuals. The number of sheets printed has been estimated at 187,000,000 *per annum*, which gives 47 sheets per head, exclusively of periodical works.

The Société Libre d'Emulation of Rouen have resolved to erect a monument to the memory of Pierre Corneille, its execution to be intrusted to M. David, of the Institut.

A treatise has appeared in Paris, entitled the "Physical and Moral Education of the Parrot, with Instructions for curing the various diseases to which it is subject."

The population of Constantinople and its environs is said to be only 380,000; the number of houses, 85,000.

The birthday of the venerable Goëthe (27th Aug.) was publicly celebrated this year throughout Germany with great *éclât*.

Works in the Press, &c.

Of the illustrations for the Winter's Wreath for 1830 we have spoken elsewhere. This beautiful publication consists of original pieces in prose and verse by Mrs. Hemans; Miss Mitford; Mary Howitt; Miss Jewsbury; Miss E. Taylor; Miss Bowles; Miss M. A. Browne; Delta, of Blackwood's Magazine; Author of "Recollections of the Peninsula;" Author of "Selwyn;" Author of "Rank and Talent;" a Modern Pythagorean; the Roscoes; the Venerable Archdeacon Wrangham; Rev. Dr. Butler; Rev. Dr. Raffles; Rev. J. Parry; Dr. Bowring; Dr. Deeke; J. H. Wiffen; William Howitt; Derwent Conway; Hartley Coleridge; W. H. Harrison; Edward W. Cox; R. Millhouse; J. Merritt; W. M. Tartt; Thomas Charles; C. A. Dalmer; Sig. Grimaldi; Mons. De la Claverie; the Editors, &c. &c.

Precedence in the literary world is now claimed by a host of Annuals which, in the course of the succeeding month, will make their appearance.—The Forget-me-not possesses, as an article of great curiosity and interest, the first known poetical attempt of Lord Byron. It is copied from the autograph of the noble poet,

and certified by the lady to whom it was addressed—the "Mary" who was the object of his earliest attachment, and whom he has celebrated in several of his poems—as having been written when he left Annesly, the residence of her family.

Amongst the contributors to the Keepsake, the following have been mentioned, Sir Walter Scott—Lord Byron—Lord Holland—Lord Normanby—Lord Morpeth—Lord Porchester—Lord Nugent—Hon. George Agar Ellis—Hon. Charles Phipps—Hon. Henry Liddell—R. Bernal, M.P.—Theodore Hook—S. T. Coleridge—Archdeacon Spencer—J. R. Gowen—W. Roscoe—W. Jerdan—Lady Caroline Lamb—Thomas Haynes Bayly—Charles Brinsley Sheridan—the Authors of "Anastasius," "Granby," "O'Hara Tales," "Frankenstein," "Hungarian Tales," and "Hajji Baba." Sir Walter Scott's contribution is said to be a dramatic Romance, *alias* a tragedy in five acts, in imitation of the German, and founded on the Free Knight; and Lord Byron's are ten letters, beginning with his settlement at Pisa in 1821, and ending at Missolonghi, in April 1824, a few days before his death.

With a richness and splendour of binding hitherto unprecedented, the Friendship's Offering for 1830 is expected to be altogether of a high character, under the editorial auspices of Mr. Pringle.

The illustrations of the Literary Souvenir are from pictures by Sir Thomas Lawrence, Howard, Collins, Chalon, Harlowe, F. P. Stephanoff—Martin—Leslie—Allston—Westall—Phillipon, and Uwins. Amongst the literary contributors to this work are the Authors of "Highways and Byeways"—"Constantinople in 1828"—"Tales of the Munster Festivals"—"Recollections of the Peninsula"—"Tales of the O'Hara Family"—"The Kuzzilbash"—"Tales of the Moors"—"The Sorrows of Rosalie"—"The Bath Man"—"Richelieu"—"Tales and Confessions"—"Rouge et Noir"—and also J. Galt—W. M. Praed—Miss Mitford—Mrs. Hemans—Miss Bowles—J. Montgomery—Professor Wilson—Barry Cornwall—T. H. Bayly—Dr. Maginn—T. K. Hervey—Sir Aubrey de Vere Hunt—Hartley Coleridge—D. M. Moir—J. Bowring—Miss Jewsbury—Rev. T. Dale—W. and M. Howitt—Derwent Conway—W. S. Walker—Rev. C. Hoyle—Alaric A. Watts, &c. &c.

We understand that, in "The Amulet," Mr. Hall has been very successful in obtaining the co-operation of many distinguished writers. Among its illustrations, will be an engraving, from the King's picture, of an English cottage, by Mulready, another from Wilkie's painting of the "Dorty Bairn," another from a drawing by Martin, from the burin of Le Keux, for which, it is stated, the engraver received the sum of 180 guineas.

The Juvenile Forget-me-not, under the superintendence of Mrs. S. C. Hall, whose elegant pen is no stranger to the readers of La Belle Assemblee, is, we understand, to contain twelve engravings of a very interesting character to the little folk, for whom it is intended—as a Christmas Present, or New Year's Gift;—and we doubt not that the literary assistants will be those who know how best to blend instruction with amusement.

The new Annual, edited by the Rev. Thomas Dale, and first announced under the title of The Offering, will, in consequence of apprehensions expressed by the proprietors of another work, appear under the title of The Iris, a Literary and Religious Offering. Its embellishments exclusively from the works of the ancient masters—Murillo, Claude, Carlo Dolci, Leonardo da Vinci, J. Lievens, L. Caracci, Cignani, F. Baroci, &c., will be so arranged as to constitute a regular series of scriptural illustrations, each of which will be accompanied by a suitable poem.

Another Annual of a decidedly religious character has been announced under the title of Emmanuel. The editor is the Rev. W. Shepherd, author of "Clouds and Sunshine," &c.

Another, and another still succeeds. The Landscape Annual, or the Tourist in Switzerland and Italy, will, it is said, be on a more enlarged and splendid scale than any hitherto undertaken. Twenty-six highly finished line engravings, executed from coloured drawings, taken on the spot by Mr. Prout,—and the whole of the embellishments under the direction of Mr. Charles Heath,—are the attractions advertized. Mr. T. Roscoe is the editor.

The embellishments of The Bijou are from pictures by Lawrence, Stothard, Wilkie, Bonington, &c., including a portrait of the King from the original in the possession of Sir Wm. Knighton.

The Zoological Keepsake is announced as another juvenile annual, with suitable engravings from drawings by Cruickshank, Baynes, Saunders, &c.

The Musical Bijou, edited by F. H. Burney, is to contain prose and poetical articles by Sir Walter Scott—Mr. T. H. Bayly—Lord Nugent—Mrs. C. B. Wilson—The Ettrick Shepherd—Lord Ashtown—Messrs. Planché, Pocock, E. Fitzball—Richard Ryan, &c. &c., and the Music by Rossini, Bishop, Herz, Kalkbrenner, Rodwell, Kialmark, J. Barnett, J. Parry, and others.

The Venetian Bracelet, &c., by L. E. L., with a beautiful frontispiece by W. Finden, from a painting by Howard, is also nearly ready.

We have little room for further announcements, but must mention that Mr. Cooper's new novel, the Borderers, or the Wept of Wish-ton-Wish, is to appear on the first of October; we shall give our readers an account of it in our next number.

Sir Walter Scott is preparing a History of Scotland, from the earliest period of authentic record to the union of the crowns. This work is to form the first volume of Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia. In conjunction with Sir Walter Scott are engaged Sir James Mackintosh, and Thomas Moore, Esq.—the one for the History of England, and the other for that of Ireland.

The Foreign Literary Gazette, a Weekly Epitome of Continental and Domestic Science, Literature, Arts, &c. &c. is to appear on the First Wednesday in January next.

BIRTHS.—MARRIAGES.—DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

Of Sons.—The lady of Sir M. Shaw Stewart.—The lady of Major Tinling.—The lady of James Lyon, Esq.—The lady of Capt. Rattray, R.N.—Lady Lillie.—The lady of Col. Hogg, E.I.S.—The lady of Lieut.-Col. Stewart.—Lady Elizabeth Drummond.—Lady Granville Somerset.—The lady of Sir T. N. Hill, K.C.B.—The lady of Lieut.-Col. Middleton.—The lady of Sir J. Fraser, Bart.—The lady of the Hon. W. Cust.—Lady John Somerset.—The Lady E. Wemyss.—The lady of J. H. Hutchinson, Esq. M.P.—The lady of Major-Gen. G. Browne.

Of Daughters.—The lady of Sir A. Henniker, Bart.—The Countess of Dartmouth.—The lady of Lieut.-Col. Horton.—The Baroness Bulow.—The Countess of Surrey.—The lady of Capt. J. W. Roworth.—The lady of Sir W. Boughton.—Mrs. Greaves Townley.—The lady of Col. Weldon.—The lady of Chandos Leigh, Esq.—Viscountess Milton.—The lady of Sir A. Hood, Bart.—The lady of R. B. Smith, Esq., M.P.—The Hon. Mrs. Smith.

MARRIAGES.

At Gossford, G. G. Suttie, Esq. to the Lady Harriet Charteris, daughter of the Earl of Wemyss and March.

At Darlington, F. Hardinge, Esq., brother to the Right Hon. Sir H. Hardinge, M.P., to Hannah Elizabeth, eldest daughter of W. Maude, Esq.

At Cheltenham, the Rev. L. Booker, LL.D., F.R.S.L., Vicar of Dudley, to Elizabeth, niece of the late Col. Sir R. Barclay, K.C.B.

At Marylebone, Robert Harvey, of Langley Park, Esq., to Anne, daughter of Vice-Admiral Sir W. Hotham, K.C.B.

Viscount Andover, eldest son of the Earl of Suffolk, to Isabella, second daughter of the late Lord Henry Howard, and niece to the Duke of Norfolk.

The Hon. Capt. A. R. Turnour, R.N., second son of the Earl of Winterton, to Charlotte Fitzherbert, eldest daughter of the late G. Darsh, Esq., of Petworth, Sussex.

At Delgany, Ireland, A. C. Stirling, Esq., gentleman of the bedchamber to his Grace the Lord-Lieutenant, to Charlotte, only daughter of the late Major-Gen. Joseph Baird.

Charles Eden, Esq., fourth son of the late Sir F. Eden, Bart., to Emma, second daughter of Sir Robert Williams, M.P., of the Isle of Anglesey.

Colonel Cock, of the Bengal Army, to Georgiana Mary, youngest daughter of the Rev. Thos. Baker, Rector of Rollesby, Norfolk.

At St. George's, Hanover Square, W. T. Neale, Esq., of the 16th Lancers, to Emma, third daughter of the late Horatio Cleggett, Esq.

E. Burnaby, Esq., of Baggrave Hall, Leicestershire, to Ann Caroline, youngest daughter of the late T. Salisbury, Esq., of Fordington, Dorsetshire.

Lieut.-Col. Edward Day, of the Bengal Army, to Mary, eldest daughter of the late Patrick Trant, Esq., of Dingle, in the County of Kerry.

A. V. Kirwan, Esq., to Amelia, daughter of the late Sir Sackville Browne.

At Woodford, C. S. Hanson, Esq., to Charlotte, only daughter of the late Hon. R. Smith, M.D.

Captain Thurston, R.N., to Elizabeth, second daughter of Admiral Sotheby.

B. G. Currie, Esq., of Horsley Park, Surrey, to Laura Elizabeth, daughter of M. Gosset, Esq., Viscount of the Island of Jersey.

W. Hay, Esq., 5th Dragoon Guards, to Sarah, eldest daughter of R. Sparks, Esq., of Wonersh, Surrey.

At Bombay, Capt. Sir C. Malcolm, R.N., to Elmira Riddell, youngest daughter of Major-Gen. Shaw.

The Very Rev. C. S. Luxmore, Dean of St. Asaph, to Catherine, youngest daughter of the Right Hon. Sir J. Nicholl.

At Dublin, Capt. C. Stewart, late of the 23d Royal Welch Fusileers, to Eleanor, second daughter of W. F. Bentley, Esq.

At Bath, Capt. G. Fryer, of the Madras Army, to Sarah Moore, eldest daughter of the late Rev. E. C. Willoughby.

DEATHS.

At Brighton, the Hon. Edward Henry Edwardes, eldest son of Lord Kensington.

The Rev. W. Towne, D.D., Chaplain to H.R.H. the Duke of Cumberland, and Rector of Upton Cresset, Shropshire.

At Ferntower, Perthshire, the Right Hon. Gen. Sir David Baird, G.C.B. and K.C.

In Portman Square, Sir Henry Cann Lippencott, Bart., of Stoke Park, Bristol.

At Plymouth, Col. Sandys, of Lanarth, Cornwall.

At Glaston, Rutlandshire, Sir Thos. Whichcote, Bart., aged 42.

The Lady Anne Catharine Legge, daughter of the late, and sister of the present Earl of Sheffield.

At Starston Rectory, Lieut.-Gen. W. Spencer, of Bramley Grange, Yorkshire.

At Orleton Hall, Salop, W. Cludde, Esq., aged 74.

At Orielton, Lady Owen, wife of Sir John Owen, Bart., M.P., Lord Lieutenant for the county of Pembroke.

Charlotte Anne, second daughter of Vice-Admiral Sir John Gore, K.C.B.

At Foxley, Herefordshire, Sir Uvedale Price, Bart.

At Milan, George Losack, Esq., Admiral of the Blue.

At Boulogne, Antonetta, wife of John Ellis, Esq., and daughter of Sir P. Parker, Bart., Admiral of the Fleet.

At Brighton, aged 75, the Earl of Harrington.

At Banstead Park, Surrey, H. L. Spencer, Esq.

At Blanquets, near Worcester, T. Best, Esq.

At Trincomalee, Capt. G. Jones, of the Royal Artillery.

La Belle Assemblée,

OR

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES, No. LIX., FOR NOVEMBER, 1829.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

A Portrait of The Right Honourable HARRIET ANNE, COUNTESS OF BELFAST, engraved by Thomson, from a Miniature by Mrs. Mee.
An elegant whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Walking Dress.
An elegant whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Morning Visiting Dress.
An elegant whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Walking Dress.
An elegant whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Carriage Dress.

LITERARY CONTENTS.

TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE accomplishment of a desire to gratify the readers of LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE with as early and as full an account as possible of "*The Annuals for* 1830"—no fewer than *eleven* of which are introduced in our pages of the present month—has unavoidably thrown us into arrears with many of our Correspondents. We claim their kind indulgence.

"*The Tomb of Columbus,*" and "*The Sigh,*" by "H. C. DEAKIN," Author of "Portraits of the Dead," are intended for early insertion.

We have no reason to apprehend that the Author of "*The Steam Engine*" will ever set the Thames on fire.

"*Impromptu; written after reading* 'The Loves of the Poets,'" by "Mrs. CORNWELL BARON WILSON," in our next, if possible. The lady may be assured that her suspicion is altogether without foundation.

Some of the stanzas entitled "*Oh, for a Home amid the Hills!*" possess merit; but, in the aggregate, they are not admissible.

"M. L. R." will find a packet for her at our publishers', in Ave Maria-lane.

"*Isabel of Angoulesme,*" by "Miss E. A. INGRAM," shall speedily be introduced to the circle of LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

We find a plurality of objections against "*Guilio's*" third stanza.

Respecting his "*Pharsalia,*" "I. F." has nothing to fear, even upon the score of justice.

"*The Fairy Days of Bright Romance,*" by "OMEGA," shall appear at a future opportunity: in the interim, we shall venture, privately, to suggest some slight verbal alterations.

PRINTED BY SHACKELL AND BAYLIS, JOHNSON'S-COURT, FLEET-STREET.

NOVEMBER, 1829.





THE RT. HON. HARRIET ANNE,

COUNTESS OF BELFAST.

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LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE,

FOR NOVEMBER, 1829.

ILLUSTRATIVE MEMOIR OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE HARRIET ANNE, COUNTESS OF BELFAST.

The Right Hon. Harriet Anne, Countess of Belfast, is the eldest daughter of the late, and sister of the present Richard Butler, Earl of Glengall. Emilia, Lady Glengall, her mother, was the youngest daughter of James St. John Jeffreys, of Blarney Castle, in the county of Cork, Esq., by Arabella, eldest sister of John, first Earl of Clare. The Lady Harriet Anne Butler was married, on the 8th of December, 1822, to the Right Honourable George Hamilton, Earl of Belfast, eldest son of the Marquess of Donegal.

The branch of the house of Butler from which the Countess of Belfast claims her descent, is derived from James Le Botiller, otherwise called Galdie, or the Englishman. This James Le Botiller was the son (by Catherine, daughter of Gerald, Earl of Desmond) of James, third Earl of Ormonde, whose descendants were, by the settlement of Thomas, tenth Earl of Ormonde, named next in remainder to the estates of the house of Ormonde, on failure of the Barons Dunboyne. Thomas Botiller, of Cahier, or Cahierdowneske, the great-grand-son of James Le Botiller, married Ellice, daughter of the Earl of Desmond. By that lady he had a son, Edmund, who, by Catherine, daughter of Sir Pierce Poer, had a son, Thomas, who, in 1543, was created Baron Cahier. Lord Cahier married Eleanor, daughter of Pierce, Earl of Ormonde; and, by her, he had a son, Edmund, second Baron Cahier, who died without issue, and the title became extinct. By a new creation, however, Queen Elizabeth renewed it in 1583, in favour of Sir Theobald Butler, son of Pierce, youngest brother of Thomas, first Baron Cahier, by a daughter of Mac Pierce, Lord Dunboyne. Sir Theobald Butler, third Baron Cahier, received the honour of Knighthood, in 1567, from the Lord Deputy Sidney, by whom he is thus mentioned, in a letter dated Limerick, February 27, 1575:—

"There were with me that discended of Englishe Race, Sir Morris Fytz-Garrold, brother to the Vicounte Decies; Sir Thibald Butler, whose vncle and cozen germaine were baronnes of the *Cayre*, whose lands he lawfullye and justlye enjoythe, and better deserveth that title of honnor, than any of theim ever did; for whom I intende more speciallye to write, for truelye, for his deserte, he is worthie any commendacion."

Lord Cahier married Mary, daughter of Sir Thomas Cusack, of Cussington, in the county of Meath, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, by whom he left six sons and two daughters:—

1. Thomas, his successor;—2. Pierce;—3.

Edmund, ancestor of the present Lord Glengall;—4. James, who was engaged in the rebellions of 1598 and 1641;—5. Richard;—6. Edward;—7. Ellen, married to Richard Butler, of Ballybog, in the county of Tipperary, Esq.;—8. Mary, married to Sir Cormac M'Carthy.

Lord Cahier died in 1596, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

Thomas, fourth Baron Cahier. This nobleman had an only daughter and heiress, Margaret, who married Edmund, third Lord Dunboyne. Dying without male issue, in 1627, the barony devolved upon his nephew,

Thomas, fifth Baron Cahier. His Lordship was a son of the Hon. Pierce Butler, of Cloghoully, in the county of Tipperary, by Eleanor, daughter of Pierce Butler, of Callan, in the county of Kilkenny, Esq. He married Eleanor, grand-daughter of Lord Poer, by whom he had seven children. He was succeeded by his grandson,

Pierce, sixth Baron Cahier, only son of the Hon. Edmund Butler. His Lordship married, in 1663, Elizabeth, daughter of Toby Mathew, of Thurles, Esq., by whom he had four daughters. He died in 1676; and, leaving no male issue, the title devolved upon his kinsman,

Theobald Butler, of Knockananomagh, seventh Baron Cahier. This nobleman, through an erroneous belief that he had espoused the cause of King James the Second, was, in 1691, subjected to the penalties of outlawry, by which he sustained heavy losses. On proof of his innocence, however, the sentence of outlawry was reversed in 1693, and he was restored to his honours and estates. He died in the year 1700, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

Pierce, eighth Baron Cahier. His Lordship married, in 1709, Frances, eldest daughter of Sir Theobald Butler, Knt., Solicitor General to James II. Dying in 1744, he was succeeded by his eldest son,

James, ninth Baron Cahier. He died in 1786; and, leaving no issue, his brother,

Pierce, succeeded to the title, as tenth Baron Cahier. His Lordship died at Paris, unmarried, in 1788, when this branch of the family became extinct in the male line. The estates, pursuant to his Lordship's will, devolved upon Richard, grandson of Richard Butler, of Ballynahinch, in the county of Tipperary, Esq., a descendant from Sir Theobald Butler, third Baron Cahier, through his third son, the Hon. Edmund Butler. This gentleman was the father of James Butler, of Fethard, in the county of Tipperary, Esq., who is believed to have died in India, in 1788; and who had, by his wife, Sarah, daughter of — Nicholls, of ——, Esq., two sons and a daughter:—

1. Richard, eleventh Baron Cahier, first Earl of Glengall and Viscount Cahier;—2. James, died young;—3. Jane, born in 1776, married, in 1815, Thomas, Lord Manners, late Lord High Chancellor of Ireland.

Richard, the eleventh Baron, was born on the 13th of November, 1775. He married, on the 15th of August, 1793, Emilia, the youngest daughter of James St. John Jeffreys, of Blarney Castle, in the county of Cork, Esq., by Arabella, eldest sister of John, first Earl of Clare; and, on the 22d of January, 1816, he was advanced to the dignities of Earl of Glengall, and Viscount Cahier, of the county of Tipperary, in Ireland. His Lordship died on the 30th of January, 1819, leaving issue as follows:—

1. Richard, his successor, the present Earl of Glengall, born on the 17th of May, 1794;—2. Harriet Anne, married on the 8th of December, 1822, to the Right Hon. George Hamilton, Earl of Belfast, eldest son of the Marquess of Donegal;—3. Charlotte;—4. Emily.

Having thus briefly sketched the descent of the noble family of Butler, we proceed to a slight notice of the house of Donegal, now represented by the Most Noble George Augustus Chichester, Marquess and Earl of Donegal, Earl of Belfast, Viscount Chichester, and Baron of Belfast, in Ireland; Baron Fisherwick, of Fisherwick, in the county of Stafford, in the peerage of Great Britain; K.P.; Governor of Antrim; President for Life of the Belfast Academical Institution, &c.

The surname of the family—one of the most eminent in the county of Devon, for its antiquity, estate, employments, and alliances—seems formerly to have been Cirencester. It flourished, for several generations, at South Poole, near King's Bridge; and, according to Sir William Pole, in his MS. Survey of Devonshire, the Cirences-

ters were entitled to quarter the arms of the Raleighs, Beaumonts, Willingtons, and many other noble families. The first of the name upon record is Walleran de Cirencester—thought to be so denominated from Cirencester, in Gloucestershire—said to have descended from a brother of Robert de Cirencester, *alias* Chichester, Dean of Salisbury, and consecrated, in 1128, Bishop of Exeter. To Walleran succeeded John, his son, the father of Sir John, whose son, Sir Thomas de Cirencester, was Lord of the Manor of St. Mary Church—an eminent sea-mark on the east side of Torbay—by his marriage with Alicia de Rotomago, in the time of Henry III.; in the course of whose reign he enjoyed many honourable employments. His grandson, Richard, bearing the name of Cirencester, *alias* Chichester, fixed upon the latter, which has continued the surname of the family. One of his descendants, Amias Chichester, of Arlinston, observes the Rev. Mr. Prince, "had nineteen sons and four daughters. Fourteen of the nineteen sons lived to be proper gentlemen, though not above three of them had issue: when they went all to church, the first would be in the church-porch before the last would be out of the house."

Sir John Chichester, of Raleigh, in the county of Devon, received the honour of Knighthood from Queen Elizabeth, in 1580. He married Gertrude, daughter of Sir William Courtenay, of Powderham Castle, by whom he had issue, five sons and eight daughters. The sons were as follow:—

1. Sir John, ancestor of the present Sir Arthur Chichester, of Raleigh, Bart;—2. Arthur, whose services raised him to the peerage of Ireland;—3. Edward, ancestor of the Marquess of Donegal;—4. Sir John (the younger*);—5. Sir Thomas.

Sir Arthur Chichester,* second son of Sir John, was elevated to the peerage, on the 23d of February, 1612, by the title of

* For his services in Ireland, this gentleman was rewarded with the post of Sergeant Major of the army, and the honour of Knighthood. Thus, as it was not unusual for parents, in those times, to give a favourite name to more of their children than one, he came to be distinguished from his elder brother of the same name and degree, by the title of Sir John Chichester the younger. He was Governor of Carrickfergus; and, in 1597, he lost his life on an enterprize against the Mac-Donnells, in the following manner:—James Mac-Sorley Mac-Donnell (afterwards Earl of Antrim) hid a strong detachment of Highland foot in a cave, about four miles from Carrickfergus, whilst he advanced with a small body towards that town. Sir John Chichester, thus braved by the force of the enemy, made a sally: Mac-Donnell seemed to flee, till, having brought Sir John to the spot where he had formed his ambuscade, he turned upon him and his party—instantly surrounded them with his fresh troops—took Sir John prisoner—and beheaded him upon a stone at the head of the Glynn.—It is related that, in the succeeding reign, Mac-Donnell went one day to view the family monument in St. Nicholas's Church, at Carrickfergus; when, seeing Sir John Chichester's statue thereon, he asked, "How the de'el he came to get his head again, for he was sure he had ance ta'en it frae him."

* Sir Arthur Chichester, a man of great activity and enterprise, embraced a military life, and was constantly engaged wherever his sovereign's service required his presence, by sea or land, in England and in France. He received the honour of Knighthood, in 1595, for his valour and professional skill in the wars of Ireland; "where his services, on the reduction of the Irish to due obedience, were so manifest, that he was effectually assistant to plough and break up that barbarous nation by conquest, and then to sow it with seeds of civility, when L.D." In 1599, he commanded 200 foot at Carrickfergus; and, in the winter of that year, being garrisoned there, he laid all the country waste within twenty miles. To relate his military services alone would require a volume. "He equally distinguished himself in the arts of peace; for, being a man of great capacity, judgment, steadiness, and experience, he was wise in taking his party; resolute in executing his designs; master of his own temper; dextrous, and able to manage all the variety of humours he had to deal with, and to gain even the most perverse." In April, 1603, he was sworn of the Privy Council; and, in the month of September following, he was, by patent, appointed Governor of Carrickfergus, with extensive and powerful jurisdiction. In February, 1603-4, he was made Lord Deputy of Ireland; in the exercise of which office he established two new circuits. He influenced and promoted the plantation of the forfeited estates in Ulster, in which province he obtained considerable grants of lands, and, as a lasting mark of royal favour, His Majesty, James I., on the calling of his first parliament in Ireland, in 1612, raised him to the peerage of that kingdom; accompanying the patent of creation with a letter, written by himself, to this effect:—

"As at first you were called by our election without seeking for it, to this high place of trust and government of our kingdom of Ireland, and have so faithfully discharged the duties thereof, that without any desire of yours on that behalf, we have thought fit to continue you in that employment these many years, beyond the example and custom of former times; so now we are pleased, merely of our own grace, without any mediation of friends, without your suite or ambition, to advance you to the state of a Baron of that kingdom, in acknowledgment of your many acceptable services performed unto us there; and that you, and all other Ministers of State, which serve us wheresoever, may know by the instance of this our favour to you, that we observe and discern their merits, and accordingly do value and reward them," &c.

His Lordship held his government for ten successive years; and, in 1614—the year in which the harp of Ireland was first marshalled with the arms of England—he was again made Lord Deputy. "So observant was he over the actions of suspected persons, that Tyroen [Tyrone] was heard to complain, *he could*

Baron Chichester, of Belfast; but, dying without issue, in 1624, the Barony became extinct. The estates descended to his next brother,

not drink a full carouse of sack, but the state was within few hours advertised thereof."

Towards the close of 1615, the king was graciously pleased to relieve him from his laborious duties, as Lord Deputy; and, in the summer following, he appointed him Lord Treasurer of Ireland.

Whilst he continued in Ireland, Lord Belfast resided chiefly at Carrickfergus, where, in 1618, he built a magnificent house, called Joymount.—In May, 1622, he was sent Ambassador to the Palatinate, and thence to treat of a peace with the Emperor of Germany. He returned to England in October, and, in December, was sworn of His Majesty's Privy Council here. He died in London, on the 19th of February, 1624; but his remains were finally interred, on the 24th of October, 1625, in a chapel on the north side of the church of St. Nicholas, at Carrickfergus, under a stately monument of marble and alabaster, bearing the following inscriptions:—

Sacred to God and eternal memore,
Sir Arthur Chichester, Knt., Baron of Belfast, Lord
High Treasurer of Ireland, Governor of this towne, and
Of the countries adjoining: Descended of the ancient
And noble howse of the Chichesters in the countie
Of Devon, Sonne of Sir John Chichester, of Raleiche, Knight,
And of his wife Gartrud Courtney, grandchild of Edward
Chichester, and of his wife Elizabeth, daughter of John
Bourgchier Earle of Bathe: After the flight
Of the Earls of Tiron and Terconnel,
And other arch traytors their accomplices,
Having suppressed O'Doughertie and other northern rebels,
And settled the plantation of this province, and well and
Happily governed this kingdome in flourishing estate,
Under James our King, this space of xi. yeres and
More, whilst he was L. Deputie and Governor Generall
Thereof, retyred himself into his private government,
And being mindeful of his mortalitie, represented unto
Him by the untymeley death of Arthure his sonne, the
Only hope of his howse, who lived not full two months
After his birth; as also of his noble and valiant brother,
Sir John Chichester, Knight, late Sergeant Major of the
Army in this kingdome, and the precedent Governour of
This towne, hath caused this chappell to be repaired,
And this valt and monument to be made and erected, as
Well in remembrance of them, whose statues are expressed,
And theire bodies interred, as alsoe a resting place for
The bodie of self, and his most deare and best beloved
Wife, the noble and vertuous Ladye Lettice, eldest daughter
Of Sir John Parrott, Knight, some time the worthye
Deputie of this kingdome: Which they hope shall here
Rest in peace until the second coming of theire
Crucifyed Redeemer, whom they most constantly beleive
Then to behold with theire bodily eyes, to their endles
Blessedness, and everlasting comfort.

Gladius meus non salvabit me.
Fatum mortis a Domino injunctum est.

If that desire or chance thee hither lead
Upon this marble monument to tread,
Let admiration thy best thoughts still feed,
While weeping, thou this epitaph doest reade;
And let distilling tears thy commaes be,
As tribute due unto this elegie.

EPITAPH.

Within this bedd of death a Viceroy lies,
Whose fame shall ever live; virtue ne'er dies;
For he did virtue and religion nourish,
And made this province, rude, with peace to florish:
The loudest rebel he by power did tame,
And by true justice gayn'd an honor'd name.
Then now, though he in Heaven with angels be,
Let us on earth still love his memory.
By him interr'd his noble ladye is,
Who doth partake with him in heavenly bliss;
For while the earthe unto them was a seate,
Blessed they were, being both good and great.
With them doth rest their one and only sonne,
Whose life was short, and soe his glasse soone run.
The heavens, not earthe, was his alotted right,
For which he bade the world soe soon good night.
Intomb'd by them here also doth remayn
His worthy brother, who was lately slayn,
As he in martiall and brave warrelike fight,
Oppos'd incursions in his country's right,
And in memorial of theire endless praise,
This monument is left to after dayes.

A handsome monument to the memory of Lord Belfast was also erected "in the cathedral church of Exeter; and in a little oratory, adjoining to the church of Eggesford, is his bust, curiously cut in marble, represented to the life, yielding a look stern and terrible like a soldier."

Sir Edward Chichester, who, on the 1st of April, 1625, was created, by Charles the First, Baron Belfast, and Viscount Chichester, of Carrickfergus. He was his brother's successor in the government of Carrickfergus, &c. He died in 1648, and his remains were interred by those of his first lady (Anne, daughter and heir of John Coplestone, of Eggesford, in the county of Devon, Esq.) and by those of her father and mother, "under a noble monument prepared by himself, but finished by his son, with all their portraitures in marble; having his five children kneeling by, under a stately canopy, finely painted, in the little oratory adjoining Eggesford Church." The monument bears this inscription:—

In Memory
Of Edward, Lord Viscount Chichester,
And Dame Anne his wife: and in humble acknowledgment of the good providence of God in advancing their house.

Beneath are these verses:—

Fam'd Arthur, Ireland's dread in arms; in peace
Her tut'lar genius; Belfast's honour won:
Edward and Anné, blest pair! begot increase
Of lands and heirs, Viscount was grafted on.
Next Arthur, in God's cause, and King's stak'd all;
And had, to's honour, added Donegal.

Lord Chichester was succeeded by his eldest son, Arthur, who, previously, on the 30th of May, 1647, had been raised to the peerage by the title of Earl of Donegal, with limitation to the male descendants of his father. This distinguishing mark of royal favour was granted in consideration of the important services which, as a Colonel in the army, he had rendered against the rebels. His Lordship was thrice married; but, though he had children by each of his ladies, not one of his sons survived him. He died in 1674. "In the oratory adjoining to Eggesford Church is a sumptuous monument, erected to the memory of his Lordship and his two first ladies, where he stands in full and just proportion, in pure alabaster, finely polished, between his ladies, lying in effigy, the first on the right hand, and the other on the left." To the memory of the former the succeeding lines are inscribed:—

Weep, Reader, weep, and let thine eyes
With tears embalm the obsequies
Of her blest shrine; who was in all
Her full dimensions so angelical
And really good, that Virtue might repine
In wanting stuff to make one more divine.

The virtues of the second lady are also thus commemorated:—

Lo! here the mirrour of her sex, whose praise
Asks not a Garland, but a grove of bays:
Whose unexemplar'd virtue shined far
And near, the Western Wonder! like some star
Of the first magnitude; which though it lies
Here in eclipse, is only set to rise.

This gentleman was succeeded by his deceased brother John's eldest son,

Arthur, second Earl of Donegal, who married Jane, daughter of John Itchingham, of Dunbrody, in the county of Wexford, Esq. He was succeeded by his eldest son,

Arthur, third Earl of Donegal, a military officer of distinguished bravery and talent. In 1704, the Prince of Hesse conferred on his Lordship the commission of Major General of the Spanish forces: in August, 1705, he was of the council of war, held on board the Britannia, concerning the siege of Barcelona, for which he gave his voice; and, in November following, he was made Governor of the strong fortress of Gironne, on the river Ter. After many glorious services, he lost his life at the fort of Monjuich, on the 10th of April, 1706, and was buried at Barcelona. His memory is perpetuated in a long inscription on the family monument at Carrickfergus. His first Countess was the Lady Barbara Boyle, daughter of Roger, Earl of Orrery; his second, the Lady Catherine Forbes (daughter of Arthur, Earl of Granard), whose piety, charity, and conjugal virtues have been thus immortalized by Swift:—

Unerring Heaven, with bounteous hand,
Has form'd a model for your land,
Whom Love endow'd with every grace,
The glory of the Granard race;
Now destined by the powers divine
The blessing of *another* line.
Then would you paint a matchless Dame,
Whom you'd consign to endless fame?
Invoke not Cytherea's aid,
Nor borrow from the blue-ey'd maid;
Nor need you on the Graces call;—
Take qualities from Donegal.

By this lady he had two sons and six daughters; three of whom—the Ladies Jane, Frances, and Henrietta—were unfortunately burnt to death, when the mansion at Belfast was consumed through the carelessness of a servant, who had made up a large fire of wood for the purpose of drying a room which she had been cleaning. His Lordship was succeeded by his elder son,

Arthur, fourth Earl of Donegal, who married the Lady Lucy Ridgeway, daughter of Robert, Earl of Londonderry. Having no children, his successor (in 1757) was his nephew,

Arthur, fifth Earl of Donegal, the eldest son of the Hon. John Chichester (M.P. for Belfast, in 1745), by Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Richard Newdigate, Bart., of Arbury, in the county of Warwick. His Lordship was, on the 3d of July, 1790, created a peer of Great Britain, by the title of Baron Fisherwick; and, on the 27th of June, 1791, he was advanced to the dignity of Earl of Belfast, and Marquess of Donegal, in Ireland. He married, *first*, in 1761, the Lady Anne Hamilton (daughter of James, fifth Duke of Hamilton) who died in 1780; *secondly*, in 1788, Charlotte (relict of Thomas Moore, of Barn, in the county of Tipperary, Esq., and daughter of Conway Spencer, of Tremary, in the county of Down, Esq., and sister of General Sir Brent Spencer, G.C.B.) who died in September, 1790; *thirdly*, in October, 1790, Barbara, daugh-

ter of Luke Godfrey, D.D., uncle of the late Sir William Godfrey, Bart., of Bushfield, in the county of Kerry. By neither of the latter marriages had the noble Marquess any issue; but, by the first, he had (besides four daughters, who all died young) three sons:—

1. George Augustus, the present peer, born August 13, 1769;—2. Arthur, born in 1771, died, unmarried, in 1788;—3. Spencer Stanley, born in 1775; married, in 1795, the Lady Harriet Stewart, daughter of John, eighth Earl of Galway, K.T. (by whom he had, besides other children, a son, Arthur, who married, in 1820, the Lady Augusta Paget, daughter of the Marquess of Anglesey); died at Paris, in 1819.

His Lordship died on the 5th of January, 1799, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

George Augustus, second and present Marquess of Donegal, &c. This nobleman married, on the 8th of August, 1795, Anna, the elder daughter of the late Sir Edmund May, of Mayfield, in the county of Waterford, Bart., a lady of extraordinary beauty and high accomplishments.*

His Lordship's eldest son, the Right Hon. George Hamilton, Earl of Belfast, and one of the representatives of the borough of Belfast, in the present Parliament, was born on the 10th of February, 1797; and he married, as has been already stated, on the 8th of December, 1822, the Lady Harriet Anne, eldest daughter of the late Earl of Glengall, whose Portrait we have here the honour of introducing in the *Picture Gallery* of LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE. The Marquess of Donegal, the genealogical sketch of whose family we now close, has six other sons:—Edward, born in 1799, married, in 1821, Amelia Diana, daughter of Henry Dean Grady, of Dublin, Esq.;—Spencer Augustus, born in 1805;—Arthur, born in 1808;—Hamilton Francis, born in 1810;—John, born in 1811;—and Stephen Algernon, born in 1814.

* The family of May, anciently De May, traces its descent to John de May, who came to England with the Conqueror, and, for his services, obtained considerable grants of land in the counties of Kent and Sussex. His descendants were seated for many generations at Kermington, in Kent; and subsequently at Wadhurst, and other places, in Sussex.

From William May, second son of Thomas May, of Wadhurst, descended Sir Humphrey May, Vice-Chamberlain to James I., and Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster; and also Sir Thomas May, of Mayfield, in the county of Sussex, father of Thomas May, the poet and historian. The last mentioned gentleman was much noticed by Charles I., and the more refined wits of his early courts. First seeking distinction in the drama, he wrote three tragedies: Antigone; Julia Agrippina, Empress of Rome; and Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt; and two comedies; The Heir, and the Old Couple. He also left a Latin tragedy in manuscript, on the subject of Julius Cæsar. He translated Virgil's Georgics, and Lucan's Pharsalia; also Barclay's *Icon Animorum;* and he had some share in Barclay's version of Argenis. Of Mr. May's original poems, the principal are, The Reign of Henry II.; and The Victorious Reign of Edward III., each in seven books. On the breaking out of the civil war, Mr. May entered the service of the Parliament, to which he was appointed secretary. His History of The Parliament of England, which began November 3, 1640, proved exceedingly offensive to the Royal party. He afterwards made an abstract of this History, under the title of A Breviary of the History of the Parliament of England. Mr. May died, unmarried, at the age of fifty-five, in the year 1650. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, by the order of Parliament, which also erected a monument to his memory; but, at the Restoration, the monument was pulled down, and his remains, with those of several other obnoxious individuals, were thrown into a large pit, dug for the purpose, in St. Margaret's churchyard.

Edward May, the younger brother of the poet, settled at Mayfield, in the county of Waterford. He married Margaret, daughter of Arthur O'Donelly, Esq., of Castle Caulfield, in the county of Tyrone. His grandson, Edward, married Elizabeth, daughter and co-heiress (with her elder sister, Anne, Countess of Tyrone) of Andrew Richards, Esq., of Dangenskidoggy, in the county of Kilkenny. His son, James, M.P. for the county of Waterford in 1772, married Letitia, daughter of William Ponsonby, Viscount Duncannon. His eldest son,

James May, Esq., also one of the members for Waterford, was created a baronet of Ireland, on the 30th of June, 1763. His wife was Anne, daughter of Thomas Moore, Esq., of Marlfield, in the county of Tipperary, and niece of Stephen, Earl of Mountcashel. His eldest son,

Sir Humphrey May, died without issue in 1816, when the title devolved upon his brother,

Sir Edmund May, who had married Elizabeth, daughter of Francis Lumley, Esq., of the county of Waterford. By that lady he had two sons and two daughters: Sir Stephen, the present baronet; Edward, in holy orders; Anne, married to the Marquess of Donegal: and Elizabeth, married to Thomas Verner, Esq., of Church Hill, in the county of Armagh.

Sir Edward May, M.P. for Belfast, died in 1817, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Sir Stephen.

THE ANNUALS FOR 1830.

Taking them of all sorts, sizes, and descriptions, there are now forthcoming, for the year 1830, no fewer than sixteen or eighteen Annuals. *The Anniversary*, one of the noblest of its class, is, we regret to observe, extinct;* but, in some measure to console us for its loss, *The Landscape Annual*—of which hereafter—with designs by Prout, is expected to attract much notice amongst the lovers of art.

With reference to the merit of these productions generally, it is impossible for us yet to speak with decision; for, at the moment of commencing the preparation of this paper, not more than one-fourth of them are before us. Most of their embellishments, it is true, we have seen; and, of them, we may remark, that some evince great and splendid improvement—that others approximate less towards perfection than might have been wished or anticipated—and that others, most unwisely on the part of the proprietors, have absolutely retrograded on the scale of art. Indeed, were it not to be deemed invidious, we could indicate several which, in choice and classification of subjects, betray the total want of an artist-like eye. It has always been our opinion, that the literature of these works has not kept pace with their embellishments; and as yet we have seen nothing that can tend to induce an opposite impression. The market is abundantly supplied, but the commodity is not first-rate.

From the promiscuous manner in which, necessarily, these attractive volumes reach us, it is impossible to act upon any system of precedence in their notice; and perhaps it is better so—we must take them in the order that they come. Our chief regret is, that, from their number, we are unable to devote to them, respectively, a space so ample as we could wish, or as their merits might seem to demand.

The principal contributors to *The Winter's Wreath*, the first that we shall subject to our running commentary, have been enumerated in a preceding page (182); and, with the exception of one plate, we have also (at p. 179) briefly characterised its admirable embellishments. The plate omitted was Williamson's Sunset View on the Welch Coast, engraved by Miller—very clear and bright, but perhaps somewhat deficient in warmth and mellowness. The Inscription plate—The Wreath, from a picture by Vandyke—is the same as last year's. Of the prose compositions, the pieces with which we have been most interested are:—The Two Sisters, a Village Story, by Miss Mitford;—Il Cavaliere Pittore, by J. R. C., illustrating F. P. Stephanoff's beautiful design under the same title;—The Bergsman and his Guest, a memorable incident in the life of Gustavus Vasa, by Miss Jewsbury:—The Three Christmas Eves of Count Carl Von Nordheim, by the author of Selwyn;—Cicely Hardinge, a tale of melancholy pathos, by William Howitt;—and The Grave by the Adriatic, and he that made it, by Derwent Conway. In poetry, the volume is rich in the productions of Mrs. Hemans, of which it contains five or six. We find five versions—German, Latin, Italian, French, and Spanish — of Bayly's popular song, "Oh, no! we never mention her." Miss Jewsbury has contributed a beautiful illustration, in verse, of Lewis's Hunters of the Tyrol. The poetry of the Roscoes, Wiffen, the Modern Pythagorean, Delta, &c., is also entitled to notice; and, especially, a piece entitled Relics, by Miss M. A. Browne.

From the prose contents of the volume, we know not how to select a passage sufficiently brief, and at the same time sufficiently compact and isolated, for the purpose: we must therefore restrain our thirst for quotation to two little poems;

* Mr. Sharpe, the spirited proprietor of the *Anniversary*, not finding its success commensurate with his expectations, or with the enormous expense attendant on the work, resolved, at an early period of the year, to discontinue it. However, as he had several plates in a forward state of preparation for the second volume, he, to employ them, commenced the publication of a handsome monthly periodical. After a brief trial, that also failed; and La Belle Assemblee is now the *only* Embellished Magazine, of the slightest consequence, extant—the only magazine *exclusively* devoted to polite literature and the fine arts.

the first of which shall be a Canzonet, by the Modern Pythagorean:—

Quenched light of other years!
No longer shall thy beam,
Like lustre issuing from the spheres,
Shine on that darkened dream
In which my spirit, void of ray,
Hath dwelt since thou didst pass away.

O that such fell eclipse
Should shadow star like thine—
That Death's cold kiss should blanch those lips
So often pressed to mine—
That tuneless all should hang thy lute,
And even thy very voice be mute!

Can Love's impassioned breath
No potent spirit call
To bid the icy realm of Death
Release thee from its thrall?
All lovely as thou wert, must thou
Like others to its bondage bow?

Quenched light of other years!
With me thy memory lies
Like sunshine sparkling on the tears
That fall from Beauty's eyes:
Like moonlight hanging o'er the tomb;
Like Mercy's voice averting doom.

To this we subjoin, The Shadow of a Flower, by Mrs. Hemans:—

'Twas a dream of olden days,
That art, by some strange power,
The visionary form could raise
From the ashes of a flower.

That a shadow of the Rose,
By its own meek beauty bow'd,
Might slowly, leaf by leaf, unclose
Like pictures in a cloud.

Or the hyacinth to grace
As a second rainbow, Spring:
Of Summer's path a dreary trace,
A fair, yet mournful thing!

For the glory of the bloom
That a flush around it shed,
And the Soul within, the rich perfume,
Where were they? fled, all fled!

Nought but the dim faint line
To speak of vanished hours—
Memory! What are joys of thine?
Shadows of buried flowers.

The size of The Winter's Wreath is bold and handsome: it is printed with a clear type, on paper of a beautiful colour and texture; and, in every view, reflects credit on the press—Mr. Smith's, of Liverpool—from which it issues.

This year, *Friendship's Offering* is more splendidly bound than ever; eclipsing, in this respect, all its compeers. In size, the volume has been enlarged; the form of its page is improved; and, altogether, it is beautifully printed. Let us look at the decorations.

The frontispiece—Lyra—represents a lovely child, with bright floating curls, her hand sweeping a lyre; engraved by Dean, from a painting by Wood.

Vesuvius, engraved by Jeavons, from a painting by Turner, is one of the most masterly views, in little, of that celebrated volcano, that we ever beheld. In clearness and distinctness, and brilliancy of general effect, it is hardly possible to be surpassed. It is illustrated by a capital tale—Il Vesuviano—from which we are tempted to transcribe a brief descriptive passage. An eruption occurs at the very moment of a conflict between a detachment of Neapolitan troops and a formidable gang of banditti:—

As I watched eagerly for every sight and sound, I saw the lights hoisted on the battlements of St. Elmo, and immediately after came the rattle of musketry. But a deeper rattle than ever was made by musketry, soon echoed over the shore. I looked up and saw a heavy cloud slowly creeping up the crater and spreading over the sky. The firing went on as the troops advanced up the road, and they seemed to be desperately resisted. But the lightnings over their heads began to glisten, and the flashes of the engagement were like the light of glow-worms to it. The cloud now rolled up with great swiftness, and spread over the sky, in a thousand branches, like an immense palm-tree. As the darkness increased, every branch became a column of fire. The roar from the crater was now tremendous, and with every explosion up burst volleys of rocks red as metal from the forge. Vesuvius was in full eruption! I pushed into the centre of the bay to escape the falling rocks, and there, Santa Vergine! the sight was grand and terrible beyond all that I can tell. From Posilippo to Portici, round the whole semicircle of the city, all was as bright as if it were in a furnace. The sulphur-blue of the flame touched every thing with a wild and ghastly look. But, as is common in the eruptions of the volcano, with the more furious explosion, its colour changed, and for some time it threw a golden hue over the whole city. The castle, the mole, the chiaja, looked as if they had been suddenly sheeted with gold. The bay was liquid gold: the mountain, the sky, all were covered with this

glorious blaze. I could see the crowds on the roofs and battlements, waving their caps, and hear them shouting with delight and wonder at the magnificent spectacle. But another and more awful explosion came, and Vesuvius shot up a pillar of flame, the whole width of the crater, and which was said to be three times the height of the mountain. The mighty column, ten thousand feet high, was of the deepest colour of blood, and it covered the whole scene with fierce crimson. All Naples seemed to be deluged with a sea of blood. I saw the crowd, smitten with horror at the conflagration, which they thought the beginning of the conflagration of the world, rushing away along the shore, and dropping from the roofs and walls to hide themselves from the coming of the hour of judgment.

Echo, is an engraving by Goodall, from a picture of Arnold's, with which we were greatly delighted, about two seasons ago, at Somerset House. The plate is charmingly executed.

Wilkie's very clever picture of Reading the News, is ably engraved by H. Robinson, and prettily illustrated by Charles Knight.

A View of Spoleto, drawn by W. Purser, from a sketch by Captain Grindlay, and engraved by Jeavons, excites a strong antiquarian and classic interest. All the different portions of the picture are remarkably well made out; but there is a hardness of manner in the engraving which does not perfectly harmonise with the effect required by the eye of taste and feeling. These lines, from Mr. Pringle's illustration, are very sweet—sweeter than the picture itself:—

Spoleto! midst thy hills and storied piles,
Thy classic haunts and legendary aisles,
'Twere sweet, methinks, ere life hath passed away,
To spend one long, reflective summer's day;
Beneath those quiet shades my limbs to cast,
And muse o'er all that links thee to the past;
To linger on, through twilight's wizard hour,
Till the wan moon gleamed high o'er rock and tower,
And, with her necromantic lustre strange,
Lit up the landscape with a solemn change—
Gilding its grandeur into sad relief,
Like a pale widow stately in her grief.

Catharine of Arragon, painted by Leslie, and engraved by Humphreys, is treated with great firmness, soberness, and truth.

Mine Own, is a charming portrait of a lady, painted by Wood, and engraved by Edwards.

Early Sorrow, engraved by W. Finden, from a painting by Westall, we should have been disposed to praise, had we met with it in one of the juvenile annuals. However, it *is* pretty; and it might be excused, were it not, for the sake of its poetical illustration—The Child's First Grief—by Susanna Strickland.

Mary Queen of Scots presenting her son to the Church Commissioners, engraved by R. Baker, from a painting by J. P. Stephanoff, is a composition of considerable force and feeling.

Of Kidd's Masquerade, engraved by Armstrong, and Stothard's Spae Wife, engraved by J. A. Wright, the less that is said the better.

A redeeming subject, however, presents itself in Wood's Honey Moon of Cupid and Psyche, engraved by Dean. The pencil and the burin have most harmoniously combined in the production of a picture exquisitely soft and tender, delicate and lovely; almost voluptuous, and yet perfectly chaste.

Without pausing to enumerate the chief contributors, who—with the addition of some new names, and the omission of some old ones—are nearly as usual throughout the respective volumes passing under review, we shall now glance at the literary contents of Friendship's Offering. Kennedy's Outline of a Life, Mrs. Bowdich's Voyage Out, and Miss Mitford's Cobler, are each good of their kind. The Lover's Leap, a Highland Legend, by Leitch Ritchie, is a powerful sketch—an excellent companion-piece to the same writer's Hell's Bridge, and Borderer's Leap; but it is as strongly mannered as any picture that Martin ever painted. A Tale of the White Bristol, by the O'Hara Family, is as remarkable as a Dutch painting for its graphical minuteness of detail. Dr. Spurzheim would say that the writer possesses the organ of individuality in full activity. The story is very cleverly told. The Fords of Callum, an Ower True Tale, by the Ettrick Shepherd, is decidedly bad: it is one of those "long passages that lead to nothing." What a pity it seems that a man who possesses so much genius as Mr. Hogg, should frequently betray a deplorable deficiency of judgment. — Mourad

and Euxabeat, a Tale of Koordistan, by James Baillie Fraser, is well written, and rather striking in its incidents: if not truth, it reads like truth. To our taste, however, the most impressive, the most wildly imaginative, the most purely intellectual effort in the whole volume is Mr. St. John's Lucifer. Of this, so deeply interested have we been by it, we shall endeavour to convey some idea to our readers. It is the story of Spinello Aretino, briefly alluded to by Lanzi, in his History of Painting in Italy. Spinello, on his first arrival at Arezzo, took lodgings in the house of an artist, Bernardo Daddi, whose son afterwards became the pupil of Spinello. Bernardo had, besides several other children, a daughter, Beatrice, just verging upon womanhood. With this maiden, it was expected that Spinello would be immediately in love; but his heart was secured by a pre-attachment in his native village. Bernardo was anxiously engaged in painting the portrait of his daughter; but Beatrice became dull and melancholy during the sittings. Amongst various other expedients, Spinello was introduced to the *studio*, to amuse her, and to hold her in conversation during the progress of the picture. Under the continuance of this system, it was impossible for Spinello not to gaze upon the maiden's beauty—to institute comparisons between it and the inanimate representation; "and one day, forgetting in his idolatry of loveliness the respect due to old age, he snatched the pencil from the hand of Bernardo, and with singular ardour and impatience exclaimed—'Let *me* finish it!'" The old man, awed by his manner, yielded up the pencil. Spinello, when the burst of his enthusiasm had subsided, saw his folly, and apologised; but Bernardo was so delighted with his touches, that he urged him to proceed. Ultimately, Spinello recast the picture, and left it a finished and most exquisite portrait. The image of Beatrice had passed into his soul, to be there reflected, as from one mirror upon another, on the canvas. A thousand pens have eulogised this painting, which is still regarded as one of the gems of Italian art. Spinello, devoted to the woman of his first choice, was distressed to find himself beloved by Beatrice. Still she was in all his thoughts; "and her features, although he observed it not, mingled themselves, as it were, with the elements of every picture he painted." At this time, he was engaged to paint his famous picture of the Fall of the Angels, for the church of St. Angelo, at Arezzo. The countenance and figure of his Lucifer were conceived in a manner fearfully sublime. "From the moment in which he began to delineate this miraculous figure, a singular change seemed to have taken place in his whole nature. His imagination, like a sea put in motion by the wind, appeared to be in perpetual agitation. He was restless and uneasy when any other occupation kept him away from his picture; and when he returned to it, the motions of his mind, far from subsiding into that delicious tranquillity which generally accompanies the performance of a beloved task, only grew more violent and untractable." By degrees, his Lucifer became a horror to him. Nothing could dissipate the mental gloom by which he was surrounded. Then he received the intelligence that the object of his love had proved unfaithful, and been united in marriage with another. In the midst of this new suffering, "Lucifer, dilating, like an image in the mists of the desert, to superhuman dimensions, stood up to scare and torment him afresh." He flew to Beatrice for relief, and—found it. Sometimes, indeed, he "would observe that when he gazed in rapture, rather than in passion, upon the face of Beatrice, a certain something, like a ray of light, or a spark of fire falling upon an altar, would penetrate his soul, and kindle a sudden and fierce pain; but it usually passed quickly away, and was forgotten. But the return of this strange feeling became more frequent, more intense, and more violent." At length the painting was completed, and placed in the church of St. Angelo. Spinello experienced a relief, as though the weight of the whole universe had been removed from his spirit. However, the horrible idea which had so long haunted him soon returned. The society of Beatrice was his only solace; yet, whether with her or not, he "found that the terrible form of Lucifer, which his genius had created, was ever present with him, standing, as it were, like a mighty shadow, between him and the ex-

ternal world, and eclipsing the glory of earth and heaven." Summer passed, autumn arrived, winter approached, and the power of the demon increased. Night was the period of his most fearful visitations. Spinello's energies and his health were departing, but the force and depth of imagination continued to increase. One dark and dreary night, he started from his sleepless, feverish couch, dressed, threw on his cloak, and, seizing a lighted torch, issued forth towards the church. He entered the sacred building, ascended the mosaic steps of the chancel, and, with his torch in one hand, climbed up upon the altar, and lifted his eyes towards the picture. As he gazed upon the work of his own hands, pride and exultation commingled. His imagination then became excited—life appeared to be infused into the figure of the gigantic demon—" the mighty limbs seemed to make an effort to free themselves from the canvas, and spring forth upon the floor of God's temple."

As this idea rushed upon the mind of Spinello, the wind, moaning through the aisles, and multiplied by the echoes, sounded like the voices of wailing and desolation, which, the imagination may suppose, mingled in dismal concert when the spirits fell from heaven; and the artist, overpowered by the crowd of horrors which fastened like hungry vultures upon his fancy, sprang from the altar, and stumbling in his haste, extinguished his torch. His imagination, now wrought up to a phrensied pitch by the awful scene, distinguished in every moan of the blast the shrieks of a fallen spirit; and the wind, as if to increase his misery, raised its voice and swept through the sacred building with tremendous power, howling, and shrieking, and gibbering as it passed. The demoniac excitement of the moment now became too great to be endured. Spinello sank upon the ground, struck his forehead against an angle of the altar, and fainted away. How long he remained in this condition, he could never conjecture; but when he recovered his senses, all around him appeared like the illusion of a dream. The wind had died away, the darkness had disappeared, the moon had risen, and was now throwing in its mild and beautiful light through the long windows upon the chequered pavement; and, rising from the ground, he crawled out of the church and reached his lodgings.

Severe illness ensued. Beatrice was his devoted nurse, and still his only solace; but agony succeeded agony; and every effort to dispossess the mind of Spinello from the "Lord of lost Spirits" proved unsuccessful. Spinello and Beatrice are discovered in an uncontrollable burst of tears. The sympathizing and generons Bernardo consents to unite them, and Beatrice is the affianced bride of Spinello. For the benefit of change, Spinello, attended by his bride and her father, resided some months at Gaëta. Beatrice was suddenly called home by her mother, who had been seized with a dangerous illness. Bernardo accompanied her on her return; and Spinello, deprived as it were of his guardians, experienced a dreadful relapse. "As his body grew weaker, his visions increased in horror, until at length the intellect tottered upon its basis, and almost gave way beneath their intolerable pressure." To him, there seemed "to be but two beings in the universe—himself and Lucifer; and he felt that he was engaged in a struggle which must terminate the existence of the one or the other."

The hour of repose, as night is to the fortunate and the happy, was to him the hour of torture; and he daily lingered about the sea-shore, anxiously watching the setting sun, and trembling more and more as the glorious luminary approached the termination of his career, and disappeared behind the purple waves. As soon as darkness descended upon the earth, Lucifer, if absent before, invariably alighted with it, and stood beside his victim, who, clapping his hands upon his eyes, would fly with a howl or a shriek towards the habitations of men.

At length he became convinced that his last hour drew near; and he blessed God that his struggle was about to terminate. As soon as this idea took possession of his mind, he grew a little more tranquil; and, excepting when he thought of Beatrice, awaited the final hour with a kind of satisfaction. In this pious mood of mind, he one evening wandered to his usual haunt on the sea-side. The sun had set—the moon and all the stars were in heaven—and the earth and the sea were sleeping in the silver light. He sat him down on a lofty rock overhanging the sea, which was deep and still in that part; and with the waves on his left, and the earth in all its loveliness on his right, he raised his eyes towards heaven, and was absorbed in devotion. At that moment, a face of unutterable beauty presented itself in the bright moonlight before him. With a single glance, he discovered it was that of Lucifer, but softened to that of angelic loveliness. Uttering a wild

and piercing shriek, he started from it towards the edge of the precipice. Beatrice—for it was she—instantly caught him by the hand to drag him back; and pronounced his name. The words and the touch dissipated his illusion, and with the rapidity of lightning revealed to his mind the fatal secret of his misery. He now saw that, having been occupied with thoughts of her, when he painted his picture, he had lent a portion of her beauty to the fallen archangel; and hence the pain her looks had occasionally inflicted on him. While this conviction darted into his mind, he was already falling over the precipice; but he still grappled at the rock, and made desperate efforts to recover himself. Beatrice, also, finding that he was going and drawing her after him, for she still held him by the hand, caught hold of a tuft of grass which grew on the edge of the cliff, and grasped it convulsively. In this situation they hung for an instant, suspended over the abyss; but the grass-tuft by which she clung gradually gave way; and in another instant a sullen plunge in the deep waters below told that the loves and miseries of Spinello and Beatrice were ended.

With few exceptions, the poetry of Friendship's Offering is far inferior to its prose. We could vastly well have dispensed with one half of it; and then, whatever might have been the *quality* of the remainder, its reduced *quantity* would have rendered it more tolerable. In this respect, however, Mr. Pringle is in the situation of many other editors of the present day: it is evident that quires—reams—of verse reach him, the acceptance or rejection of which might be as satisfactorily determined by the cast of a die or the toss up of a sovereign, as by any other criterion. One or two of the favourable exceptions from our censure shall now be introduced; and first we will make the *amende honorable* to the Ettrick Shepherd, by giving his little "Scots Luve Sang:"—

Could this ill warld hae been contrived
  To stand without mischievous woman,
How peacefu' bodies wad hae lived,
  Released frae a' the ills sae common!
But since it is the waefu' case
  That man maun hae this teasing wony,
Why sic a sweet bewitching face?
  O had they no been made sae bonny!

I might hae wandered dale and wood,
  Brisk as the breeze that whistles o'er me,
As careless as the roe-deer's brood,
  As happy as the lambs before me;
I might hae screwed my tunefu' pegs,
  And carolled mountain strains so gaily;
Had we but wantit a' the Megs,
  Wi' glossy e'en sae dark an' wily.

I saw the danger, feared the dart,
  The smile, the air, an' a' sae taking,
Yet open laid my wareless heart,
  An' gat the wound that keeps me waking.
My harp waves on the willow green;
  O' wild witch-notes it has nae ony,
Sin' e'er I saw that pawky quean,
  Sae sweet, sae wicked, an' sae bonny!

For another specimen, we take "Trysting Times," by Miss Jewsbury:—

When young leaves are springing
  In forest and lea,
And swallows are winging
  Home over the sea;
When grey rocks are blushing
  With harebell and heath,
And small rills are gushing
  In music beneath;—
Oh then for blithe meetings
  Beneath the fair sky!
Oh then for fond greetings
  With lip, lute, and eye!

When winter comes riding
  To waste and deform,
A grim king bestriding
  His steeds of the storm;
And fierce waves are prowling
  Round ships in the bay;
And wild winds are howling
  Like wolves for their prey;—
Oh then for blithe meetings
  Within the loved home!
Oh then for fond greetings
  Where no storm may come!

When life's long day, chequered
  With shadow and beam,
Hath fled like the record
  That's left by a dream;
When bright flowers are weeping
  Their leaves o'er our tomb,
Or brighter stars keeping
  Kind watch o'er its gloom;—
On then for blithe meetings
  Where grief dims not love!
Oh then for fond greetings
  In calm spheres above!

For southern readers merely, the seasoning of this volume from the north is rather superabundant. As in some other works, too much is said about the "wrongs of Ireland," in this too much is said, and alluded to, respecting the "wrongs of

Africa." To many persons this is offensive: besides, it gives an air of saintism to the book; and, as that portion of the public which assumes the credit of possessing an extra share of piety has, or is about to have, Annuals of its own, exclusively, it is injudicious. The *contents* of Friendship's Offering ought to be, in every sense, of a nature general and universal as its *title*.

We now proceed to notice the *first appearance* of an Annual of a distinct class—*The Iris, a Literary and Religious Offering; edited by the Rev. Thomas Dale, M.A.* In his Preface, the Rev. and learned editor, disclaiming all intention "to apologize for the present attempt to increase the number of those attractive publications, which now form no unimportant part of our literature, under the general appellation of Annuals," observes that "the endeavour, to say the least, is an honest one, and failure will be unaccompanied with disgrace; for the task of providing for the entertainment of those who consider that even recreative reading should be made subservient to the great object of moral and religious improvement (and it is principally, for such that 'The Iris, is designed), must be allowed, by every reflecting person, to be at least as difficult as it is useful."

The embellishments of this volume, most of which are exceedingly well engraved, are solely of a religious character, and from the old masters. Were this a Roman Catholic country, the idea would be capital; but we doubt whether, to the taste of many of the more pious Protestants, subjects such as several of those which we are about to enumerate, will not be deemed rather offensive than otherwise. Another peculiarity of the Iris is, that its illustrations of "those engravings which are illustrative of events in the life of Christ," are *all* poetical, and *all* from one pen—that of the editor.

It is impossible for us not to be delighted with the productions of the old masters, as works of art; but, regarding them as pictures designed to inspire religious feelings, we cannot but consider them, in instances innumerable, in the estimation of Protestants at least, as palpable failures. Thus, the frontispiece to the Iris is The Madonna and Child, from Murillo, by Graves. Remove the halos, and we see nothing but a lovely young mother, with a child as lovely as herself. On the other hand, the vignette in the title—"Thy will be done"—is of a character purely religious. It is a Christ, his hands crossed on his bosom, and bowing his head in humble submission; engraved by Humphreys, after a picture by Carlo Dolci.

The Flight into Egypt is by Smith, after a Claude in the collection of the Emperor of Russia. Judging from other paintings by the same artist, the engraver has not succeeded in imparting to his copy the softness, the delicacy, the mellowness of the original.

An Infant Christ with Flowers, by Carlo Dolci, is a splendid picture; but—has it the slightest tendency to elevate the mind of man towards the Creator? We do not envy Mr. Dale the task of *religiously* illustrating such subjects.

To Christ expounding the Law, by Leonardo da Vinci (engraved by Smith) our objection does not apply.

In The Raising of Lazarus, by Lievens (engraved by Warren) there is a strong effect of *chiaroscura;* but, excepting in the figure of Christ, which is pourtrayed with noble simplicity, the picture is far from successful. It may be remarked, however, that Fuseli, in his Lectures, has noticed this picture as a striking exemplification of simplicity and sublimity, in expression as well as in composition.

In breadth and simplicity of manner, Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane, engraved by Engleheart, from an antique in the collection of Charles Aders, Esq., is entitled to praise.

The Incredulity of St. Thomas, by L. Carracci (engraved by Raddon) deserves, though different in character, the same honourable mention; possessing, also, the superadded merit of considerable variety and truth of expression.

St. John in the Wilderness, by Carlo Cignani (engraved by Ensom) is fine, brilliant, highly characteristic, and generally effective. Just such a man, both reason and imagination tell us, St. John might be. In his illustration of this plate, Mr. Dale is very happy; and as it is short we shall here at once quote it by way of specimen:—

'Twas not in porch or studious academe
He heard the words of wisdom—and his seat
Was not with Paul at sage Gamaliel's feet;
But in the desert, by the gushing stream,
On the bare rock, he wooed the heavenly theme:
And ever, as the trackless waste he trod,
Whispered in every breeze the voice of God,
And that bright presence blest his nightly dream.

What recked he, though the desert was his home—
It was the House of God, the Gate of heaven?
What recked he, though to him was never given
To pore, entranced, on learning's mystic tome?—
Mature in wisdom, when his hour was come
He left his lonely dwelling, and became
The herald of the Mightiest, to proclaim
His presence, and denounce the sinner's doom.

On that strange form the crowd admiring gazed,
As on Elijah from the dead restored—
So grave the prophet's brow, so stern his word,
What time the cry of loud reproach he raised
On Baal's idol priests, abashed, amazed—
So trembled now the scribe, so cowering shook
The Pharisee beneath the Baptist's look—
So Pride was humbled, and the Lord was praised.

A Magdalen, by Carlo Dolci (engraved by Sangster) is most accurately described in the following lines from the pen of the Hon. and Rev. Baptist W. Noel, M.A.:—

There is a tender sadness in that air,
While yet devotion lifts the soul above;
Mournful though calm, as rainbow glories prove
The parting storm, it marks the past despair:
Heedless of gazers, once with flowing hair
She dried his tear-besprinkled feet, whose love
Powerful alike to pardon and reprove,
Took from her aching heart its load of care.
Thenceforth nor time, nor pain could e'er efface
Her Saviour's pity; through all wordly scorn
To her he had a glory and a grace,
Which made her humbly love and meekly mourn,
Till by his faithful care she reached the place—
Where his redeemed saints above all griefs are borne.

Hagar and Ishmael, engraved by Smith, after a painting by Baroccio, is well illustrated by the poetical pen of Agnes Strickland.

The poetry of the Iris, overwhelming in quantity, is, upon the whole, superior to its prose. Of the former, Mr. Dale's very popular piece, The Daughter of Jairus—inserted, as we are told, "by special agreement"—constitutes no inconsiderable portion. Village Bells, by Miss M. A. Browne, and The Footsteps' Fall, by W. Jerdan, Esq. (which we are sorry we cannot find room for) are very pleasing little effusions.

One of the best *written* prose compositions of this work is The Bath of Isis; but its catastrophe is conceived in a spirit of sad superstition. Surely neither the Jewish nor the Christian religion could ever be promoted by such fancies.

Ackermann's *Forget Me Not*, the great progenitor of a numerous and flourishing race, has, this year, many claims upon attention and favour. Upon one grand improvement, for the original suggestion of which we venture to take credit, we congratulate the editor and the public. "We have this year," observes Mr. Shoberl, "been induced to abridge considerably the space allotted to poetry;" consequently, as the aggregate number of contributions in the volume has been diminished, greater scope has been in many instances allowed for the exercise of imagination, the play of character, the evolution of incident, &c. Amongst the poetry, however, is one great curiosity—the first attempt of the late Lord Byron's that is known to be extant. "It was inspired by the tender passion, and appears in the shape of verses addressed to the object of his earliest, and perhaps his only real attachment. [Oh, no! not his *only* one!] the 'Mary' whom he has celebrated in many of his poems." We confess that we are far from admiring the *taste*, or rather the *feeling*, that could surrender a relic so precious. As poetry, it is true, the verses are nought; but they would not, on that account, have been less sacred to a heart warmed by genuine affection. They are inscribed—"To my Dear Mary Anne." The first stanza may suffice as a specimen:—

Adieu to sweet Mary for ever!
From her I must quickly depart:
Though the fates us from each other sever,
Still her image will dwell in my heart.

The embellishments of this volume are, as usual, fourteen in number.

The Spanish Princess, by Wilkie, is a charming portrait, full of gentle and sweet simplicity.

How great the limner's triumph! for he writes
A universal language, which the clown
And schoolman read alike. Behold a face

Array'd in beauty which we dare to scan,
Nor fear its frown, nor yet more dangerous smile.
And this is one whose destiny it was
To sit in the high places of the world,
A mark for Envy's shaft! Look on that brow!
It is the throne of Genius, bathed in light!
How high and queenly too! though yet untouch'd
By queenly crown; for never diadem
Did sit on mortal temples but it left
The furrow'd impress of its cares behind.

The Vignette Title is engraved by W. Chevalier, from a tasteful design by E. F. Burney.

The Place de Jeanne d'Arc, Rouen, poetically illustrated by Barry Cornwall, is engraved in a delicate, yet firm and masterly style, from an exquisite drawing of Prout's. This alone would be an important letter of recommendation to the book.

The Flower Girl of Savoy is a picture of mild, benignant, sun-lighted beauty, engraved by J. H. Robinson, from a painting by P. A. Gaugain.

Another interesting subject, very ably treated, is The Land Storm, engraved by H. C. Shenton, from a painting by the late unfortunate L. Clennell. It is illustrated by a military anecdote.

The Exile—accompanied by a tale of the time just before the Restoration, from the pen of Mr. Harrison—is a well executed engraving, by Portbury, from a clever and characteristic painting by P. Stephanoff.

The Orphan Family, a touching scene of humble life, illustrated by Mrs. Hofland, is an admirable composition, full of truth and interest, by Chisholme. Davenport, has done it full justice in the engraving.

A serio-comic tale, entitled The Tempting Moment, or some Passages in the Life of Mr. Gilbert Ghrimes, by Mr. Harrison, illustrates a clever and amusing picture—the plunder of a fruit-stall—by Collins. Shenton, the engraver, has paid great and successful attention to the original.

A most splendid and striking effect of *chiaroscuro* is presented in the picture of Undine, by the celebrated German artist, Retzsch, from the gallery of Prince Esterhazy. The engraving does ample credit to Mr. Warren; as does its literary illustration—a versification of part of De La Motte Fouqué's romance—by Mrs. Balmanno.

Greenwich Hospital, engraved by Wallis, from a painting by Owen, is a very distinct, correct, and animated representation of that noble asylum for British tars. The water, the brig, the boats, the steam-packet, &c. are all spirited, well disposed, and in excellent keeping. The illustration is from the well-known pen of The Old Sailor. For the glory of our nation's hero, and for the honour of woman's heart, we hope the narrative is not altogether true. It is a subject on which we have heard much, and with pain we have heard it.

The Improvisatrice, engraved by Romney, from a painting by R. T. Bone, is successfully described in the first and twelfth stanzas of its poetical illustration by Delta:—

Beside her cottage door she sate and sang;
That gentle creature with her deep black eyes,
As if her heart of grief ne'er own'd a pang,
And her young breast was sunny as her skies;
The ripe rich grapes hung clustering round her head,
And rosiers, by her side, sweet perfume shed.

* * * * *

Gaze on that face—'tis fair and feminine;
Yet, in the mirror of those pensive eyes,
Whose lustre rather seems to speak than shine,
A fathomless abyss of passion lies:
Earth is to her a spectral vision bright,
Flashing with sunshine, or begrimed with night.

The Death of the Dove, engraved by W. Finden from a painting by T. Stewardson, is very forcible in expression, very clear, brilliant, and spirited in effect.

In The Shipwreck, the power of G. P. Reinagle's pencil, is vigorously and impressively shewn. The waves rush, and boil, and foam, and cast their spray towards heaven—the distant beacon gleams dimly—the moon is seen emerging from a cloud—the sails of the devoted bark flutter in the wind—and all is one wild scene of desolation. Smart, the engraver, has not failed in his duty.

A brilliant and glowing specimen of Indian scenery is presented in The Ghaut, engraved by E. Finden from a painting by W. Daniell. Miss Roberts's illustra-

tion is almost as graphic as the plate itself.

We must now glance hastily at the literary contents of The Forget Me Not. Its initial paper, A Quarter of an Hour too soon, is a smart, lively narrative exemplifying the reverse of Nelson's famous remark, that, if he had ever done any thing worth talking of in the world, it was by being always a quarter of an hour before his time.—The Red Man—a man with red hair, red complexion, clothed in red from head to foot, from his night-cap to his slippers, and born upon the borders of the Red Sea—is a capital hoax. We are indebted for it to A Modern Pythagorean.—Verses inscribed in an Album, by Mr. Jeffrey, the late editor of The Edinburgh Review, will be read from curiosity, if from no other motive.—Miss Mitford's Historic Scene of The Trial of Charles the First, is quite unworthy of that lady's pen.—The Omen, by Galt, we shall quote entire; premising that, if true—and it reads like truth, though savouring strongly of the German school—it ought to have been distinctly so stated; if a mere fiction, in the garb of truth, its tendency is mischievous, as favouring superstitious fancies.

* * * * * We were thirteen, the ominous number, and all strangers to each other. It is true that Von Hesse and I had travelled from Prague together, but we had no previous acquaintance; indeed, we had been three days in company before either of us knew the other's name.

Our host, the banker, was a jolly facetious personage, with a dash of freethinking in his conversation, which, though regulated by some feeling allied to good taste, was yet sufficiently obtrusive. He appeared to be sensible that an open display of his religious opinions might give offence, and evidently repressed his inclination to sport irreverent jests; but habit, in despite of resolution, now and then broke out, and an occasional expression indicated that with more intimate friends his infidelity would have been probably less mitigated. As often as any of these expressions escaped him, the thoughtful countenance of Von Hesse was darkened; and twice or thrice, when the banker went a little too far, he gently contrived to check the mirth which the unchristened gibe was calculated to awaken.

The air and demeanour of Von Hesse were at all times mild and winning. His physiognomy was serene, almost solemn; his voice was soft and pleasing; and a slight touch of sadness in his accent increased the interest which his calm and engaging manners universally inspired. It bespoke something like pity; for it suggested an apprehension that his spirit was affected by forebodings, or laden with the remembrance of misfortunes. Once, and once only, in the course of our journey to Frankfort, I saw him agitated. It was but for a moment; something milder than sadness gleamed, as it were, through the habitual seriousness of his features; an ashy and ghastly hue, the complexion of horror or of dread.

It happened in the twilight of an evening, as we approached a little village where we were to pass the night, that, at a turn of the road, we came suddenly on a small burying-ground, the most spectral and dismal place of the kind I had ever seen. It was indeed like no other. Tall, black, and fantastical wooden memorials served for tombstones; some of them wore a mysterious resemblance to hatchments and funeral banners, others reminded me of skeletons; they suggested frightful associations, and I could not help saying "These are surely the sepulchres of men who have made dreadful confessions." It was at that moment his countenance became so strangely changed from its wonted pensiveness; but I then ascribed the change to his participating in the momentary superstition with which I was myself affected, nor did I afterwards think of what I had noticed till our host, in his jocular sallies, derided the communion of spirits and the visitation of ghosts.

His remarks were playful and ingenious, and, to some of the guests, afforded amusement. To me they were disagreeable; not, however, I frankly confess, so much owing to their irreverence, as to their visible effect on Von Hesse.

It was at this turn of the conversation that the slow and meditative eye of professor Khüll become fixed upon him so earnestly, that I could not but think he was actuated by a curiosity similar to my own. Strange, I had travelled four weeks with Von Hesse without discovering any symptoms of his mysterious disease, and yet the professor, who had never seen him before, in less than an hour had discerned that he was one of those peculiar beings who have "that within which passeth show." But the extraordinary metaphysical discernment of Khüll has often been the wonder of his friends.

Falling in with the current of the conversation, Khüll remarked, in reply to our host, that whatever the generality of mankind might think of the communion of spirits, and of ghosts and dreams, it is impossible to dissipate by reason the faith of those who believe in them, "because," he added, looking at Von Hesse, "the faith is built up of experiences. The believers do not adopt their creed upon persuasion, but

have had testimonials to its truth in themselves, influencing them to believe. The soundness of a man's judgment would not suffer much in my opinion, by his assuring me that he had seen a ghost."

This singular observation drew from the banker one of his sharpest jokes; for the professor was not esteemed very orthodox, but suspected of cherishing notions adverse not only to every kind of superstition, but even to some of the popular dogmas of religion.

Von Hesse interfered, and said, with evident emotion, "But you must allow, professor, that the experience of such mysteries can only affect ourselves; we have no faculty by which we can adequately convey the horror of our experience to others."

"I should infer from that, Sir," replied Khüll, "that you have tasted of 'that horror.'"

"I have," said Von Hesse, firmly, "but I have seen no ghosts, nor held communion with spirits, nor—but I will tell you of an instance of my experience."

The table was solemnly hushed as he spoke. All save our host were touched with awe; his attempt, however, to rally, by pushing round the wine, was interrupted by Khüll, saying, "A good metaphysical tale is worth a tun of Johannisberger—pray do let him proceed."

"At the close of the war," said Von Hesse, "I was ordered, along with three other officers, to investigate some of the army accounts which remained at Basle unsettled. Being at the time slightly indisposed, I found it necessary to travel by easier stages than my companions, and accordingly allowed them to go on before.

"On the morning after they left me, I was sensible of a remarkable change in my disease; the slow fever with which I had for weeks been affected, went suddenly off—I should say it passed from the body to the mind; for although the corporeal hectic was extinguished, an acute moral excitement succeeded, and my reflections became so hurried and morbid that a dread of madness fell upon me. My sleep was unrefreshing, and filled with dismal and ominous dreams, the imagery of which was sometimes fearfully distinct, at others dark, indistinguishable, and prophetical. I was depressed without cause, and apprehensive without reason; and often in the still of the evening, while solitary in the inns where I halted for the night, I felt as if I had been conscious of the presence of invisible spirits of departed friends, compassionately regarding me.

"By the time I rejoined my companions at Basle, this comfortless state had produced a visible change in my appearance. They said that my complexion had become strangely wan, and that my eyes shone with something more like light than the natural lustre.

"One morning after a restless night, I fell into a profound sleep—so profound that every trace and sentiment of existence might be said to have been obliterated for the time. From this syncope I was suddenly startled by an indescribable alarm. I heard no voice nor any sound, and yet I received a supernatural intimation of a dreadful misfortune having befallen one of my dearest friends.

"When I joined my companions they were shocked at my appearance, and one of them anxiously inquired what had happened. I told them, and they looked gravely at each other: they seemed to think it was a warning for myself.

"I then noted the hour and day of this alarm in my pocket-book; and, strange to tell, from that time I felt myself released from the singular enchantment of dismay which had so invested my spirit; my health revived, my complexion regained its wonted hue, and I laughed at superstition.

"When our inquiries were finished, we returned to Vienna, and soon after, I resolved to visit the friend on whose account I had been so disturbed. He resided at Prague; but just as I was on the eve of setting out on the journey, I received from him a letter, which at once froze me with awe, and overwhelmed me with sorrow.

"He described himself as having been for a long time afflicted with an irresistible depression of spirits, a foreboding of calamity, while all things with him were prosperous. Then he proceeded to relate, that one morning, quoting the date—I referred to my pocket-book, it was the same, the day and hour, on which I had received the intimation—he dreamt that he saw a hand with a knife at the throat of one of his children; he was at the same moment roused by a message from the nursery that the child was ill. The doctor was sent for, the disease was croup of the worst kind, and to relieve the sufferer the doctor made an incision with an instrument precisely similar to the knife he had seen in his dream. The same hour one of the servants was found to be ill of a fatal fever, the infection of which spread so rapidly in the family, that the utter desolation of his house at one time seemed to be ordained.—Now, Professor Khüll, what explanation can you give, either by sympathies or associations of the fact, the sublime fact, of this sense of an event which was taking place at a great distance, and of which there could be no possible foreknowledge?"

The Antiquary and his Fetch, a Legend of the Strand, by the Author of Tales of an Antiquary, is an admirably amusing sketch, the faintly-elicited moral of which is, "that when men have lost a good conscience, they may wander over

he world till doomsday, ere they recover their quiet of mind."—The Life of a Hero, by Mrs. Bowdich, presents a painful, and, alas! too faithful a picture of man in the pursuit of glory and of fame.—Seeking the Houdy, is full of the national and characteristic humour of its author, the Ettrick Shepherd.

The Birth-Night Ball at Riobamba, by John Edwards, Esq., is a striking, and powerfully-written sketch. A ball is given in honour of the birth-day of Donna Helena, the beautiful heiress of the lord of Riobamba, the Marquis de los Esmeraldos, a descendant, paternally, from Pizarro, the conqueror and ravager of Peru, and maternally from Garcilasso de la Vega. The mansion of the Marquis stood on the declivity of Cotapaxi. Helena was beloved by the young and gallant Conde de Truxillo. The princely banquet was over—the ball had commenced—standing by an open window, in a retired part of the saloon, the Conde had, for the first time, made open declaration of his love. Before Helena could reply, a hollow subterranean sound struck terror into her heart.

At first it resembled the rumbling of distant thunder; and, as it increased in loudness it seemed as if a park of artillery had been fired beneath her feet. The cries of domestic animals, the flight of birds dashing themselves against the walls, the horror of universal nature, foreboded one of those terrible convulsions which have so often and so fearfully ravaged the new world. The sky, which all day had retained that clear and exquisite blueness which characterises the atmosphere of the tropics, suddenly assumed a dun hue, and the moon, then at the full, appeared eclipsed. * * * * A violent shock succeeded; the walls of the mansion are partially riven; enormous fragments of rocks are precipitated from the calcined cliffs of Cotapaxi. A furious wind scatters the pines of the forest. All eyes are turned to the mountain. A thick column of smoke tinged with fire is seen to arise from that prodigious chasm which the foot of man has never approached. Scarcely can the vast aperture give vent to the circling wreaths. The convulsive throes of the mountain are heard in sounds which vibrate to a distance of more than a hundred miles, and in comparison with which explosion the artillery of a thousand armies is only a tinkling cymbal. Cotapaxi trembles to its base. The porphyritic wall which encloses the abyss of fire in its bosom appears unequal to resist the raging elements. Streams of lava partially descend the sides of the mountain. A light so intense as to dazzle vision suddenly irradiates the crater. The immense volume of flame, which perhaps has its source in the centre of the globe, has overcome all obstacles, and rises to an elevation above the crater equal to that of Snowdon. Distant provinces are illuminated by that disastrous splendour. The icy peaks of Chimborazo and Antisana are burnished by the reflection. They appear like diamond pyramids. The sides of the cone of Cotapaxi are covered with the accumulated snows of above thirty years. The intense heat begins to vitrify the rocks. At length the naked summit of Cotapaxi is revealed, and those who beheld the enormous chimney, glowing like iron in a furnace, will not readily lose the recollection of a scene, in which all that was most sublime was mixed with all that was most terrible.

During this tremendous visitation Helena had fainted, and the Conde had carried her in his arms into the garden. She revives; but it is only to present calamity and anticipated destruction. The mansion of the marquis is deserted. The noble and the peasant, the rich and the poor, the young and the old, are assembled on the terraces. The earth rocks beneath their feet. Incessant showers of ashes threaten to overwhelm them. Sulphureous vapours nearly stifle respiration. A new terror is added. The sound of rushing waters is heard from on high. Cotapaxi appears dissolving in torrents. Trees, rocks, are like stubble in a hurricane. From cliff to cliff a torrent descends. It reaches the *hacienda* of the marquis. Ruin is in its van. The obliteration of all traces of human industry and human skill follows in its course.

The marquis, with the aid of the Conde, endeavours to rescue Helena from a watery grave. The marchioness clings in a state of distraction to her husband. The messengers of destiny arrive. The mighty stream overleaps all bounds. The wretched parents are swept from their miserable child. A feeble gurgling cry proclaims their last struggle. In a few moments not one individual is to be seen. The fragments of the mansion are borne like floats of cork upon the flood. Men, animals, trees, houses, are seen no more. The grim repose of death has settled on that spot which but a few hours before resounded with the voice of joy. Riobamba is an immense lake.

However, amidst this universal wreck, Helena and the Conde were providentially saved. They were married, "and their union was blest." It is worth while to compare the passage we have quoted here with that which we have taken from

Il Vesuviano, in Friendship's Offering, in a preceding page.

It is hardly necessary for us to add, that we rejoice to see The Forget Me Not retain its position amidst a host of powerful competitors.

The younger portion of the community is under much additional obligation for *Ackermann's Juvenile Forget Me Not; a Christmas, New Year's, and Birth-Day Present, for Youth of both Sexes, for* 1830. "It is presumed that, originating with the same publisher," observes Mr. Shoberl, the Editor, in his Preface, "and placed under the same literary superintendance as the work after which it is named '*Ackermann's Juvenile Forget Me Not,*' needs no stronger recommendation than what it derives from these circumstances, to parents, to guardians, and to the friends of youth of both sexes, who wish to put into the hands of the latter an elegant miscellany, adapted to their age and capacity, and containing nothing but what is conducive to moral improvement, combined with pleasing instruction and innocent amusement." The present is a handsome, compact, and elegantly-embellished little volume, ranging well with the stock from which it has sprung. Its well-designed and choicely engraved plates are as follow:—frontispiece, The Prophet, by Singleton and Agar; Vignette Title-page, Burney and Smart; The Riding School, R. B. Davis and C. Rolls; The Schoolmistress, J. M. Wright and H. C. Shenton; The Contented Family, G. Jones, R.A., and H. Rolls; Isabel the Lace-Maker, Christall and H. Rolls; The Fisherman's Family, H. and G. Courbould; The Cottager's Family, Fox and Hills; and Playing with Time, Miss Sharpe and Romney.

Respecting the literature of this volume, it will be a sufficient recommendation to mention that we find amongst its female contributors, Mrs. Hofland, Susanna Strickland, Mrs. Rolls, Mrs. Howitt, Isabel Hill, Lætitia Jermyn, L. E. L., Miss Jewsbury, Mrs. C. B. Wilson, the late Mrs. Cobbold; amongst the gentlemen, J. Montgomery, James and John Bird, Harrison, Clare, the late Rev. W. Gillespie, the Rev. Dr. Booker, Kelly, the Rev. F. Skurray, the Old Sailor, the Ettrick Shepherd, the late Edward Knight, the Rev. J. H. Caunter, Luscombe, Delta, W. and R. Howitt, Swain, &c. Several of the tales, sketches, and poems, are exceedingly clever; and particularly we have been struck with the Invalid's Pipe, a story "transmitted to the Editor as the genuine production of the son of a British military officer only nine years of age, and composed from a circumstance which actually occurred in a noble German family." The construction of this piece is perfect; and altogether it is full of promise.

If desert may command success, *The Amulet* cannot be otherwise than eminently successful; for, certainly, its very able and judicious editor, Mr. Hall, has, this year, far surpassed all his former efforts, in literary merit, and in beauty and richness of embellishment. "While endeavouring," he observes, "to contribute to the innocent enjoyment of the most social period of the year, he has never ceased to remember that information may be blended with amusement, and that Religion is always most powerful when she is made to delight those whom it is her office to instruct."—This is in a right spirit: we love religion without cant; and it may be truly said, that whilst the more serious portions of The Amulet are imbued with meek yet fervent piety—the piety of our Christian faith—there is not a page in the volume that can excite a sneer even from an infidel.

When the public is informed that, for the engraving of the frontispiece to The Amulet, the sum of one-hundred-and-forty-five guineas has been paid, and for the engraving of another of its plates, one-hundred-and-eighty guineas, its expectation will, of course, be raised; but it will not be raised, as is too frequently the case, to experience disappointment: no; each of these plates is a gem and a wonder of its class. The first—The Minstrel of Chamouni, from Pickersgill's charming picture exhibited at Somerset House in 1828—is engraved by J. H. Robinson, with a firmness, a delicacy, an exquisite finish of execution, which has perhaps never been surpassed. It may be said that the painter and the engraver are worthy of each other. The plate is illustrated by a sweetly-effective little poem

from the pen of Mrs. Pickersgill, author of Tales of the Harem.*

The second of these admirable engravings is by Henry Le Keux, from a drawing of Martin's; its subject, The Crucifixion—a combination of the sublime and the terrific—of all that is grand with all that is most awful in nature. We shall not attempt to describe this plate, for no description could do it justice. In compositions of this character, Martin unquestionably stands alone.

Passing over the chaste and classically-designed inscription page, the third embellishment of this volume is Briggs's well known picture of the First Interview between the Spaniards and Peruvians, carefully engraved by Greatbach.

The next is the The Dorty Bairn, engraved by Mitchell, from a painting by Wilkie, poetically illustrated by the Rev. William Wilkie, D.D.

Leslie's picture of The Sisters of Bethany, distinguished by it breadth and simplicity, its characteristic and touching force of expression, is very finely engraved by Danforth. Its illustrative lines by Miss Jewsbury—some of which we transcribe—are beautiful:—

Picture, thought-chaining picture, I behold
Thy cedars darken 'gainst a sky of gold;
Hills made by sunset gorgeous as the cloud,
And clouds, like mountains piled, a stately crowd:—
And thou hast female forms—one meekly sad,
And one, a sister, yet more meekly glad;
Beauty and quiet on thy page appear—
Sunset and woman—is it these I fear?
O not for these my eye of soul grows dim,
But heaven is in *that* form! God breathes in Him!
The Nazarene is there—and can I know
The thrilling words that from his lips now flow;
Reproof that sinks the spirit into dust,
And praise that fills with extacy of trust,
Nor turn from all the beauty glowing there,
Abashed like her—the one of too much care?

With the exception of Mrs. Quickly's portraiture, which does not harmonize with our notions of Shakspeare's dame, Smirke's Pedagogue, from the able burin of Goodyear, presents a highly characteristic and humorous scene; the *dramatis personæ* of which are Mrs. Page, Sir Hugh Evans, William, and Mrs. Quickly.

* *Vide* LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE, vol. V. page 270.

The Gleaner, simple and pleasing in design, clear and bright in execution, is engraved by E. Finden, from a painting by Holmes.

C. Rolls is the engraver of The Fisherman's Children, truth itself, by Collins.

Mulready's singular and curious picture, The Interior of an English Cottage (No. 127 in the Somerset House Exhibition of 1828) is here given as The Anxious Wife, and illustrated by an interesting tale of Mr. Hall's. The engraver has done much, but has not found it practicable to transfer to the steel all the extraordinary effects of light which, upon the canvas, arrested the eye of the spectator.

Preparing for the Festa—a beautiful Italian girl, attended by her maid, employed in decorating her person—is a most brilliant and glowing scene, from the pencil of Penry Williams, very faithfully and spiritedly engraved by H. Rolls. Its illustration is by Mr. Muller, a young poet of considerable talent.

Blue spreads th' Italian heaven above,
Blue rolls the evening sea,
Where a white sail gleams like a far off dove,
That is waiting there for thee,
Thou lovely one, and crowned with flowers!
Thou star of eve 'midst the festal hours!

The Mandoline, Naples in the Distance, is another warm and mellow scene—one of Italia's fairest daughters listening to the parting song of her lover; the design by Uwins, the engraving by Bacon:

They sat beneath a bower, where faintly shed,
The day-beam quivered yet o'er ocean's bed—
With amethystine clusters hung on high,
Waved the light vine's enwoven canopy;
And far behind the stately city rose,
Calm, in the shadowy beauty of repose.

One great improvement in the literary constitution of The Amulet forces itself upon our notice: instead of a hundred pieces, or more, as was generally the case in former volumes, we have this year only between forty and fifty, some of which run to a considerable length, with proportionate interest. However, instead of enumerating either contributions or contributors, we shall content ourselves with a very brief notice of some of the more striking.

The Two Delhis, a Turkish Tale of the

times of Bajazet and Tamerlane, is well constructed, and carries with it an excellent moral.

With the inquiry—Are there more Inhabited Worlds than our Globe?—by Edward Walsh, M.D., we confess that we are disappointed: it is curious, and displays some ingenuity; but its reasoning is not satisfactory, much less conclusive. For instance, it is assumed that the moon is "similar in substance to the earth;" and then we are told, that "it is proved she is without air or water, and cannot, therefore, support animals or vegetables; still less could the other planets of the system, which, labouring under the same privations, occupy such sites that no animal could exist in them, even if they could breathe." Surely this is a sad begging of the question. It is neither more nor less than a miserable attempt, upon the basis of a false syllogism, to limit the power of the Creator: *the accidents of the moon are different from those of the earth; the inhabitants of the earth, therefore, could not exist in the moon; consequently, the moon can have no inhabitants.* "But," says Dr. Walsh, "the world is still young, and *eternity* a *long day.*" Now, from our earliest youth, we have been taught to believe, that even *the longest day* must *have an end;* but that, as its name imports, *eternity* can have *no* end. Alluding to the planets of our system, we are afterwards told—"These glorious orbs may be now in preparation for inhabitants; the earth revolved round the sun many ages without any."—We recollect that, several years ago, Dr. Chalmers, one of the heads of the Scottish kirk, published a volume of lectures, or sermons, the object of which was to shew that the science of astronomy was not inimical to divine revelation. With the best intentions in the world, the worthy Dr., in the exercise of his ratiocinative powers, floundered tremendously amidst a wilderness of broken metaphors and inflated periods. His disciple, too, Mr. Irving, if we are not misinformed, has served up some curious dishes of divinity and astronomy. Unless such subjects be discussed by persons in every respect competent to the task, it is better for them to remain untouched for ever.

If we have found cause for dissatisfaction in Dr. Edward Walsh's astronomical inquiries, we have been proportionately interested, gratified, and informed, by the Rev. Dr. Robert Walsh's paper on The First Invasion of Ireland, with some Account of the Irish Herculaneum. It is a singularly curious and valuable production.

The Glen of St. Kylas, by the author of Letters from the East; and A Tale of Pentland, by the Ettrick Shepherd, are very powerful and impressive sketches.

Our old favourite, Miss Mitford, has treated us with a view of A Castle in the Air. How we do wish that she would leave off her cricket-playing!

Amongst the poetry of The Amulet, we have been greatly pleased with A Lay of the Martyrs, by the Ettrick Shepherd; and with An Old Man's Story, by Mrs. Howitt; the latter reminding us forcibly—too forcibly—of Coleridge's Ancient Mariner. The names of Mrs. Hemans, Allan Cunningham, Pringle, Mrs. Opie, the Hon. Mrs. Norton, L. E. L., Crofton Croker, the Rev. T. Dale, &c., are not dishonoured by their productions. We perceive that one very pretty poetical effusion—The Banks of the Dove, written on leaving my Native Village in Early Youth—is by M. T. Sadler, Esq., M.P.

Now, by way of *bonne bouche,* we have to advert to Annie Leslie, a delightful Irish story, by Mrs. Hall; a story which, graphical as one of Wilkie's domestic pictures, and highly dramatic, contains some sweet, tender, thrilling touches of nature, conceived and expressed with all the genuine pathos of Auld Robin Gray.—Annie Leslie is a smart Irish lass—the daughter, by-the-by, of an English father and a Scotch mother. She is courted by James M'Cleary, an honest, warm hearted peasant. Annie cordially returns his affection, but, unfortunately, she has acquired some proficiency in the female accomplishments of teasing and flirtation. She has another suitor, old Andrew Furlong, the publican, favoured by her mother. The lovers quarrel, and James takes himself off in a huff. Mrs. Hall shall describe the immediately ensuing scene herself:—

There was a fearful reality about the youth's farewell that startled the maiden, obstinate as she was;—her heart beat violently, and the

demon of coquetry was overpowered by her naturally affectionate feelings. She called, faintly at first "James, James, *dear* James;" and poor little Phillis scampered down the lane, as if she comprehended her mistress's wish. Presently, Annie was certain she heard footsteps approaching; her first movement was, to spring forward, and her next (alas! for coquetry), to retire into the parlour and await the return of her lover;—"what she wished to be true love bade her believe;" there she stood, her eyes freed from their tears, and turned from the open window. Presently the gate was unlatched; in another moment a hand softly pressed her arm, and a deep drawn sigh broke upon her ear.

"He is very sorry," thought she, "and so am I." She turned round, and beheld the good humoured rosy face of mine host of the public. His yellow bob wig evenly placed over his grey hair; his Sunday suit well brushed; and his embroidered waistcoat (pea green ground, with blue roses and scarlet lilies), covering, by its immense lapelles, no very juvenile rotundity of figure. Poor Annie, she was absolutely dumb: had Andrew been an horned owl she could not have shrunk with more horror from his grasp. Her silence afforded her senior lover an opportunity of uttering, or rather growling forth his "proposal." "Ye see, Miss Leslie, I see no reason why we two shouldn't be married, becase I have more regard for ye, tin to one, than any young fellow could have; for I'm a man of experience, and know wrong from right, and right from wrong—which is all one. Y'er father, but more especially y'er mother (who has oceans of sense, for a woman), are for me; and beautiful as ye are, and more beautiful for sartin than any girl in the land, yet ye can't know what's good for ye as well as they! And ye shall have a jaunting car—a bran new jaunting car of y'er own, to go to mass or church, as may suit y'er conscience; for I'd be far from putting a chain upon ye, barring one of roses, which Cupid waves, as the song says, 'for all true constant loviers.' Now Miss, machree, it being all settled—for sure y're too wise to refuse sich an offer!—here, on my two bare knees; in the moon bames, that Romeyo swore by, in the play I saw when I was as good as own man to an honourable member o' parliament,—(it was in this service he learned to make long speeches, on which he prided himself greatly)—do I swear to be to you a kind and faithful husband—and true to you and you alone."

Mister Andrew sank slowly on his knees, for the sake of comfort resting his elbows on the window sill, and took forcible possession of Annie's hand; who, angry, mortified, and bewildered, hardly knew in what set terms to vent her displeasure. Just at this crisis the garden gate opened; and little Phillis, who by much suppressed growling had manifested her wrath at the clumsy courtship of the worthy host, sprang joyously out of the window. Before any alteration could take place in the attitudes of the parties, James Mc Cleary stood before them, boiling with jealousy and rage. "So, Miss Leslie—a very pretty manner you've treated me in;—and it was for that *carcase* (and he pushed his foot against Andrew Furlong), that ye trampled me like the dust; it was because *he* has a few more bits o' dirty bank-notes, that he scraped by being a lick-plate to an unworthy mimber, who sould his country to the Union and Lord Castlereagh: but ye'll sup sorrow for it—ye will, Annie Leslie, for y'er love is wid me, bad as ye are; y'er cheek has blushed, y'er eye has bright'ned, y'er heart has bate for me, as it never will for *you*, ye foolish, foolish ould cratur, who thinks the finest—the holiest feeling that God gives us, can be bought with gould! But I am done; as ye have sowed, Annie, so reap. I forgive ye—though my heart—my heart is torn—almost, almost broken; for I thought ye faithful—I was wound up in ye—ye were the core of my heart—and now——" the young man pressed his head against a cherry tree, whose wide spreading branches overshadowed the cottage, unable to articulate. Annie, much affected, rushed into the garden, and took his hand affectionately; he turned upon her a withering look, for the jealous fit was waxing stronger—

"What! do ye want to make more sport of me to please y'er *young* and *handsome* lover? Oh! that ever I should throw ye from me." He flung back her hand, and turned to the gate; but Andrew, the gallant Andrew, thought it behoved him to interfere when his ladye-love was treated in such a disdainful manner; and after having, with his new green silk handkerchief, carefully dusted the knees of his scarlet plush breeches, came forward—

"I take it that that's a cowardly thing for you to do, James Mc Cleary—a cow——"

"What do you say!" vociferated James, whose passion had now found an object to vent itself on,—"did you dare call me a coward?" He seized the old man by the throat, and griping him as an eagle would a land tortoise, held him at arm's length: "Look ye, ye fat ould calf, if ye were my equal in age or strength, it isn't talking to ye I'd be; but I'd scorn to ill trate a man of y'er years—though I'd give a thousand pounds this minute that ye were young enough for a fair fight, that I might have the glory to break every bone in y'er body—but there!"—He flung his weighty captive from him with so much violence, that mine host found himself extended amid a quantity of white-heart cab-

bages; while poor James sprang amid the elder trees, which before had been his place of happy concealment, and rushed away.

James actually goes to sea—poor Annie is miserable—her father and mother are brought to ruin through the villany of their absentee landlord's agent—and old Andrew Furlong is forced upon her, as the only mode of preserving them all from overwhelming destruction. At the very moment, however, that the almost dying girl is about to offer herself up as a sacrifice, a rescue arrives in the persons of the returned sailor and his captain, the generous brother of Leslie's landlord. At length, though

Strange it may appear, Annie made an excellent wife, never flirted the least bit in the world, except with her husband; and practically remembered her father's wise and beautiful text—"*I have been young and now am old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread.*"

The story itself is long, but full of light and shade, and sparkling sketches of character. Alick the Traveller, one of its primary agents, is a capital portrait. The piece might be transferred to the stage with delightful effect.

Of Mrs. Hall's *Juvenile Forget Me Not, a Christmas and New Year's Gift, or Birth-Day Present, for the Year* 1830, we can conscientiously repeat the praise we accorded to the former volume of the work —we believe it contains not a single piece, "prose or verse, that has not a direct tendency to correct vice, or to promote virtue—to excite and foster kind, amiable, and benevolent feelings." Mrs. Hall herself, the late Mrs. Barbauld, Allan Cunningham, Mrs. Howitt, J. Montgomery, the Rev. Robert Walsh, LL.D., Miss Mitford, the Author of Selwyn, Miss Jewsbury, R. Howitt, Mr. Hall, the Ettrick Shepherd, Mrs. Hofland, Charles Swain, Delta, Agnes Strickland, Mrs. Opie, Dr. E. Walsh, the Author of Letters from the East, Archdeacon Wrangham, &c. have liberally contributed their aid. The embellishments this year are on a larger scale than those of the last, and most of them superior in merit. In fact, several are finished in a style of excellence that would not discredit the larger Annuals. Independently of the Inscription Plate and the Vignettes, we notice My Brother, The Favourite of the Flock, Bob-Cherry, Hugh Littlejohn, Esq., The Blind Sailor, Heartsease, Holiday Time, and The Goldfinch, respectively painted and engraved by Ross and Thomson, Hobday and Edwards, Miss Ross and Greatbach, D. M'Clise and C. Rolls, W. Bigg and H. Rolls, Mrs. Ward and Thomson, D. M'Clise and H. Rolls, Richter and Bacon, and Miss Chalon and Cochran.—We have only to add, that the book is precisely, in every sense, what a book for children ought to be.

The Gem has reached us at the eleventh hour; yet we will pay due attention to its *brilliancy*. This term is not employed sarcastically, or for the sake of a play upon words: for, with reference to its size—the size and general execution of its plates—the quality of its paper, though rather too blue in its tint—and even in its list of contributors—the present volume of the *Gem* is, compared with its former, really *brilliant*. In a "lengthy" Preface, of sufficient self-complacency, we are informed—had our eyes been inadequate to the discovery—that "the width and length of the book are greater, and its bulk is less. Two advantages have been thus obtained; the size of the plates being considerably extended, and as much letter-press being contained in 288 pages as would have filled 360 on the previous scale."

The plates of The Gem, including the Vignette Title, drawn by Corbould, and engraved by Engleheart, are thirteen in number. This department of the work is, as before, under the care of A. Cooper, R.A.; and, though many of the engravings are sadly deficient in high and delicate finish, appearing as though they had been hurried prematurely before the public, that gentleman must, we apprehend, be better pleased with the execution than he had cause to be last year.

Rose Malcolm, the frontispiece, exhibits a spirited horse combat between two well-mounted knights, one on a black, the other on a white charger. No artist of the present day is so completely *au fait* in such subjects as Cooper, from one of whose paintings this plate has been very faithfully engraved by C. Rolls.

In The Gipsy Belle, Mr. Leslie has been less successful than usual in deli-

neating the true gipsy character. She is a bold, confident, forward young woman, at whose fate, sketched by Delta, the poet, we are not very much surprised. Duncan is the engraver.

Howard's beautiful picture of The Infant Bacchus brought by Mercury to the Nymphs, is a plate of great interest, the subject is so delightfully treated by the painter. The engraving is by Edwards. We are well disposed to give a portion of Mr. T. K. Hervey's happily descriptive lines:—

By a blue stream, that, like the streams of old,
Through vallies echoing to immortal tread,
—Long ere Pactolus—flowed o'er sands of gold,
And uttered tones, by spirits only read,
Recline four beings, of unearthly form—
Shapes such as vanished with the golden time,
But come again to poet's visions, warm
As when the world was in its glowing prime,
Ere beauty wore the Promethean curse:—
To dream of such is immortality!
Witness the Chian, with his deathless verse!
And near them—wisdom throned within his eye,
And thought upon his forehead—in the shade
Of ancient trees, that whisper in his ear
A knowledge and a mystery,—is laid
The old Silenus!—listening, all to hear
The oracles that speak from stream and tree,
And gazing through the amethystine air,
Into the empyrean, silently!
To mortal ken—if mortal ken were there,—
There's nothing lives between them and the skies,—
A purple ocean, and a ship of light!
But they have caught a murmur—and their eyes
Watch a far vision, in its earthward flight!
And, lo! between the valley and the sun,
A floating glory, and a rush of wings,
Ambrosial breezes o'er the earth that run,
And harpings in the air from viewless strings!—
O'er that Egyptian Tempe's sacred springs,
Hovers the Triple God upon a gale
Brought, with him, from the skies; then folds his wings,
And, like an arrow, stoops upon the vale,—
That rings with music, and the voice of mirth,
Waters that laugh, and woods that prophesy,
Till like a heart-dream fading in its birth,
The white-robed bearer seeks the distant sky,
And the child Bacchus treads the shouting earth.

The Stolen Interview, by Shenton, after J. P. Stephanoff, is altogether a charming plate. Wilkie's Saturday Night, engraved by Mitchell, exhibits the accustomed tact and humour of the painter, and is not unamusingly illustrated. — Humphrys has been eminently successful in the fidelity and brilliancy with which he has transferred to the steel a strikingly characteristic design of Chalon's—The Coquette.—The Love Letter, engraved by Warren, from a painting of Smirke's, is well conceived; but the Editor of The Gem—or somebody else—has betrayed a lapse of taste in the third stanza of the illustration.

Edmonstone's Halt on the March is a pleasing subject, interestingly treated. Greatbach, the engraver, has been very careful in preserving the expression.

In Verona, painted by poor Bonington, and engraved by W. I. Cooke, the lights are almost dazzling, and the perspective is very fine: two or three weeks' more labour would have rendered this plate a treasure.

Tyre, painted by Creswick, and engraved by Lacey, is really a splendid production.

Having seen what we have seen, and seeing what we see, we shall offer no remark upon The Ruins of Trionto, engraved by W. R. Smith, from a drawing of Martin's. However, we dare say the engraver did not receive a hundred and eighty guineas for his labour.

The Mamelukes, engraved by Warren, present another triumph of Cooper's genius in horse-painting.

If the literature of The Gem be not deserving of praise, on the score of merit, it is entitled to respectful mention, as exhibiting evident improvement, and—on the part of the editor—desire to excel. We must just take leave to hint to several of the contributors, whose names stand sufficiently high, that it is not quite generous of them to send all their good pieces to the established Annuals, and to reserve those of an inferior stamp for The Gem. It must be sufficiently obvious that such writers as the following are more than competent to the labour required:—Horace Smith, Delta, Kenney, the Hon. Mrs. Norton, Archdeacon Wrangham, Mrs. Balmanno, Carne, Bowring, Redding, Richard and Mary Howitt, Sir Aubrey de Vere, Clare, Lord Nugent, Malcolm, Miss Mitford, Cunningham, Miss M. A. Browne, Hogg, Miss Isabel Hill, T. Roscoe, Jerdan, the Author of

The Castilian, Miss Bowles, C. B. Sheridan, Carrington, J. Montgomery, &c.

One of the best and most interesting plates in the preceding volume of The Gem, was Leslie's Widow. It was illustrated—burlesqued rather—by a piece of deplorably trashy prose from Charles Lamb. Isabel Hill has this year contributed some stanzas which render justice to that picture, to the subject, and to the sex. But we can proceed no farther with The Gem, for

The Literary Souvenir has just made its appearance; and that also demands, deserves, and must receive some notice at our hands. Our regret is, that neither space nor time will allow us to treat it according to its deserts—especially its literature, which is, as usual, of a very high order. But, first of its plates; for these, too, several of them, will excite great interest.

At the top of the list deservedly stands a whole length portrait—a very faithful, striking, and impressive one—of Mrs. Siddons, as Lady Macbeth, engraved by C. Rolls, from a painting by the late G. H. Harlowe.

A charming Portrait of the Hon. Miss ***, by Leslie, is finely engraved by Danforth.

Howard's Oberon and Titania (sweetly illustrated by Hervey's poetical pen) is a beautiful picture; but, according to our fancy—possibly an erroneous one—the figure of Titania is neither sufficiently *petite*, nor sufficiently sylph-like. The foliage, the moonlight effects, and all the landscape portion of the scene, are delightful. The graver of Edwards has emulated the pencil of Howard.

Westall, in his Childe Harold and Ianthe, has not done justice either to himself or to the noble poet. The thing is altogether too fantastical: without achieving grace, the artist has abandoned dignity. The engraving is by Portbury.

The Sale of the Pet Lamb is a touching dramatic scene, treated very successfully, in the Flemish style, by Collins. C. Rolls has been equally successful in the engraving.

The Brigands' Cave, also ably engraved by C. Rolls, though without all requisite softness, is from a beautiful and strongly characteristic picture by Uwins. The respective countenances of the brigand, his wife, and a lovely sleeping child, are finely contrasted.

Simple and chaste in its composition, The Sisters of Scio is a finely-drawn group of two Greek girls seated on a rock, in a state of utter dejection. The design is by Phalipon; the delicately-executed engraving by H. Rolls; the illustration—a subject quite in her way—by Mrs. Hemans.

Goodall's engraving of Allston's noble picture of Jacob's Dream, from the collection of Lord Egremont, is eminently meritorious. What a sense of vastness, of immensity, is conveyed to the eye, in this little plate!

Chalon's *Fille bien gardée* is a clever conception, as cleverly executed by pencil, and by the graver of C. Rolls. The lady is, indeed, stately as a "silver swan;" but—is she not outrageously tall?

The sentiment of The Discovery—painted by F. P. Stephanoff, and engraved by Goodyear—is exquisitely expressed. Two lovely sisters *discover* a name carved in the bark of a tree: the name *is* ROSALIE; but it *ought* to have been ROWENA. The misnomer, however, is happily explained.

The Tournament, from a drawing of Martin's, should have been admirable; but, though comparisons are deemed odious, it is impossible, at all times, to refrain from making them; and, in this view, we cannot but regard the present engraving as a failure. It seems, indeed, as though none but Le Keux is fully competent to the task of *translating* the splendid conceptions of Martin.

The closing plate of the volume is a Portrait of Lady Elizabeth Belgrave, apparently from the same original, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, as that which enriched the commencing No. of the present series of LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE. We shrink not from comparison.

For a moment, we must digress. In his prefatory advertisement, Mr. Watts makes the following statement:—

Upon the authority of, and in accordance with the example of a painter of the highest distinction in his profession, a claim has lately been advanced, by certain artists, to a copyright in all the pictures they have ever painted, that have not been purchased with a specific under-

standing to the contrary; although the parties who may desire to engrave them, should have received the full permission of the proprietors so to do.

Mr. Watts ought to be at no loss how to act in such a case:—peremptorily resist the claim—laugh at the mean, contemptible, unprincipled impudence of the man who dares to make it. Last month, in our remarks upon "The Family Library," we gave expression to our own ideas on the subject; now we shall quote those of the spirited Editor of the Monthly Magazine:—

Formerly, when an artist sold his work, it was *une affaire finie*: the business was closed, and the proprietor did what he liked with his property. But of late years, since the "Forget Me Nots," and other Annuals, have sent engravers in pursuit of popular subjects, the painters have had the chicanery, and the name is not beyond the thing, to say, that though they sold the picture, they did not sell the right to have it copied; and they have actually in several instances made fierce battle with individuals who, from mere liberality to the publishers of these works, had allowed little sketches of their pictures to be taken. This, however, is mere coxcombry; and could go no further, if the noblemen and gentlemen who purchase pictures should peremptorily express their contempt for such an impudent assumption. We know an instance in which a third-rate artist had the impudence to write a letter to a man of rank, actually remonstrating with him for having lent one of his pictures to the publisher of an Annual. The noble lord, who had originally bought the performance merely to assist a struggling candidate for bread, coolly told him, that he would suffer no silly interference of the kind; but that if the artist wished to cancel the purchase, he was welcome to take back his paltry picture in his hand. The puppy of the pencil instantly felt his foolery, and with some blundering apology for his presumption slunk out of the house.

The literature of this volume, more particularly its prose, is, as we have observed, of a high order. Special favourites of our's are—The Love-Draught, a Tale of the Barrow Side, by the Author of High-ways and By-ways (an impressive lesson to the ignorant, against the superstitious employment of philtres);—An Incident at Sea, by the Author of the Kuzzilbash (most graphically and affectingly sketched);—The City of the Desert, by Derwent Conway;—The Smugglers' Isle, a Tale of the Sea, by Leitch Ritchie, Author of Tales and Confessions;—The Forest of Sant' Eufemia, a Calabrian Tale, by the Author of Constantinople in 1828;—The Confession, by John Galt (a story of homicide, powerful and impressive);—The Bachelor's Bridal, by the Author of Selwyn;—Ithran the Demoniac, by William Howitt (a Hebrew sketch, wild, striking, and imaginative);—The Last of the Storm, by the Author of Tales of the O'Hara Family (an exciting narrative of incidents at the close of the Irish rebellion of 1798).

Of the poetry in *The Souvenir*—we lament that we have no room for specimens—we have been most pleased with—A Legend of the Drachenfels, by W. M. Praed;—The Dying Mother to her Infant, by Caroline Bowles;—The Magic Glass, The Sisters of Scio, and The Mirror in the Deserted Hall, by Mrs. Hemans;—Oberon and Titania, by T. K. Hervey;—The Anniversary, by Alaric A. Watts;—Where is Miss Myrtle?;—The Neglected Child, by T. H. Bayly, &c.

Really we are quite surprised at the taste, talent, and general elegance which are displayed in the annual volumes now produced for the youthful classes; emulating, as it were, the more pretending display of those for "children of a larger growth." *The New Year's Gift, and Juvenile Souvenir, edited by Mrs. Alaric Watts*, is positively beautiful; in every respect a marked improvement on its predecessor. Not only are the designs all that could be wished, and more than could be expected, but they are finely engraved. Little Flora, the frontispiece, is a charming portrait, painted by Boaden, and engraved by Edwards; and, the Vignette Title, Children in an Armoury, engraved by Chevalier, from a spirited drawing by Frank Howard, is almost fascinating. The other plates, which we have room only to enumerate without characterising, are the productions of painters and engravers respectively as follow:—Toinette, Pegler and H. Rolls; Blind Willie and his Sister, Singleton and C. Rolls; The Broken Pitcher, Gainsborough and H. Robinson; The Thunder Storm, Singleton and Chevalier; The Cottage Door, R. Westall and H. Rolls; French and English, Hamilton and Englcheart: Amy and her Dog, Purcell and

Baker; Visit to the Grandmamma, Gompertz and Baker; and Little Goody Two-Shoes, Shee and H. Rolls.

To convey some idea of the high literary talent by which Mrs. Watts's claims to extensive patronage is sanctioned, we must be allowed also to mention some of her writers:—Mrs. Hemans, T. K. Hervey, Miss Strickland, the Author of Constantinople in 1828, Miss M. A. Browne, Barry Cornwall, Mary and Richard Howitt, Derwent Conway, T. Pringle, Miss Jewsbury, the Author of The Rival Crusoes, Mrs. Opie, Cyrus Redding, Mrs. Hofland, the Author of Recollections of the Peninsula, Sneyd Edgeworth, J. F. Hollings, &c.

Mr. Thomas Roscoe, in his Preface to *The Juvenile Keepsake for* 1830, after enlarging upon the nature and merit of its contents, complimenting his contributors, &c., and remarking that it is "adapted to different ranks and grades, from the ages of eight and ten to a much more advanced period," observes, what may be important to many readers, that "another feature of this year's volume is, that it contains less of a sentimental or romantic, more of a domestic and lively interest,—more incident and adventure, and nothing of too grave and sombre a hue. Religious principle and example, at the same time, have been kept strictly in view, and may be gathered from the aim and moral of almost every story in the series. As an additional claim, the volume has this year been enlarged from fourteen to nearly sixteen sheets, while it is confined to the same price (only that of the other Juvenile Annuals); besides the beauty and closeness of the letter-press, which embraces at least one third more than any of its contemporaries, and nearly equals the larger annuals."—If ever the public were gainers by competition, certainly they are so in the case of these elegant and highly-embellished yearly volumes. We hope the spirit of emulation will not be such as to overleap the mark, to the ultimate loss of the proprietors: it puzzles us to learn by what means they are enabled to cover their enormous expenses, much less to make a profit by their labours. This, however, is their concern, not our's. Mr. Roscoe's is a very tasteful volume, an improvement in all respects upon that of last year, and evidently suited to readers far beyond the age of eight or ten. His plates are as follow:—The Heir of Newton Buzzard, drawn by J. M. Wright, engraved by Carter, and illustrated by a poem in four cantos, from the pen of the late Mrs. John Hunter;—The Vignette Title, A Domestic Scene, painted by F. P. Stephanoff, engraved by Portbury, and illustrated by a pleasing little sketch in prose, from the Author of the Flower Show;—The Ball Dress, drawn by Corbould, engraved by Bacon, and illustrated by the Author of The Flower Show;—View of the Castle of Phalz upon the Rhine, engraved by Kelsall, from a drawing by Prout, and poetically illustrated by Planché;—The Mask, painted by Gill, and engraved by Chevalier;—The Orphan's Prayer, drawn by J. M. Wright, engraved by Portbury, and poetically illustrated by the Rev. H. Stebbing;—The Deserted Villagers, drawn by Chisholm, engraved by H. Rolls, and illustrated by a tale of Mrs. Hofland's;—and The Diamond Ring, drawn by Porter, and engraved by Chevalier.

Of Mr. Roscoe's assistants, we have mentioned several as illustrators of the plates. Amongst them we also find—Miss A. M. Porter, Mrs. Opie, Emily Taylor, R. Hill, the Author of Lorenzo de Medici, Jerdan, Miss Mitford, Miss Landon, Wm. Howitt, J. Montgomery, P. F. Tytler, Mrs. Sargant, the Rev. H. Caunter, Miss J. E. Roscoe, Leitch Ritchie, the Rev. H. Stebbing, the Author of the Rival Crusoes, Luscombe, Chorley, T. Pringle, Agnes Strickland, &c.

We must now be permitted to remark, in justice to ourselves and to the exertions we have made, that of the *eleven* Annuals, a view of which we have, at a great sacrifice of other matter, brought before the readers of La Belle Assemblee, in these pages, few, if any, are yet fairly before the public. Our elucidation of their nature and character, given in a liberal spirit, and without partiality or invidiousness, may, in many instances, serve to assist them in their choice. *The Landscape Annual, The Keepsake, The Bijou,* and some others of minor note, have not yet reached us; and if they had, all further notice must, from necessity, have been postponed till the ensuing month.

THE ROSIÈRE DE SURESNE.

From the time of Rabelais until the present hour, Suresne has been famed for its execrable wines, its ugly women, and its superior breed of huge donkeys. Situated as this village is, in the vicinity of St. Cloud, the witty and satirical courtiers of royal and imperial dynasties have possessed abundant matter for "odious comparisons." I had resided for many years in the "capital of the civilized world;" the name of Suresne was familiar to my ears—it was a harsh, jarring sound, a term of obloquy and reproach; in all my perambulations I had never been tempted to visit the place. A circumstance, however, occurred during the autumn of last year, which led me to the birth-place of ugly women, in the company of three of the most beautiful, hazle-eyed daughters of Britain. One of these ladies, who might have served as a model for a Madonna, was a Catholic, and had just completed her education in the convent of *Sœurs Noires* in Paris; the other two were her cousins, the daughters of Sir H. T., and had come to the continent for the purpose of accompanying their fair relative to her native country. Previously to her departure, however, Miss Emily B. had resolved upon performing a pilgrimage to Mount Calvary; I mean not the sacred rock in Palestine, but Mount Saint Valerien, a hill the most elevated within a dozen miles of the French capital. Since the return of the Bourbons, the royal family annually perform a pilgrimage thither during Passion Week. I was fortunate enough to be selected by the ladies to accompany them. The tone of conversation and manners which prevailed during this delightful excursion, may be readily divined: it was a day forming an epoch —a day inscribed with red letters in the journal of life, and which in future times will be looked upon with mixed feelings of pleasure and regret.

We left Paris in Sir H.'s travelling carriage, at an early hour, and, passing through Saint Cloud, we reached the foot of Mount Saint Valerien at ten o'clock. It was one of those fine autumnal mornings by no means of uncommon occurrence on the banks of the Seine. We alighted, and began to proceed on foot by a winding path-way which led us through numerous vineyards, here and there intersected by slips of ground planted with rose bushes then in full blossom. The fragrant odours would have been quite overcoming, but from the relief by finding ourselves every now and then among the vines bending under the weight of their fruit. At length we reached the entrance of the enclosure, within about fifty yards of the summit of the Mount. Here commences what is denominated the first station. It consists of a small chapel, at the extremity of which is a sculptured representation, rather an uncouth one, of the Saviour in the garden of Gethsemane. At this place the pilgrims stop to recite a prayer, and then go on to the other stations, of which there are eight, each having a chapel, containing statues or paintings of the Passion of Christ; and when at last the summit of the Mount is attained, a large wooden cross, with a figure of natural size nailed upon it, strikes the Christian visitor with reverential awe. An extensive edifice, in Napoleon's time a military establishment, and at present the dwelling of missionaries, is undeserving notice; but a little to the left is a beautiful chapel, erected by the Duchess of Angouleme—a *fac-simile* of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. From the plateau of Mount Valerien, a magnificent landscape presents itself to the eye, surpassing in beauty the view from the terrace of St. Germains, or the far-famed Arcadian one from Richmond Hill. The sides of the mount, covered with vines and rose bushes, green, purple, and red; at the foot, the shining waters of the Seine; to the right, the palaces and gardens of Saint Cloud and Meudon; in the back ground, Versailles and Marly; and before you, Notre Dame, St. Geneviève, the column of the Place Vendome, and the gilded dome of the Hôtel des Invalides. A little below the spot where the large crucifix is placed, is a public cemetery; but as it has been established only within four or five years, and its distance from Paris is considerable, it has received but few tenants; and there are at present no

more than a dozen sepulchral monuments, most of them of a costly description. Amongst them we remarked the splendid one erected to the memory of a Russian Princess. From this we passed to one of a more humble nature; yet my fair companions contemplated it with more of melancholy pleasure than the "storied urn and animated bust" of the northern Princess. It was a small, slender column of white marble, surmounted by a slab of the same material, and upon it was placed a chaplet of roses, which, from its withered appearance, indicated that probably a twelvemonth had passed away since it had been fresh and blooming. The inscription, in black letters, upon the simple monument, was *Cy-gît Mademoiselle Clémence—âgée de six ans;* and the following beautiful lines from Malherbe, served as an appropriate epitaph:—

"Elle étoit de ce monde,
Où les plus belles choses
Ont le pire destin;
Et rose elle a vécu ce que vivent les roses,
L'espace d'un matin."

The spot was surrounded with light, elegant iron railings, and the enclosure was planted with odoriferous flowers and rose bushes of the smallest kind, bearing a delicate flower, each not larger than would have been sufficient to cover the mouth of the little innocent when alive. The ladies felt a strong temptation to commit a pious theft, and pluck one—only one—bud from the hallowed ground; but in France, even the rude hand of the rustic respects the dwelling of the dead. The idea was sufficient, and we departed without taking away the living memento, the very essence, I may say, of what was once the beautiful Clémence. As we were descending the Mount, but not by the direct road which leads to Suresne, whither we had ordered our coachman to proceed to wait for us, the distant sound of a funeral dirge reached our ears; and, at about a quarter of a mile to our right, we observed a procession winding slowly up the hill; sometimes hidden from our sight, and then re-appearing through the breaks of the vines. A new tenant was about to be consigned to the earth, at least so we conjectured, although we had not remarked any freshly-dug grave, and yet we had not left a corner of the cemetery unexplored. We arrived in the village of Suresne, and were about to enter the carriage to return to Paris, when the young lady with and for whom we had undertaken the pilgrimage, and to whose devotional feelings we were indebted for so many delightful and melancholy emotions, requested us to visit the ancient and romantic looking church, which we descried at the extremity of the village. Before we reached the sacred edifice, we perceived that some *fête* or holiday was to be celebrated. We could not avoid remarking how few inhabitants were to be seen: not more than fifty could be numbered as we bent our course through the long winding street leading to the church. The male and female villagers, it was evident, were dressed in their Sunday clothes; yet the few we did see were persons far advanced in life. On arriving at the porch of the church, we found the doors closed, an unusual circumstance in France at any time, and expecting to find the bulk of the population within its walls, we were lost in conjecture as to what had become of the inhabitants, and we had nearly come to the conclusion, that, in consequence of its long established bad name, Suresne contained a fearful paucity of villagers. An elderly French gentleman, habited in a splendid court dress, and wearing the broad blue ribbon of the order of Saint Esprit, coming from behind a jutting buttress of the church, suddenly stood before us. The Duke de la Revière, the faithful companion and favourite of the king, recognizing us to be English, struck also no doubt with the beauty of my companions, accosted us with all the grace and urbanity of a French nobleman, and offered to show us into the church, and procure the best situation to view the ceremony. He seemed delighted and proud at the idea of appearing by the side of these blooming girls during the *grande cérémonie* that was to take place. We walked together round the church-yard: he showed and explained to us several ancient inscriptions nearly effaced by the hand of time, and proved himself as much the finished scholar as the accomplished gentleman. He appeared to believe that we had left the gaieties of the capital to witness the

interesting ceremony, and we all felt that it would deprive him of no slight portion of his pleasure, should we undeceive him by letting him know that our visit was purely accidental. Although he frequently referred to the *ceremony*, we could not collect from his remarks for what purpose it had been instituted. Was it a religious or a royal procession we were to witness? The *fête* of a saint, or the birthday of a prince; rejoicings for a victory, or the anniversary of the restoration? But our attention was diverted from these thoughts by the firing of a gun, and the acclamations of the few remaining villagers—"They are come!" The wide doors of the church were thrown open, and the Duke de R., leading the way, showed us into the chair, and placed us in seats within a few feet of the high altar. The sound of martial music was now heard; the royal band, in splendid uniforms, entered the church, followed by two companies of grenadiers; then advanced with martial step, as every youth in France is, or has been a soldier, about two hundred fine young men wearing silk favours of every colour: they ranged themselves in front of the grenadiers, in a double line which extended to the end of the church; the band struck up a lively march; and, at the same instant, five-and-twenty young village maidens, walking five a breast, and strung together like rows of pearls, moved up the hollow line, and placed themselves in close rank in the choir exactly opposite the place we occupied. These fair damsels were succeeded by about a dozen ladies most elegantly attired, and accompanied by a host of gentlemen decorated with stars and ribbons. Among the number were marshals of France, ambassadors, and noblemen. A high mass was then celebrated, the music playing at intervals. After the *Gloria in excelsis*, which was sung by the choristers of the King's Chapel, the Countess de C., a remarkably handsome female, approached the young village maidens, and, presenting her hand to one of them, led her to the foot of the altar, upon the last step of which they both knelt. The curate, a venerable old man, advanced towards them, and, holding a chaplet of white roses in his hand, he gently placed it upon the head of the young girl, exclaiming, in a loud voice—"This is the reward of virtue!" The band again struck up; a hymn, analagous to the ceremony, was chaunted; and the mass proceeded. At its termination, the crowned damsel returned to her female companions, from each of whom she received a salute upon the forehead. She was again conducted to the foot of the altar, followed by a fine sprightly young man who knelt by her side. The nuptial ceremony was performed, and the whole party left the church in the order it had entered.

The Duke de R. accompanied us to our carriage. "I cannot," said one of the ladies, "understand why the young bride who has just been crowned wore a large black veil previously to the wreath of roses being placed upon her head; it did not seem to accord with the other parts of her dress, nor to suit the nature of the ceremony."—"I will," replied the Duke, "if you can spare a few moments, explain for what motive the *Rosière* bore upon her forehead the emblem of mourning; but if this is the first time you have witnessed such a ceremony, it will be necessary to enter into a few particulars. A *fête*, similar to the one you have attended, was established nearly six centuries ago, in the village of Salency, by Saint Médard, and was annually celebrated until that dreadful period, 1791; but, in 1806, Napoleon gave orders to have it restored, and the *Rosière de Salency* still receives the reward of virtue. In the year 1776, one of my relatives, the beautiful and amiable Countess de ——, determined upon establishing the *fête* of the *Rosière* in the village of Suresne. Yonder," continued the Duke, pointing to a heap of ruins about a hundred yards distant, "stood the château of this excellent woman. Many a happy day have I spent within its walls; but the demons of the Revolution have levelled the residence of virtue with the earth, and the pure blood of the Countess was shed upon the scaffold. She had refused to listen to the infamous proposals of that monster, Robespierre. The last *Rosière*, upon whose forehead she had placed the chaplet of roses, was her faithful attendant during the few days she was imprisoned in the Conciergerie. A letter, written by the

Countess to her father, being found in the possession of this young girl, who was on her way to convey it to its address, she was dragged before the Revolutionary tribunal; and, on the first of May, 1793, the same axe made them both immortal. Years passed away, and it did not seem probable that the villagers of Suresne would again see the foreheads of their young virgins shaded with the white chaplet; but a melancholy and unforeseen event caused this *fête* to be re-established, and we have now every reason to hope that it will be as lasting as our monarchy. The Marquis de —— had been an exile from his country more than a quarter of a century; at the Restoration, he returned to his native land, and, pleased with the situation of this village, he resolved to fix his abode in its vicinity. That noble mansion you see on the banks of the Seine was erected by him. He had been married for fifteen years, but was without children. After residing a short time upon this estate, he and his lady attained the highest state of happiness in the birth of a girl. All who have seen the beautiful child speak of her in terms of rapture; she was what every parent would adore, and every stranger admire. On the day she entered her sixth year, the usual annual rejoicings took place in the village—a day consecrated by the happy parents to festivity—and on these occasions the poorer inhabitants of Suresne amply partook of the Marquis's liberal bounties. A little beyond the church, you perceive a small meadow—here it was that the noble family, their relatives, friends, and villagers, had assembled, and a rustic ball had enlivened all the party. The lovely little girl had danced several quadrilles with her father's tenants; she was all spirit, life, and joy; but the hour had now arrived when the festive sports were to make room for affliction and misery. The sprightly innocent, in her over anxiety to reach her parents, who were seated in a tent at the extremity of the meadow, skipped across the green, and, whilst turning a corner formed by a row of benches, her foot struck against the stump of a tree, and she was precipitated with much violence against a sharp piece of iron that had been placed there to secure one of the tents in which refreshments were served. The steel had perforated her ribs a little below the bosom, the blood flowed copiously from the wound, and she was conveyed in an inanimate state to her wretched parents. Surgical assistance was almost immediately procured; but the wound proved mortal, and before midnight she expired. The funeral train which accompanied her remains to the grave was composed of all the surrounding population. If you have seen a small white marble column in the cemetery of Mount Valerien, surrounded with rose bushes and odoriferous shrubs, there it is that the little angel is deposited, there lies the lovely Clémence. The distracted parents could not be consoled for the dreadful loss they had experienced—the doors of their hospitable mansion were closed—their servants, with the exception of two, were dismissed, and they gave themselves up to the most poignant anguish. This state of mental suffering would soon have terminated their days, but at length they were prevailed upon by a dear friend to quit this scene of woe and painful recollections. The Marquis, previously to his departure, sent for the mayor and curate of the village, and, in the presence of a notary, a deed was drawn up, whereby certain lands belonging to the Marquis, and producing an income of six hundred francs, were given up in perpetuity for the founding of the festival at which you have assisted. It was stipulated, that the most virtuous female in the village, under twenty years of age, should, on the anniversary of the death of Clémence, be married to one of the villagers, and six hundred francs be given as a dowry to the young couple. Before the performance of the nuptial ceremony, the inhabitants of Suresne, accompanied by the mayor and curate, were to proceed to the tomb of Clémence; the chaplet of white roses, to be worn by the pride of the village, was to be culled by her own hand from the grave, and afterwards deposited upon the white marble slab that surmounts the column erected to her memory; and the black veil, the sign of mourning, was to encircle the forehead of the *Rosière* during part of the ceremony."

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Records of the Beau Monde.

FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER, 1829.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF THE FASHIONS.

ENGLISH FASHIONS.

WALKING DRESS.

A HIGH dress of cherry-coloured *gros de Naples*, with a very broad hem round the border of the skirt, finished at the head by Vandyked points, edged by black silk *passementerie*. The body is surmounted at the throat by a triple ruff of fine lace. A Venetian cloak of rich black satin, made with sleeves, is worn over the dress; the sleeves are of a moderate, and appropriate fulness to this envelope, and are confined at the wrists by a broad cuff of black velvet; a falling collar-cape, turning back *en schall*, of the same material, completes the cloak. The hat is of white *gros des Indes*, and is trimmed with full puffs of the same, to which, on one side, is sewn a ribbon, elegantly figured on a white ground, in a delicate outline, zig-zag, of cherry-colour. Harvest *bouquets*, consisting of ears of ripe corn, scarlet field-poppies, and a few white wild roses, form the ornaments on the hat, the strings of which are of the same kind of ribbon as that sewn on the puffs of *gros des Indes:* they float loose, and are very long. Morocco leather half-boots, the colour of the dress, complete the costume, with kid gloves of pearl-grey.

MORNING VISITING DRESS.

THIS costume, which is appropriate only to the carriage, in making morning visits of ceremony, is of lilac satin, with a very broad trimming round the border of the skirt, of a variegated kind, set on flounce-wise, and finished next the shoe in points. The trimming is of sarcenet, in detached portions forming stripes of pink, straw-colour, and white. These are sometimes edged round with a very narrow blond. The body is *en canezou*, of embroidered *tulle*, and is made nearly as high as the throat; it is ornamented with stripes, downwards, in rose-coloured *rouleaux*, to render it, in some degree, correspondent with the ornament at the border of the skirt. A rose-coloured sash encircles the waist, and ties behind: the *corsage* is surmounted by a ruff of blond mingled with rose-coloured ribbon. The sleeves, though *à l'Imbécille*, as to form, are not immoderately wide; they are headed by *mancherons*, formed of frills of broad lace or blond; and a broad bracelet of gold and coral confines them at the wrist. Above this bracelet are antique English points of the same material as the *mancherons*. The hat is of white satin lined with lilac, and slightly trimmed with lilac ribbon round the crown: white plumage, in a profusion of beautiful feathers, which elegantly fall from the crown over the brim, finishes this novel and tasteful hat, under which are placed pink strings which float over the shoulders. The shoes are of black satin: the gloves lemon-coloured kid.

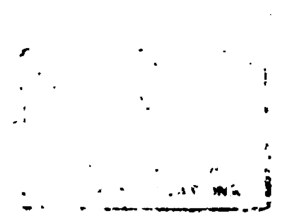
FRENCH FASHIONS.

WALKING DRESS.

A PELISSE of *gros de Naples*, of a violet colour, fastening down the skirt by rosettes; in the centre of each of the rosettes a gold button. The body of the pelisse turns back in front of the bust, *en lapelles*, and discovers a *chemisette* of plaited lawn, fastening down the front, like a gentleman's shirt, with gold buttons: this is surmounted by a ruff of lace, under which is tied a *sautoir* of brocaded silk. The sleeves are *à l'Imbécille*, confined at the wrists by gold bracelets, dividing a double ruff of lace. The hat is of white *gros de Naples*, and should be trimmed with blue ribbon, striped with white. On the left side, the fringed ends of a bow depend over the brim.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

A PELISSE of cherry colour, trimmed round the border and down the front of





WALKING DRESS. MORNING VISITING DRESS



WALKING DRESS. CARRIAGE DRESS.

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the skirt, where it fastens imperceptibly, underneath, with velvet of the same colour as the pelisse; though some ladies prefer it about two shades darker. The body is made plain, with two pelerine capes, turning back, and edged round with velvet to correspond with the trimming on the skirt. The sleeves are *à la Donna Maria*, and are finished at the wrists by pointed Spanish cuffs of velvet. A bonnet of marsh-mallow blossom, or some other lively colour, is elegantly trimmed beneath the brim with white gauze striped ribbons, formed in a *bandeau* across the front, and a full rosette on each side; from these depend the strings, which float loose. The crown of the hat is ornamented by bows of striped ribbon, either white, or the same colour as the hat; the ribbon disposed in very long puffs.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHIONS AND DRESS.

In the year 1824, balls were all the rage at this season of the year; since then we have gradually become, or fancied we have become, a very musical nation; dancing has, therefore, been rather on the decline; concerts, both public and professional, as also amateur concerts, are much more frequent than either the dress ball, or the more social quadrille party, and dancing assemblies are but few. November, that dreary month, will, as usual, be cheered by music's enlivening and harmonizing powers; even the children's balls seldom commence until December.

From sources such as these we are enabled to glean our information on the changes which take place in *grande*, or in *demi-parure*. We will, however, according to our usual routine, commence with the most prevalent out-door costume.

The pelisses, and they are but few, are yet of *gros de Naples*. There is no change in their make or manner of trimming since our last accounts; but cloaks and black velvet pelerines, over a dress made half high, are in general request. The latter are very prevalent: they are elegantly pointed at the base of the waist behind, which point is finished by a bow of velvet with short ends. These warm and appropriate accessories for walking costume are confined at the throat with an elegant ornament of gold, from whence depend golden thistles. Few coloured shawls are seen; those now worn are of white Cachemire, with an elegant narrow border of various colours. The fur mantelet pelerines are expected to be general this winter; few have appeared at present, and those which have been seen are of ermine.

The bonnets last month changed from delicate colours to those more refulgent; but the dreary appearance which often takes place in the clouded atmosphere, has caused a quick alteration in the hat department: colours more appropriate to winter are now adopted; and several bonnets of a becoming shape, and, though large, of a somewhat moderate size, have appeared, of milk-chocolate colour, trimmed with the same, the puffs and trimmings lined with blue satin. Bonnets also of slate-colour, trimmed with pink, and those of the monk's-hood purple, or of a royal blue, trimmed with bright jonquil, are much in favour. The brims of these bonnets are all puckered in the *capote* style, and, like the *capote* bonnets, stiffened by divisions of whalebone; the crown, made in the caul style, is rather low. Straw and Leghorn bonnets are now seldom seen except on very young persons; they are large and wide in front, with small crowns; they have no trimming, but a band of ribbon across the crown, with a small bow. The hats for carriage airings, or for morning visits, are still made to fly off the face: beneath the brim they are much ornamented with bows of ribbon and *rouleaux*. We have met a lady of fashion at a morning visit, who wore a very beautiful bonnet of white satin, trimmed and bound with velvet of a bright geranium colour; among the puffs of velvet, which afforded a charming relief, were those of white satin, on which were painted clouds of geranium and green.

In spite of the very unpropitious weather, it is long since we have seen white dresses so much or so long in favour. Such, however, is the caprice of fashion, that young maidens, matrons, and even ladies of a certain age, were habited in white till nearly the middle of October;

to preserve, most likely, an air *distinguée;* for embroidered muslins bore a high price, while silks were very cheap. Yet there is that respectability, and indeed smartness, attached to a silk dress, that is certainly best fitted to matrons, especially during such a summer as we have had, when chilling rains and keen winds have been so prevalent. We have seen a beautiful dress for *demi-parure,* of *gros des Indes,* the colour Spanish-brown. This silk had on it all the fine gloss of satin; it was made partially low, and trimmed at the border with two very broad, stiffened bias folds. The sleeves were *à l'Amadis,* but moderate in width at the top of the arm. The part of the bust was finished across in drapery *à la Sévigné.* With Merino dresses, now much in favour for in-door costume, a pelerine of the same, elegantly pointed, and bound round with black velvet, is the only addition for the morning promenade. This is surmounted by a very full ruff of lace, or clear, stiffened muslin, edged with narrow lace; and these latter are best adapted for the purpose, for lace made very stiff, always gives to it, howsoever fine and beautiful the material, a coarse appearance. At balls and concerts in the country, young persons wear dresses of coloured crape; pink is the colour most admired. The fringe used at the border of silk dresses, over the broad hem, gains ground but rather slowly; it is an expensive article, but we should not imagine that to be the cause of its being yet so rarely seen. It forms a very beautiful finish to a dress, particularly that kind where the head of the fringe is wrought in open net-work. Dresses of white *tulle,* clear book muslin, or coloured crape, are all worn over white satin, and are confined to the evening and dress dinner-party, concerts, and balls. Satin dresses begin to assume a winter-like appearance, being often trimmed at the border with one broad bias of velvet, either black, or of the same colour as the dress.

The hair is now much frizzed before it is curled; the curls are again, in consequence, rather large; this fashion looks well with a dress hat, otherwise, it is heavy, and unbecoming, except to those who have large features. Caps for home costume, and for half-dress, are now more of fine lace than of blond. They are certainly too large, especially when worn at dress dinner-parties, yet the style in which they are made is truly elegant: the lace, which is of a cobweb fineness, is beautifully intermingled with the puffs of satin ribbon, which is generally of pink, marsh-mallow-blossom, or some other lively tint; a few ornaments of ribbon tie on the hair, from where the lace turns back, and a loop-string of the same ribbon descends over the breast. A cap of fine lace, for home costume, is made something in the same style, but the lace is narrower, the cap smaller, and the border falls over the hair; bows and ornaments of ribbon adorn the crown, and two long lappets of lace float over the shoulders. The blond caps for the theatre, and other evening spectacles, are made with very broad, full borders of rich blond. These turn back, and a half wreath of flowers is placed underneath, lying on the hair. There is no change at present in the dress hats, *bérets,* and turbans; the last are, however, increasing in favour; the dress hats are not so prevalent as they were last month.

The favourite colours are Spanish-brown, milk-chocolate, violet, Hortensia, yellow, sage-leaf-green, and pink.

Cabinet of Taste,

OR MONTHLY COMPENDIUM OF FOREIGN COSTUME.

By a Parisian Correspondent.

COSTUME OF PARIS.

Society in Paris offers us at this time whatever is gay and brilliant, and conversation never languishes, as it treats of the sports of the chace, and the continual arrival of news from those who are not yet returned to this gay capital. The public walks are graced with elegant women, on whom the most prevailing envelope is a pelisse of *gros de Naples,* with a falling collar of embroidered *tulle,* trimmed round with lace, and tied in front. The pelerines, though still of embroidered muslin, are charming; and as they are worn in out-door costume, either over a pelisse, or a high dress of Cachemire, they are sufficiently warm. They are richly em-

broidered in feather-stitch, and trimmed all round with a full frill of the same, finished by a narrow lace edging. The belts and sashes worn with pelisses are extremely broad. The riding-habits are now made of a walking length; the demi-trains at the skirts of these equestrian dresses being found very troublesome in paying morning visits in the country, where a lady, after descending from her horse, has perhaps to walk up a long avenue to the door of her friend's mansion. Pantaloons, without trimming, are now worn with riding-habits, with half-boots, either of black or brown. The newest pelisses are made with a large cape, like that on a man's great coat, pointed at the ends in front.

English bonnets, which are still universally in favour, are now often seen of *gros de Naples*. Their colour is a pearl-grey, lined with rose, or cherry-colour; the strings are fastened on each side, and tie over the crown, which is surrounded by a ribbon of the same colour, with a bow on one side. Hats of *gros de Naples*, either dark blue, dark green, or brown, are trimmed with ribbons of a colour strikingly different: such as white on green, pink on blue, and yellow on brown. Several hats of rose-coloured, or yellow crape, have a brim made entirely of blond, which flies very much off the face. Their ornaments consist of Valerian, sweet-peas, and full-blown pinks. On hats of striped satin, or *gros de Naples*, is generally seen a branch of wild roses, placed obliquely across the crown. Sometimes such hats are ornamented with seven or eight tips of feathers, placed one over the other, in stages, from the base of the crown, on the left side, to the summit, on the right.

The fashion-mongers are now much occupied with the cut of the sleeves. It is in contemplation to make them very tight at the lower part of the arm, in dresses of winter materials: gauzes, and such like light articles, will be doomed to retain the fashion of long, loose sleeves, as they are now worn; and on velvet or satin, it is expected they will be extremely wide, from the shoulder to the elbow, whence they will gradually become narrower, and terminate at the small of the arm, *à l'Amadis*, to the wrist. A beautiful dress of embroidered organdy has lately been completed for a noble Marquise: it is figured over with small *bouquets* of rose-buds, in flat embroidery of floize silk. Above the hem at the border is a wreath of roses, the green foliage o. which is formed in half wreaths, which escaping, as it were, from the flowers, are disposed in bias across the hem, each tapering off to a point next the feet. The top of the long sleeves is now *en baril*, and not flat, as was the mode a short time since. Some *canezous* have appeared, which form two rows of points, and answer the purpose of the epaulettes formerly worn. Among the novel ornaments that have taken place above the broad hems on the skirts of dresses, is an open work of *treillage*, let in, formed of *passementerie*, dividing the hem from the rest of the skirt. The belt, the cuffs, and the tucker-part of the bust are ornamented in the same manner. Dresses of white jaconot muslin, which are not yet laid aside, have the broad hem at the border embroidered all over in feather-stitch. Above the hem is a festoon of flowers; the festoon about a hand's breadth, and above that a trimming of embroidered muslin, which is also set on in festoons; next the shoe is the same kind of trimming. All this renders the broad hem a real ornament, and takes off from that dull monotony, for which it has so long been conspicuous. At full dress evening parties, nothing is considered so elegant as a dress of fine India muslin, trimmed at the border with gold lace, above which are *bouquets* of flowers embroidered in gold. For dresses at dinner parties, the gowns are often of *gros de Naples*, beautifully embroidered above the hem, in flowers of various colours, shaded after nature. A favourite home costume is a petticoat of *gros de Naples*, coloured, with a white muslin *canezou*-spencer, laid in very small plaits; between about half a dozen of these plaits is a space of about a finger's breadth; the plaits in front, and at the back, form a fan, and are placed in bias across the sleeves. There are some dresses of white organdy, which have, above the hem, three or four rows of large spots, worked in green worsted of different shades. Dresses of muslin, with very narrow stripes of *jaune-vapeur*,

are ornamented above the broad hem with a narrow plaiting of Mechlin lace. These dresses are much admired, and are worn by the young Princesses D'——. A square pelerine of the same material is added, with a frill trimming, which is also edged with narrow Mechlin lace.

Our ladies wear false ringlets under their hats, which they name *Anglaises!* I find my countrywomen in this instance giving a very improper name to them; there are no ladies who have finer heads of hair than the English, for which they are indebted to nature alone. Indeed, in every grace and charm they are less obliged to art than any other women. These ringlets are, however, thrown aside by the French ladies when they take off their hats. The favourite head-dress at the Opera is a cap made of English point lace: the richness of the pattern, and the elegant manner in which this lace is made up, render them much more admired than caps of the most costly blond. On the latter, however, at full-dress assemblies, have been lately seen three long white feathers, placed at the right side. *Bérets* of a striped material, yellow and black, or royal blue gauze, striped with gold, are ornamented with two tails of the bird-of-paradise, one floating towards the right side, the other to the left. The hair is often arranged in alternate puffs of hair and ribbon. These puffs are very long. In front are corkscrew ringlets, *à l'Anglaise*. Some blond caps have a diadem of flowers in front: on others may be seen, on each side, a half circle of flowers, half covered by a blond falling over them. Chains, *à la Chevalière*, formed of differently-coloured stones, are often wound amongst the tresses at dress balls; they cross the forehead, the bows of hair on the summit of the head, and the curls on the temples. A complete set of the same jewellery is seen on the arms, wrists, neck, and in the ears.

The new reticules are of silk net trimmed with fringe; and this fringe serves as an opening to a small kind of pocket, made like the bags in which cavalry officers keep their pistols.

The favourite colours are cherry, brown, green, rose-colour, yellow, and royal-blue.

Monthly View
OF
NEW PUBLICATIONS, MUSIC, THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN DRAMA, THE FINE ARTS, LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE, &c.

Long have we been expecting "*The Venetian Bracelet, the Lost Pleiad, a History of the Lyre, and other Poems, by L. E. L., Author of the Improvisatrice, the Troubadour, and the Golden Violet.*" Yes, long have we been expecting this volume; and it has come at last, "breathing odours." With an ardent longing after fame—posthumous fame—the undying laurel that garlands the urn of the departed — that longing with which the aspirations of genius are ever accompanied—Miss Landon, adverting to the vague hope which she experienced on the publication of her first work, The Improvisatrice, and contrasting that hope with her present feelings, exclaims—"I am no longer one who springs forward in the mere energy of exercise and enjoyment; but rather like the Olympian racer, who strains his utmost vigour, with the distant goal and crown in view. I have devoted my whole life to one object: in society I have but sought the material for solitude. I can imagine but one interest in existence,—that which has filled my past, and haunts my future,—the perhaps vain desire, when I am nothing, of leaving one of those memories at once a good and a glory."—"Aware that to elevate I must first soften, and that if I wished to purify I must first touch, I have ever endeavoured to bring forward grief, disappointment, the fallen leaf, the faded flower, the broken heart, and the early grave. Surely we must be less

worldly, less interested, from this sympathy with the sorrow in which our own selfish feelings alone can take part." This, in fact, is the key to Miss Landon's poetry.

A word upon another point. "With regard to the frequent application of my works to myself," observes our fair author, "considering that I sometimes pourtrayed love unrequited, then betrayed, and again destroyed by death—may I hint the conclusions are not quite logically drawn, as assuredly the same mind cannot have suffered such varied modes of misery. However, if I must have an unhappy passion, I can only console myself with my own perfect unconsciousness of so great a misfortune."

Proceed we now to a brief and cursory notice, with a few extracts, of Miss Landon's new volume. The first poem, The Venetian Bracelet, is a rapidly-told story of early love, unmerited desertion, and fatal revenge. It is full of the warmth, the glow, the fire of passion. The energy of Miss Landon's genius has perhaps never been displayed with more enchaining effect.

Of a very different character, but equally beautiful, is The Lost Pleiad—lovely, graceful, and imaginative. The subject is one most favourable to poetry. The youthful Prince Cyris becomes enamoured of Cyrene, one of the seven pleiades; and,

—— Free to his charm'd eyes were given
The spirits of the starry heaven.
It was that hour, when each faint dye
Of rose upon the Morning's cheek
Warns the bright watchers of the sky
Their other ocean home to seek.
He saw the Archer with his bow
Guide now his radiant car below:
He saw the shining Serpent fold
Beneath the waves his scales of gold.
—But, of all the pageants nigh,
Only one fix'd Cyris' eye:
Borne by music on their way,
Every chord a living ray,
Sinking on a song-like breeze,
The lyre of the Pleiades,
With its seven fair sisters bent
O'er their starry instrument;
Each a star upon her brow,
Somewhat dim in daylight's glow,
That clasp'd the flashing coronet
On their midnight tresses set.
—All were young, all very fair,—
But one—oh! Cyris gazed but there.
Each other lip wore sterner mould,—
Fair, but so proud,—bright, but so cold;
And clear pale cheek, and radiant eye,
Wore neither blush, nor smile, nor sigh,
Those sweet signs of humanity.
But o'er Cyrene's cheek the rose,
Like moon-touch'd water, ebbs and flows;
And eyes that droop like summer flowers
Told they could change with shine and showers.

Many a night and many a morning pass: at length, the fair star is permitted to descend to earth; the passion of Cyris is returned; but the Prince, with that inconstancy which Miss Landon would fain persuade us—though to the charge we plead not guilty—is inseparable from man, neglects his heavenly love.

—— They parted as all lovers part,—
She with her wronged and breaking heart;
But he, rejoicing he is free.

* * * * *

She sought the fountain, and flung there
The crown that bound her raven hair;
The starry crown, the sparkles died,
Darkening within its fated tide.
She sinks by that lone wave:—'tis past;
There the lost Pleiad breathed her last.

The close is very sweet and beautiful:—

No mortal hand e'er made her grave;
But one pale rose was seen to wave,
Guarding a sudden growth of flowers,
Not like those sprung in summer hours,
But pale and drooping; each appears
As if their only dew were tears.
On that sky lyre* a chord is mute:
Haply one echo yet remains,
To linger on the poet's lute,
And tell in his most mournful strains,
—— A star hath left it's native sky,
To touch our cold earth, and to die;
To warn the young heart how it trust
To mortal vows, whose faith is dust;
To bid the young cheek guard its bloom
From wasting by such early doom;
Warn by the histories linked with all
That ever bowed at passion's thrall;
Warn by all—above—below,
By that lost Pleiad's depth of woe,—
Warn them, Love is of heavenly birth,
But turns to death on touching earth!

From the passage commencing, "She sought the fountain," &c. Howard has

* The lyre of the Pleiades.

painted a charming picture, an engraving from which, by W. Finden, forms a frontispiece to this attractive volume.

The next poem in order is A History of the Lyre; or, to speak in plain prose, a history of the progress and effects of poetry in the mind of Eulalia, an intellectual and highly-accomplished Roman improvisatrice. Many of its passages are beautifully, grandly, touchingly descriptive.

I saw Eulalia: all was in the scene
Graceful association, slight surprise,
That are so much in youth.

* * * * *

We stood beside a cypress, whose green spire
Rose like a funeral column o'er the dead.
Near was a fallen palace—stain'd and gray
The marble shew'd amid the tender leaves
Of ivy but just shooting; yet there stood
Pillars unbroken, two or three vast halls,
Entire enough to cast a deep black shade;
And a few statues, beautiful but cold,—
White shadows, pale and motionless, that seem
To mock the change in which they had no part,—
Fit images of the dead.

* * * * *

Low music floated on the midnight wind,
A mournful murmur, such as opes the heart
With memory's key, recalling other times,
And gone by hopes and feelings, till they have
An echo sorrowful, but very sweet.

* * * * *

Soft we pass'd
Behind a fragment of the shadowy wall.
—I never saw more perfect loveliness.
It ask'd, it had no aid from dress; her robe
Was white, and simply gather'd in such folds
As suit a statue: neck and arms were bare;
The black hair was unbound, and like a veil
Hung even to her feet; she held a lute,
And, as she paced the ancient gallery, waked
A few wild chords, and murmur'd low sweet words,
But scarcely audible, as if the thought
Rather than spoke:—the night, the solitude,
Fill'd the young Pythoness with poetry.
—Her eyes were like the moonlight, clear and soft,
That shadowy brightness which is born of tears,
And raised towards the sky, as if they sought
Companionship with their own heaven; her cheek—
Emotion made it colourless, that pure
And delicate white which speaks so much of thought,
Yet flushes in a moment into rose;
And tears like pearls lay on it, those which come
When the heart wants a language; but she pass'd,
And left the place to me a haunted shrine,
Hallowed by genius in its holiest mood.

Mark the contrast, presented at Count Zarin's pallazzo on the following night:—

I could not image aught so wholly changed.
Her robe was Indian red, and worked with gold,
And gold the queen-like girdle round her waist;
Her hair was gather'd up in grape-like curls;
An emerald wreath, shaped into vine leaves, made
Its graceful coronal. Leant on a couch,
The centre of a group, whose converse light
Made a fit element, in which her wit
Flash'd like the lightning: on her cheek the rose
Burnt like a festal lamp; the sunniest smiles
Wander'd upon her face.—I only knew
Eulalia by her touching voice again.

Eulalia herself now speaks:—

I am a woman:—tell me not of fame.
The eagle's wing may sweep the stormy path,
And fling back arrows, where the dove would die.
Look on those flowers near yon acacia tree—
The lily of the valley—mark how pure
The snowy blossoms—and how soft a breath
Is almost hidden by the large dark leaves.
Not only have those delicate flowers a gift
Of sweetness and of beauty, but the root—
A healing power dwells there; fragrant and fair,
But dwelling still in some beloved shade.
Is not this woman's emblem?—she whose smile
Should only make the loveliness of home—
Who seeks support and shelter from man's heart,
And pays it with affection quiet, deep,—
And in his sickness—sorrow—with an aid
He did not deem in aught so fragile dwelt.
Alas! this has not been my destiny.

And here is the strong contrast presented by her own feelings—her own fate—her own experience:—

Again I'll borrow summer's eloquence.
Yon eastern tulip—that is emblem mine;
Ay! it has radiant colours—every leaf
Is as a gem from its own country's mines.
'Tis redolent with sunshine; but with noon
It has begun to wither:—look within,
It has a wasted bloom, a burning heart;
It has dwelt too much in the open day,
And so have I; and both must droop and die!
I did not choose my gift:—too soon my heart,

Watch-like, had pointed to a later hour
Than time had reached; and as my years pass'd on,
Shadows and floating visions grew to thoughts,
And thoughts found words, the passionate words of song,
And all to me was poetry. The face,
Whose radiance glided past me in the dance,
Awoke a thousand fantasies to make
Some history of her passing smile or sigh.
The flowers were full of song :—upon the rose
I read the crimson annals of true love ;
The violet flung me back on old romance ;
All was association with some link
Whose fine electric throb was in the mind.
I paid my price for this—'twas happiness.
My wings have melted in their eager flight,
And gleams of heaven have only made me feel
Its distance from our earth more forcibly.
My feelings grow less fresh, my thoughts less kind ;
My youth has been too lonely, too much left
To struggle for itself; and this world is
A northern clime, where every thing is chill'd.

Three years afterwards, Eulalia is sadly changed.

Her cheek was colourless as snow ; she wore
The beauty of a statue, or a spirit
With large and radiant eyes :—her thrilling voice
Had lost its power, but still its sweetness kept.

Trespassing as we are upon space, we must exhibit one more beautiful picture :—

There were no blossoming shrubs, but sweeping pines
Guarded the solitude ; and laurel boughs
Made fitting mirrors for the lovely moon,
With their bright shining leaves ; the ivy lay
And trail'd upon the ground ; and in the midst
A large old cypress stood, beneath whose shade
There was a sculptured form ; the feet were placed
Upon a finely-carved rose wreath ; the arms
Were raised to Heaven, as if to clasp the stars.
Eulalia leant aside ; 'twas hard to say
Which was the actual marble ; when she spoke
You started, scarce it seemed a human sound :
But the eyes' lustre told life linger'd still.
And now the moonlight seem'd to fill their depths.
"You see," she said, "my cemetery is here :—
Here, only here, shall be my quiet grave.
Yon statue is my emblem : see its grasp
Is raised to Heaven, forgetful that the while
Its step has crushed the fairest of earth's flowers
With its neglect."
Her prophecy was sooth :
No change of leaf had that green valley known,
When Eulalie lay there in her last sleep.

We remember quoting, with much pleasure, from one of Miss Landon's former volumes, a passage—it occurs in her exquisite poem of Errina—in which an inquiry occurs, relating to music, as the language of a pre-existent state.

Is it the language of some other state,
Born of its memory ? For what can wake
The soul's strong instinct of another world
Like music ?

In The History of a Lyre, the same idea is expanded, and applied more generally :—

Methinks we must have known some former state
More glorious than our present, and the heart
Is haunted with dim memories, shadows, left
By past magnificence ; and hence we pine
With vain aspirings, hopes that fill the eyes
With bitter tears for their own vanity.
Remembrance makes the poet ; 'tis the past
Lingering within him, with a keener sense
Than is upon the thoughts of common men
Of what has been, that fills the actual world
With unreal likenesses of lovely shapes,
That were and are not ; and the fairer they,
The more their contrast with existing things,
The more his power the greater is his grief.
—Are we then fallen from some noble star
Whose consciousness is as an unknown curse,
And we feel capable of happiness
Only to know it is not of our sphere."

We cannot dwell upon The Ancestress, an interesting dramatic sketch, farther than to quote from it this sweet and touching sentiment :—

It is a beautiful, a bless'd belief,
That the beloved dead, grown angels, watch
The dear ones left behind ; and that my prayers
Are welcome to my mother's ears, as when
I knelt a lisping infant at her knee ;
And that her pure and holy spirit now
Doth intercede at the eternal throne :
And thus religion in its love and hope
Unites us still—the mother and her child.

Possibly it may be remarked, that signs of haste and inadvertence occasionally present themselves in these elegant and graceful compositions ; also that there are certain epithets of which Miss Landon is too "passionately" fond ; but, for our own parts, we are well contented to leave the discovery of these spots to those who have no employment of more inte-

rest than that of hunting for them. We shall only add, that the numerous minor poems of the volume are in perfect keeping with those of loftier pretensions.

The production of another highly popular writer, though of a very different class, now courts our notice in "*The Borderers, a Tale, by the Author of 'The Spy,' 'The Red Rover,' 'The Prairie,' &c.*"—As the imaginative historian of North America, of its aboriginal inhabitants, of its earliest English settlers, of its immeasurable forests and wilds, Mr. Cooper has long flourished, paramount and without a rival. With every mountain and valley, every lake and river, he is as familiar as though his entire life had been passed amongst them; and with the manners and customs of that interesting, but now almost extinguished race, the Red Indians, he is as conversant as with those of their oppressors, the whites. Who that has perused, will ever forget the scenes and characters which he has pourtrayed in The Spy, in The Last of the Mohicans, in The Pioneers, in The Prairie? And here we have another succession of pictures equally distinct and vivid, equally impressive and faithful. The tale of The Borderers, carries us back to a very remote period—remote, at least, in the history of America—that of the settlement of the puritans. Its earlier scenes are laid in the valley of Wish-Ton-Wish—so named in commemoration of the now well-known American bird first seen by the emigrants—northward of the English fort of Hartford, shortly after the Restoration of Charles II.; and one of the regicides—whose name, however, is not allowed to transpire—figures as a personage of no mean interest in the drama. The story is slight; yet, at the commencement, and again towards the close, the interest is very powerful. Shortly after the establishment of Captain Mark Heathcote, a rigid puritan, with his family, at Wish-Ton-Wish, he is visited by a stranger, who suddenly and somewhat mysteriously disappears. Ruth, the daughter-in-law of the puritan, is alarmed by accidentally discovering a young Indian in the grounds. The intruder is secured, and, with certain indulgences, detained prisoner. Some time afterwards, a fierce attack is made upon the settlement by the Indians: the mysterious stranger—the regicide—is present, and exerts himself vigorously in defence of his friends; but at length the settlers are overpowered—their corn-stacks, barns, and dwellings are fired—they are driven into the block-house, or citadel—the block-house is assaulted, and burnt to the ground—and the savages retire under the impression, that, superadded to an utter destruction of property, every human being on the premises had perished. It proves otherwise: they had found a safe shelter in the stone well of the block-house. They emerge—buildings are reconstructed—and in the course of years a populous and flourishing village is formed. The gentle Ruth, however, remains inconsolable for the loss of her infant daughter, who had either been killed in the conflict, or carried off by the victors. Another slaughterous attack is made upon the village; but through the commanding influence of one of the Indian warriors, the assailants retreat. The lost maiden at length appears, as the cherished, fond, and devoted wife of Conanchet, a celebrated Narragansett chief; and Conanchet proves to have been the young Indian captive, who, at the close of the first battle, had borne the child off in safety, under the belief that all her kindred had perished in the flames.—The different scenes of furious conflict are described with a pen of graphic power. The mutual recognition, too, of Conanchet and the brother of Ruth, when in the act of preparation for mortal combat; and the meeting of the long-parted mother and daughter—the latter herself a mother—are very finely, very affectingly given. But we must not anticipate the close—a sad and mournful close! Ah, why should the young, the brave, the beautiful, the good, be sacrificed!—We have said enough to shew that a rich treat offers itself in The Borderers.

The "*Historical Miscellany, or Illustrations of the Most Important Periods in Ancient and Modern History; with a Particular Account of the British Constitution and Commerce; forming a Supplement to Pinnock's Grecian, Roman, and English Histories; by W. C. Taylor, A. M., of Trinity College, Dublin,*" will be found, at the approaching vacation (as well as for schools at all times) a truly interesting

and valuable work, to place in the hands of youth of both sexes. It is justly observed, in the preface, that the models which the Pinnock editions of the Greek, Roman, and English histories "give of correct questions, the reference by numbers to aid the formation of the answer, and the supplemental instruction supplied in their valuable notes, &c. have been found, by experience, to make the knowledge of history more accurate, and more easily acquired." Mr. Taylor has evidently studied *his* model well, and the younger part of the community will profit, not slightly, by the result. The entire volume is exceedingly well digested and arranged. A clear and condensed view is here given of the Egyptian, Grecian, Roman, Carthaginian, and Persian states,—of the feudal system, chivalry, and the crusades—of the connection of Great Britain with India—of British biography; and the whole is wound up by a concise and remarkably lucid essay on the British Constitution. Prefixed to the volume is a "Union Map, exhibiting at one view the ancient and modern divisions of that part of the eastern hemisphere known to the ancients."—From the present specimen of Mr. Taylor's abilities, we look forward with the most favourable expectation to his projected second volume, in which, he tells us, "among other important subjects, he will endeavour to supply a condensed history of Roman literature; an account of the rise and progress of the Mahommedan dynasties; a sketch of the restoration of learning in Italy; and some account of the Reformation; subjects on which youth are anxious for information, and which no books at present used in schools can supply."

With its fair *quantum* of elucidatory and amusing annotation, the fifth volume of the new edition of The Waverley Novels —the first of "*The Antiquary*"—has made its appearance. The introductory matter relating to Scotch mendicants, King's Bedesmen, Blue Gowns, &c., is full of antiquarian interest. Little Davie's steed —all fire and spirit—in the vignette title-page, engraved by Warren, from a design by Cooper, is truly a gem. The frontispiece, by Phelps, after Stanfield, is from the passage in which Oldbuck removes Saunders from the employment of boat-mending.

THEATRICALS.

DRURY LANE.

The winter season of the two great houses has commenced, and we must therefore conclude the summer to be fairly at an end. Drury has opened, free, as it appears, from difficulties, and full of promises. We hope they may be realized—we hope, also, that the public will consider fair and legitimate productions to be a *sine qua non* in their terms of patronage. If they *will* rush to see cataracts, and volcanoes, dragons, and desperadoes, "Gorgons, and monsters, and chimeras dire," we trust, at least, that they will have discretion enough to abstain from the ludicrously lachrymose complaints that have been so loudly uttered of late over the decline of the drama:—as if this declension were attributable to any thing but to their own mistaken encouragement of vitiating and contemptible productions. We do not blame the producers and adapters of those lamentable vehicles for the display of tinselled trains and enlightened combats, any more than we should blame the candle that attracts the silly moth into its flame. The fly, in fact, should not go there;—nor should that mighty moth, the town, flutter about such follies as—but we are growing angry in earnest, and will, therefore, spare our advice. The world, as some one has remarked, is older and wiser than any one person in it, and will, no doubt, patronise what it pleases. Besides, we must not moralize at the commencement of a season; we will rather hope for many and merry days for the drama—for pleasant pieces and prosperous treasuries.

This house opened with *Hamlet*. We cannot speak very favourably of its performance. The novelty of the tragedy was the appearance of a new *Ophelia*, in the person of a daughter of Mrs. Faucit—a young lady of promising talents, but without possessing any striking or peculiar requisites for the art. Mr. Young (we speak it in sorrow) was, on this evening, singularly eccentric and negligent: we could ill endure to hear the hallowed harmonies of Shakspeare slurred over, and rendered "like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;" and that, too, by one who has so often shewn how deeply he can feel and comprehend them. Still less could we sit calmly to hear the ribaldries of Mr. Browne and Mr. Harley in *Polonius* and the *Grave-digger*;—the former, in particular, was utterly unfitted for the exquisite mixture of character entrusted to him.

Mr. Sinclair has made his re-appearance here,

and was warmly welcomed. He has performed, or rather sung, in *Henry Bertram*, with all his former sweetness, and reconciled us, as far as we can be reconciled, to the loss of Braham. Liston's *Dominie* might have afforded amusement to Sir Walter himself.

Mr. Incledon, the son of our lost favourite of that name, has made a successful impression in the part of Young Meadows: we shall attend to him hereafter.

The most formidable feature of the season hitherto is the production of a new tragedy—*Epicharis*—from the pen of Mr. Lister, a gentleman well-known to the novel-reading world, and likely to become no less popular in the dramatic. As its title denotes, the scene is laid in the time of Nero, and represents the conspiracies of the tribunes against that despicable tyrant. We cannot but concur in the sentiment of Dr. Johnson (already applied to this piece) respecting green fields—when you have seen one conspiracy, you have seen every conspiracy. We shall readily be spared, therefore, the weariness and vexation of spirit attendant upon tracing out this plot, which is not, nevertheless, unskilfully conducted. The language of this tragedy, if it do not often rise above the level and beaten tone of poetic diction, seldom sinks into absolute prose; if it contain few beauties of the higher order, it contains also few inaccuracies. Many of the scenes are infected with that worst of all faults to an indifferent auditor—heaviness. The dying scenes also are much too long—few things are more tedious than protracted exhibitions of this kind. Mr. Young, although "more an ancient Roman" than a lover, gave a strong and noble energy to the character of *Flavius*, that contributed greatly to the success of the tragedy. In a scene between *Flavius* and *Epicharis*, in the first act, he played with exquisite skill; and was here, and in a few other parts, ably supported by Miss Philips. We hope the admirers of this lady have not mistaken youthful grace and personal attractions, for supreme tragic talent and intellectual energy. We fear that Nature never meant her for such heroines as *Epicharis*; and that while she gave to her those pleasing features that interest us so much, she denied them the mingled and majestic expression without which Melpomene is but a draperied statue—a lovely, but lifeless automaton. We do not deny the merits of Miss Philips; we were among the first to hail and admire them; but we must be pardoned for thinking her quite disqualified for the cast of characters which ambition on her own part, or the flattering admiration of her friends, has induced her to assume. We should think that the light and graceful parts in tragedy, and the graver and more impassioned ones in comedy, would find in Miss P. an elegant and adequate representative. All beyond that would but remind us of the gentle dove emulating the flight of the falcon.

The other parts were indifferently sustained, with the exception of that assigned to Mr. Wallack. The tragedy could not, however, with any kind of acting, become very popular; although, as a first production, it is creditable to the judgment and talents of the author.

COVENT GARDEN.

The interest which the re-opening of this splendid theatre excited was considerably increased by a circumstance with which that desirable object was attended—no less indeed than the appearance of a new member of the Kemble family; an event calculated at any time to create a powerful interest among the admirers of an art, whose dignity and prosperity are so deeply associated with that name; but particularly so at a moment when, not its prosperity merely, but the theatre itself, was at stake; and when Mr. Kemble stood, like the Atlas of his art, surrounded by difficulties, and almost trembling at the ruggedness of the path before him. At such a moment, the appearance of Miss Fanny Kemble upon a stage which has so frequently witnessed triumphs which she alone appears to us destined to rival, is indeed an event that even justifies the enthusiasm with which it has been so universally greeted. We cannot deny ourselves the pleasure, previous to entering on a notice of the performance, of congratulating Mr. Charles Kemble upon the sudden and, we believe, to most persons—the unexpected gleam which has fallen upon the dark and evil days of an establishment, with which he is so intimately connected. Nor do we limit our congratulations to a selfish view of individual pride and prosperity, howsoever gratifying: we would particularly offer to him the expression of our hopes that the talents of his daughter may restore the faded and almost forfeited honours of the drama, and rekindle the ancient light that burned so long and so brilliantly upon the altar of Shakspeare.

Our opinion of the new *Juliet* can merely be an echo of the praises and admiration that have been lavished upon her extraordinary performance, from every quarter of the dramatic empire. Her countenance not only exhibits an expression of youthful and enthusiastic feeling, with something of an Italian loveliness, that exquisitely suits the graceful softness and passionate sensibility of the fond creation of the poet—the gentle, the tender, the playful, and devoted *Juliet*; but it bears also the sign and token of an intellect capable of fathoming the depths of poetic fiction, and of bringing from the far

world of imagination a light to illumine humanity.

Miss Kemble is said to bear a strong resemblance to her mother: we think that there is at least an equal mixture of the Kemble expression. It is admitted by all that her features are calculated to delineate the deep and fearful, as well as the gentle and pathetic feelings of our nature; that her tones are rich, varied, and powerful; and that her figure, if it do not promise the commanding beauty of a Siddons—a thing which Milton might have seen and worshipped in the very fury of his imagination—it is, nevertheless, a shape fitted to embody the divinities of the poets' world—the *Juliets* and *Belvideras*—the beings, half reality and half fiction, that have made our books such blessings to us. She is thus in every respect eminently qualified for her art; but, in addition to this, she has had the advantage of an example and education that have refined and expanded the liberal powers with which nature has enriched her.

Criticism is a very tasteless affair, when, as in the case before us, it is all eulogy. In her performance we saw nothing that we could condemn—scarcely any thing that could be heightened or improved. If scenes must be particularized, the garden-scene, that in which she takes the draught, and the final one, may be mentioned; but the more trifling parts are as carefully and delicately acted as those which too often receive exclusive study and attention. We must see her performance once more—if possible, with the eyes of a critic; but until then a record of the delight with which we witnessed it must be received in place of the "harsh and crabbed" criticism.

If we had space, we could devote a page to Mr. Kemble's *Mercutio*; it is a piece of acting, as rich and mellow as the dialogue itself. We were particularly struck by the exquisite mixture of pathos and pleasantry which distinguished the dying scene—which we have hitherto seen acted as though the wound were a piece of wit, and *Mercutio* preaching a jest. Mr. Kemble acted with true feeling, yet preserved the playfulness of the gallant spirit to the last. Mr. Warde's *Friar* was also a very beautiful performance.

A new comedy (*The First of May*) from the pen of Miss Isabel Hill, shall, if possible, be noticed next month.

In closing our notice of this theatre, we are anxious to express our sense of the liberality of Miss Kelly, in giving her service to the house gratuitously: we trust that this example will be imitated—Mr. T. P. Cooke, Mr. Kean, and others, have already announced similar intentions. The former will, we believe, appear shortly in a very excellent nautical drama—*Black-eyed Susan*—which is now preparing for him.

ADELPHI.

This house has commenced its campaign. Its company appears to have been strengthened in some points, while it has severely suffered in others—particularly by the secession of Mr. Cooke, who was the great naval pillar, the Nelson of the house. A lively little affair, by Mr. Hood, the prince of all the punsters, has appeared; and its whim, though not sufficiently dramatic, has already sent home numerous audiences "*laughing* to their beds."

FINE ARTS' EXHIBITIONS, &c.

National Portraits.—We have before us the first five numbers of a new and spiritedly executed work, entitled, "Native Portrait Gallery of Illustrious and Eminent Personages of the XIXth Century, engraved on steel; with memoirs by the Rev. Henry Stebbing, M. A., &c." The portraits contained in these numbers are as follow:—I. The Duke of Wellington, by Sir T. Lawrence, and Woolnoth; Lord Byron, by R. Westall, and H. Robinson; the Marquess of Camden, by Hoppner, and Adcock;—II. Earl Amherst, by Sir T. Lawrence, and Freeman; the late Princess Charlotte, by Sir T. Lawrence, and Fry; the late Dr. Wollaston, by Jackson, and Thomson;—III. Lord Grenville, by Jackson, and Dean; the Marchioness of Stafford, by Phillips, and Freeman; the late Earl St. Vincent, by Keenan, and Cochran;—IV. Earl Fitzwilliam, by Owen, and Hicks; the late Sir Joseph Banks, by Phillips, and Hall; the late Marquess of Hastings, by Shee, and Parker;—V. The Marquess Wellesley, by Sir T. Lawrence, and Adcock; the late Sir Humphry Davy, by Lonsdale, and Thomson; and Major-General Sir Henry Torrens, by Sir T. Lawrence, and Dean. That these engravings should be all equal in degrees of merit, was not reasonably to be expected; but, to express ourselves in general terms, for at present we have not room to particularise, all of them are highly respectable, and several are excellent. Perhaps the accompanying memoirs may be less ample, less the result of curious and industrious research, less terse and polished in their diction, than those of that elegant and impartial biographer, Mr. Lodge; yet, even in its infancy, the work is forming a handsome and indispensable companion to Lodge's truly national publication, The Portraits of Illustrious Personages.—From the extraordinary success already attendant on the new work, the proprietors will, no doubt, be enabled to increase the terms of remuneration to their artists; and thus, even at the existing unprecedently economical charge to subscribers, to produce a series of portraits unsurpassed in excellence and beauty.

Melanges of the Month.

Varieties in High Life, &c.

The Marquess of Conyngham has been appointed to the offices of governor, captain, and constable of Windsor Castle, in the room of the late Lord Harrington; and Lord Combermere has succeeded Lord Harrington in the colonelcy of the Life Guards.

Mr. Pickersgill, the Academician, has returned from an autumnal tour, undertaken, chiefly with professional views, through Holland and the Netherlands. We wish that his friends could prevail upon him, as an artist, to favour the public with his observations on the present state of the Fine Arts in those countries.

The Duke of Northumberland has accepted the office of President of the Natural History Society of Northumberland, Durham, and Newcastle, of which Lord Ravensworth and M. Bell, Esq., M.P., have become Vice Presidents.

His Majesty's giraffe died, at the Sand Pit Gate, Windsor Park, on the 11th of October. The skin is to be stuffed and preserved.

Report speaks of an intended marriage between the Hon. Mr. Irby, eldest son of Lord Boston, and Miss Northey, eldest daughter of Major Northey, and niece to Lady Stronge.

The regimentals worn by George the Third, as a captain in the Royal Horse Guards, are now in the possession of Lieut.-Col. Hill, of that regiment, to whom they were presented by his present Majesty.

The Duke of Athol is erecting a new mansion at Dunkeld, in the immediate vicinity of the old building.

It is again rumoured that a marriage is on the *tapis* between Lord Ashley, and Lady Emily Cowper. Lord Fitzharris, the eldest son of the Earl of Malmsbury, is returned from a two years' tour on the continent.

The Cartoons of Raphael are to be removed from Hampton Court, to the King's private chapel in the new palace.

A French paper states that the Archduchess Maria Louisa and the Prince of Saxe Cobourg are about to visit Switzerland together, preparatory to their marriage!

The Duke of Buccleugh is about to erect a splendid family mansion in Privy Gardens, on the site of that formerly occupied by the Duke of Montague.

By the death of his elder brother, Count St. Antonio succeeds to a principality.

A marriage is in contemplation between the Hon. Philip Abbot, third son of the late Lord Colchester, and the Hon. Miss Talbot.

The Royal Family of Austria.

The Emperor of Austria rises regularly every morning at seven o'clock, and devotes the rest of the morning until one o'clock, to audiences and state affairs. At one o'clock he takes a walk, sometimes with the Empress, but more frequently with his grand chamberlain, or one of his aides-de-camp. He dines at four o'clock, and this repast consists of five dishes and a dessert. He drinks nothing but water with his dinner, and takes a small glass of Tokay with his dessert. After dinner he takes a walk in what is called Paradise Gardens, where a great number of pigeons are bred; and, at six o'clock takes coffee in the pavilion of the new Imperial Garden. The Empress prepares the coffee herself. She usually dresses in the most simple style, and acts towards her husband like a good housewife. The Emperor employs the rest of the evening until supper-time, in playing trios on the flute, with one of his aides-de-camp, and one of the nobles of the court. All the members of the royal family have learned some business. The Prince Imperial is an excellent weaver; and the Archdukes are all good carpenters and cabinet-makers. The greatest attention is paid to their morals.

A Love-letter of Buonaparte's.

The following is the translation of a letter, dated Albenga, 16th Germinal (6th of April) 1796, written by Buonaparte, to a favourite fair in Paris:—

"It is an hour after midnight: a letter has just been brought to me; the contents are afflicting; my soul is affected by them—they announce the death of Chauvet. He was chief commissary-general of the army; you have seen him with Barras. Sometimes, my dear friend, I feel the necessity of consoling myself by writing to you, the thoughts of whom have so powerful an influence on the moral state of my ideas—to whom I can pour out my troubles. What is the future? What is the past? What are we? What magical fluid surrounds us, and hides from us the things which it behoves us to know? We are born, we live, we die, amidst wonders. Is it astonishing that priests, astrologers, and quacks, have profited by this singular circumstance, to take the direction of our opinions, and to direct them in conformity to their own passions? Chauvet is dead. He was attached to me: he had rendered essential services to his country. His last words were, that he was setting off to join me. Yes; I see his shade; it wanders about me; it sighs in the air. His soul is in the clouds; it will be propitious to my destiny. But, fool that I am! I weep over friendship; and who can tell me that I may not have already to shed inconsolable tears? Soul of my existence, write to me by every courier; I cannot otherwise live. I am very much occupied here. Beaulieu is moving his army: we are in each other's presence. I am a little fatigued; for I am every night on horseback. Adieu! adieu! adieu! I am going to devote myself to thee in sleep. Sleep consoles me; it places me by your side; I lock you in my arms. But, on awaking, alas! I find myself three hundred leagues from you? Say every thing from me to Barras, Tallien, and his wife."

Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

M. Le Coat de Kerveguen, a French naval captain, commanding at Toulon, has invented a telegraph which can express 29,241 words, or



phrases, and answers equally by night and by day.

Sir John Sinclair has ascertained, by a series of experiments, that permanent and beautiful colours, in silk, cotton, and woollen goods, may be produced from the flower of the potatoe.

A new Omnibus, from Paris to Orleans, contains places for *sixty* persons. The places bear four different prices, the highest being 5 sous per league, the others being 4, 3, and 2 sous.

The Jewish nation, dispersed in almost every part of the globe, without forming any where an independent people, amounted in number, in 1825, to about 3,165,800 individuals, not comprising 15,000 Samaritans, and 500 Ishmaelites, which would make a total of 3,181,300 persons. The total number of Jews in Europe is stated at 1,916,173, making the 110th part of the whole population of Europe, estimated at 212 millions in the year 1825.

There is living at Pitna, in Sweden, a young man, nineteen years of age, who is nine feet five inches in height. At the age of eight years he was eight feet four inches in height.

Canova's group of the Graces has been purchased by Dr. Clarke, of Philadelphia, who has made a present of it to the Academy of Fine Arts of that city.

Schiller's play of "The Robbers," which used to send the youth of Germany into the forest as banditti, is about to be acted at the Port St. Martin.

There is said to be a physician residing at Clifton, who wears a wedding ring of his mother's, on which is engraved,—"Married when 18—died aged 47—was the mother of 36 children."

Two brothers, named Benvitt, of Amsterdam, have invented a machine for copying music, which takes off fifty copies an hour, of any piece, howsoever long.

Works in the Press, &c.

Mr. Britton's fourth number of Picturesque Antiquities of the English Cities will be ready in a few days, and will contain ten engravings, by J. Le Keux, Varral, Redaway, Taylor, and Woolnoth, of Street Views in Salisbury, Winchester, Coventry, Norwich, &c. Also Accounts of the Antiquities of Rochester, Winchester, and Salisbury.

The History and Antiquities of Bristol Cathedral, a part of the same author's "Cathedral Antiquities," will be ready at Christmas, and will be published complete, in one volume, with eleven engravings and awood-cut Mr. Britton proposes to print a list of his local subscribers. The History of Hereford Cathedral will follow that of Bristol, and the author has prepared his series of Drawings and collected a large mass of historical materials.

A volume of Sermons, by the Bishop of London.

A second volume of the Topography, Edifices, and Ornaments of Pompeii, by Sir William Gell.

The Life of Romney, the Painter, will be ready in the spring.

Part II. of the Imperial School Grammar, with the New System of Parsing.

The Fourth and Last Part of the History and Antiquities of Luton Chapel.

The Second Series of the Romance of History.

The Athenaid, or Modern Grecians, a Poem; with Notes, characteristic of Manners and Customs of the Greeks, by Henry J. Bradfield.

Life on Board a Man-of-War, a Narrative of the Adventures of a British Sailor.

Travels in Mexico, in 1826, 7, and 8, by Lieut. R. W. H. Hardy, R. N.

Dr. Calamy's Historical Account of his own Life; with Reflections on the Times in which he lived (from 1671 to 1731).

The Memoirs of the Court of Louis XVIII., by a lady.

Stories of a Bride, by the author of The Mummy.

The Life of Major-General Sir Thomas Munroe, Bart., and K. C. B., late Governor of Madras.

The Correspondence and Diary of Ralph Thoresby, by the author of the History of Leeds.

Tales of My Time, by the author of Blue Stocking Hall.

Exemplars of Tudor Architecture, by J. F. Hunt, Esq.

Mrs. Ramsbottom's Letters, with Notes and Etchings by Cruikshank, reprinted from the John Bull newspaper.

The Travels of M. Caillé to Timbuctoo.

The Art of Dancing, by Mr. C. Blasis, of the King's Theatre.

An Historical Account of Discoveries and Travels in North America, &c. including the shore of the Polar Sea, with Observations on Emigration, by Hugh Murray, Esq.

Mr. Curtis's sixth volume of British Entomology.

Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry, with Etchings, by W. H. Brooke.

A second series of M'Gregor's True Stories from the History of Ireland.

Oliver Cromwell, a Poem; and a Glance at London, Brussels, and Paris, by the same author.

Tales of a Briefless Barrister.

Travels in South Africa, by Cowper Rose, Royal Engineers.

Recollections of Travels in the East, by J. Carne, Esq.

The Life of a Midshipman.

Tales of Waterloo.

Flowers of the Desert, by W. D. Walke; and, by the same author, The Child of Thought, and other Poems.

Intended for general readers, A Manual of the Economy of the Human Body, in Health and Disease; comprehending a concise view of the Structure of the Human Frame, its most prevalent Diseases, and ample Directions for the regulation of Diet; Regimen and Treatment of Children and the Aged, &c.

The Edinburgh Journal of Natural and Geographical Science.

BIRTHS.—MARRIAGES.—DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

Of Sons.—Lady Frances Bankes.—The lady of Lieut.-Col. Wilson.—The lady of Lieut. Col. W. Swinton.—The Comtesse Guidsboni Visconti.—Lady Jane Peel.—The lady of Sir James Urmston.—The lady of Lieut.-Col. Sir W. Herries, K.C.H.—The lady of Captain Lempriere.—The lady of W. N. Nicholson, Esq.—The Hon. Mrs. W. Rodney.—The lady of R. J. Squire.—The lady of J. N. Hawker.—The lady of H. White, Esq., M.P.—The lady of the Hon. R. Forbes.—The lady of W. Lawrence, Esq.

Of Daughters.—The lady of W. Ryves, Esq.—The lady of Col. Mahon.—The lady of Major R. C. Pollock.—Mrs. Wyndham.—The lady of Capt. H. Stuart.—Lady Elizabeth Belgrave.—The lady of Captain G. Baker (twins).

MARRIAGES.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, Lieut.-Col. the Hon. Seymour Bathurst, third son of Earl Bathurst, to Julia, only daughter of Mrs. Hankey, of Grosvenor-square.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, J. Cockerell, Esq., to Joanna Mary, eldest daughter of Brig.-Gen. Catlin Craufurd.

At Birkhill, Fifeshire, R. M. Isacke, Esq., of the Hon. East India Company's service, to Matilda Scrymgeour, daughter of Henry S. Wedderburn, Esq., of Wedderburn.

At Florence, Lieut.-Col, E. Byam, to Elizabeth Augusta, daughter of the late Sir Grenville Temple, Bart.

At Burnley, Lancashire, T. H. Ingham, Esq., great-grandson, maternally, of Theophilus, eighth Earl of Huntingdon, to Mary, only daughter of the late Mr. J. Thomson.

At Paris, A. D. Gordon, Esq., of the Bengal military service, to Harriet Elizabeth, only child of the late R. Gordon, Esq., formerly Governor of Berbice.

At Watford, the Rev. N. Wodehouse, B.A., Vicar of Worle and Dalverton, to Georgiana, third daughter of the Hon. and Rev. William Capel, Vicar of Watford.

At Trinity Church, Marylebone, Captain R. Fletcher, Grenadier Guards, to Miss Judith Baillie.

At Barbados, the Rev. Charles Layton, to Mary Christian, only daughter of the Hon. George Maynard.

A. Gwynn, Esq., of Baron's Hall, Fakenham, Norfolk, to Mary Maria, fourth daughter of J. Acton, Esq., late of Ipswich.

H. M. Greaves, Esq., Elmsall Lodge, Yorkshire, to Mary Catharine Anne, only child of the Rev. W. Bagshaw, of Banner Cross.

At Windmill Hill, Howard Elphinstone, Esq., only son of Sir H. Elphinstone, Bart., C.B., to Elizabeth Julia, youngest daughter of E. T. Curteis, Esq., M.P. for Sussex.

At Paris, Thomas Stapleton, Esq., of the Grove, Richmond, to Henrietta Lavinia, second daughter of the late Richard Fitzgerald, Esq., of Calcutta.

At Milford, T. Le M. Saumarez, Esq., second son of Admiral Sir J. Saumarez, Bart., to Catharine Spencer Beresford, youngest daughter of the late Col. Vassall.

At Frederickton, W. Prior, jun. Esq., to Mary, fifth daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. Rudyerd.

At Stanford, Joseph Banks, only son of T. Wright Esq., of Upton Hall, Nottinghamshire, to Sophia, second daughter of the late Rev. C. S. F. Dashwood, of Stanford Hall.

DEATHS.

At Kilmory, Argyleshire, Jane, widow of Admiral Sir John Orde, Bart.

At Edinburgh, Sir Wm. Arbuthnot, Bart.

At Tonbridge Wells, aged 76, J. C. Crooke, Esq., of Kempshot Park, Hants.

Camilla, relict of Sir Charles Style, Bart., of Waterinbury, Kent.

At Gloucester, aged 60, Lieut.-Gen. Sir Miles Nightingall, K.C.B., M. P. for the borough of Eye.

At Swan Hill, near Oswestry, Gen. Despard, aged 84.

At Chatham, Grace, daughter of Lieut.-Col. Buchanan.

In Dublin, Mr. James Hamilton, author of the system of teaching languages called after his name.

In the Regent's Park, Mary Forbes, wife of Major Daniel Mitchell, of Ashgrove, Aberdeenshire.

At Eltham, Sarah, widow of John Wray, Esq., of Park Place, St. James's.

In Devonshire Place, Bishopsgate, the Hon. Mrs. Edward Gray.

At Bath, Lieut.-Col. Lawless, of the Madras Establishment.

At Leamington, Anne, relict of John Swinfen, Esq., of Swinfen House, Staffordshire.

At Barham Court, the Right Hon. Lady Barham.

At Bath, Laura Louisa, daughter of the late Gen. Chapman, R.A, of Tainfield House, Somerset.

At Capesthorne Hall, the lady of D. Davenport, Esq., M. P. for Cheshire.

At Warwick, aged 85, Elizabeth, widow of Walter Landor, Esq.

At Harwich, J. T. Bull, Esq.

At Cheltenham, Anna, wife of Samuel Compton Cox, Esq.

Isabella, second daughter of the Rev. Sir W. H. Cooper, Bart.

In Ely Place, the Rev. S. Crowther, Vicar of Christ Church, Newgate-street.

At Hewall, the Hon. F. C. Amherst, second son of Earl Amherst.

Isabella, wife of the Hon. Capt. P. F. Cust, M. P.

H. North, Esq., of Horsfield House, Cheam, Surrey.

At Kentish Town, George Dawe, Esq., R.A.

At Charlton, Kent, Sir Ludford Harvey.

At Shabden Park, Surrey, Sir J. Little.

La Belle Assemblée,

OR

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES, No. LX., FOR DECEMBER, 1829.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

A Portrait of The Right Honourable LYDIA, COUNTESS OF CAVAN, engraved by A. SCRIVEN, from a Painting by M. A. SHEE, Esq., R.A.

An entirely new Plate of The Right Honourable LADY ANNE BECKETT, engraved by THOMSON, from a Miniature by MRS. MEE.

A new Engraving of the attractive design of the Fashions for the Month of September.

An elegant whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Home Costume.
An elegant whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Morning Visiting Dress.
An elegant whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Carriage Dress.
An elegant whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Morning Dress.
An elegant whole-length Portrait Figure, in an Evening Dress.

LITERARY CONTENTS.

TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"W. R." may *write* about "FAME," but we fear he will never *acquire* it.

"F. C——Y's" address "*To the Beloved*," may possibly be inserted, by way of encouragement to the writer, at some future opportunity; but of such poetry we are in possession of reams.

We shall soon have the pleasure of finding a niche for "*The Vigil*," a Sonnet, by "AGNES STRICKLAND," Author of "The Seven Ages of Woman," &c.

In tendering our thanks, it can be hardly necessary for us to say, that "*A Visit to Penshurst*," by our excellent friend "P. J.," is very acceptable.

"*Garlands and Grey Hairs*," by "B.," in an early Number.

For two favours from the pen of "CHARLES DOYNE SILLERY," Author of "Vallery, or the Citadel of the Lakes," we beg leave to return our thanks.

We are much pleased with the amiable feeling evinced by the Author of "*Elphine's Rock*:" that little piece shall be inserted at our earliest convenience; but, we are sorry to add, that the other contributions from the same quarter cannot be rendered eligible for the pages of LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE. It is probable that the writer may hear from us, by post, according to the address communicated.

"*The Smile of Kindness*," by "J. B." may be regarded as in prospect.

"*Hopeless Grief*," "*Lines on faded Geranium Leaves*," and "*Lines to some Old and Valued Friends*," are in reserve for the future.

"*Health without Physic*" arrived too late for a review this month; it shall be attended to in our next number.

PRINTED BY SHACKELL AND BAYLIS, JOHNSON'S-COURT, FLEET-STREET.

DECEMBER, 1829.



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[illegible] from a Painting by [illegible]

[illegible] Female [illegible]

Published by Whittaker & Co. [illegible] Belle Assemblée [illegible]

The Proofs by M[illegible] 23 [illegible] Street

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE,

FOR DECEMBER, 1829.

ILLUSTRATIVE MEMOIR OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LYDIA, COUNTESS OF CAVAN.

The Right Honourable Richard Ford William Lambart, seventh Earl of Cavan, Baron of Cavan, Viscount Kilcoursie, and Lord Lambart, in the peerage of Ireland —K.C., a General in the Army, Governor of Calshot Castle, and Colonel of the 45th Regiment of Foot—was united in marriage with his present Countess, the lady whose portrait we have here the honour of introducing as one of the noble ornaments of La Belle Assemblee, on the 11th of August, 1814. Her Ladyship was Lydia, second daughter of William Arnold, of Slatwood, in the Isle of Wight, Esq.

The ancient and long-ennobled family of Lambart, Lambert, or Lamberd—so the name has been variously written—derives its immediate descent from Lambart, Count of Mons and Louvain, who died in the year 1004. Of three sons whom the Count left, the eldest succeeded him in his principality; Baldwin, the second, settled in Flanders, on an estate given to him by his father; and Rodolph, the third, settled in Normandy, on an estate which he enjoyed in right of his mother. From Baldwin descended the Lambertini family, which settled at Bologna, and which has been always considered as one of the most illustrious families in that State. Cardinal Lambertini, named Prospero, was elected Pope on the 27th of August, 1740, at the age of 65. He assumed the designation of Benedict the XIVth.*

* Prospero Lambertini was born at Bologna in the year 1675. "He passed through various offices in his youth, being consistorial advocate for twenty years; and by freely mingling with mankind, he cherished a constitutional vivacity which never forsook him. In 1724, he was created titular Bishop of Theodosia, and in 1728 received the cardinal's hat. In 1731 Clement XII. nominated him Archbishop of Bologna; and on the death of that pontiff in 1740, after a conclave of six months, he was elected Pope. He is said to have hastened their deliberations by telling them it was idle to spend so much time in discussion. 'If you want a saint, chuse Gotti; a politician, Aldrovandi; a pleasant companion, take me.' Benedict XIV. was this, and much more, being a man of deep learning, of elegant taste, of liberal and enlarged sentiments, and of great goodness of heart. He diminished the number of festivals, abolished many idle ceremonies, and displayed so confirmed an aversion to superstitious practices and pious frauds, that he obtained the name of the Protestant Pope. He was also a generous patron of literature: he founded academies at Rome, bestowed benefactions on that of Bologna, and corresponded with and rewarded learned men both at home and abroad. His principal fault was an insuperable aversion to business; his greatest delight being to retire to a small build-

Radulph (Ralph) de Lambart—son of Rodolph, who had established himself in Normandy—accompanied William the Conqueror in his descent upon England, and served at the battle of Hastings, in which Harold lost both crown and life. To him succeeded his son,

Hugh Fitz-Lambart, who, "conjointly with Matilda, his wife, gave lands in Holbech, which belonged to her father, Peter de Rosse, to the monks of Croyland; to whom he also gave three acres of meadow, in Weston, and two bushels of salt out of his salt-works there, to be received on St. Bartholomew's day, for the health of his soul, of his father's and mother's, and of all his predecessors.'" His son,

Sir William de Lambart, was witness to the charter of Sir Robert Kyme, confirming to the church of St. James's de Freston, and to the monks there, all his estate in the village of St. Botolph's. Sir William de Lambart's wife (widow of Roger de Bellamont, Earl of Warwick) was Gundred, daughter of William, Earl Warren and Surrey. Her mother was Gundred, fourth daughter of King William I., by his wife, Maud, only daughter of Baldwin, fifth Earl of Flanders, by Alice his wife, daughter of Robert, King of France, son of Hugh Capet. His son,

Henry de Lambart, was appointed standard-bearer to Henry II.; and, in compensation for his services, by patent dated at Leicester Castle, he had an assignment to him and his wife, of a division of lands in the county of York, appropriated to them, the monks of All Saints, and Sir Peter Saltmarshe. "In 1167, he was sent into Scotland by the said King, to compose and put an end to certain accusations made against him by Sir Alexander Olyford, by single combat between them at Stryvelyn, before the King of Scotland, his nobility, and clergy." He married Alicia, only daughter of Geoffrey de Maundeville, Earl of Essex, with whom he received a large fortune in lands and houses in the north of England. To him and his wife, and their children, Robert de Chesney, Bishop of Lincoln, gave his most solemn benediction, in consideration of certain manors and lands given by them to pious uses within his diocese; and, in confirmation thereof, he affixed his seal to the writing, dated at his castle of Lafford on St. Peter's eve, 1164. The original, with the seal in white wax of a bishop in his pontificals, circumscribed "*Lincolniensis Episcopi* + *Sigill*," was in the possession of the late Charles Lambart, of Painstown, Esq.—Henry de Lambart, of whom we have been speaking, left a son,

John de Lambart, who settled at Skipton, in the county of York. To him, William, Earl of Essex, his uncle, confirmed by charter his mother's fortune in the towns of York, Skipton, and Broughton. His eldest son and successor,

Edmond de Lambart, received the honour of knighthood. He "gave to the monks of Swinshead in Yorkshire all his lands there, for the health of his soul, and those of his successors;"—"and being kinsman to Sir Robert de Rumley, he made him a free gift of six carucates of land in Skipton, to hold of him and his heirs, in the same manner as he, the said Sir Robert, held his lands of the king."

From this period, the Lambart family, increasing its possessions, and intermarrying with several noble stocks, established itself in various parts of the kingdom. We shall, therefore, without pursuing any of its numerous branchings, proceed at once to its lineal representative,

Sir Oliver Lambart, Knt., first Baron of Cavan, so created in 1607. This gentleman was the only son of Walter Lambart, Esq., by his first wife, Rose, daughter of Sir Oliver Wallop, ancestor of the Earl of

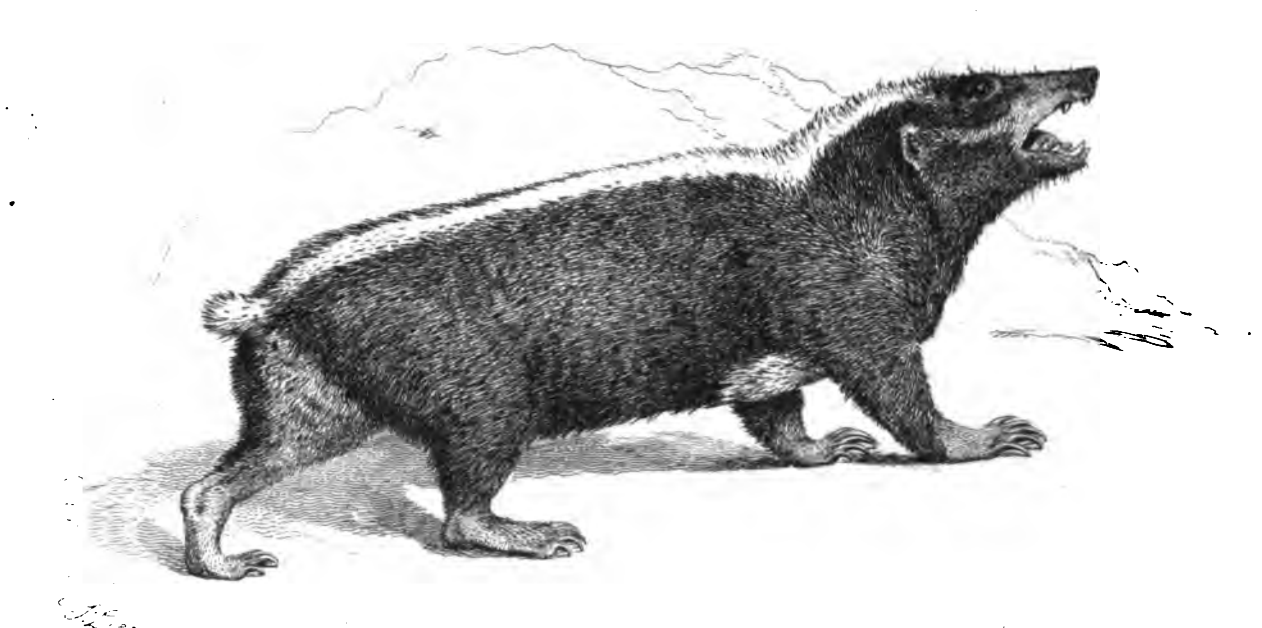
ing in the gardens of Monte Cavallo, with a few intimate friends and select strangers, and jest and converse at his ease. He was indeed both the subject and the utterer of numerous pungent *bons mots*. He governed the church with great mildness, and was very desirous of conciliating the doctrinal differences which divided it. In 1750 he celebrated a jubilee with great splendour, and after a pontificate of the unusual length of eighteen years, died in 1758, aged eighty three. His works were published at Rome, in 12 vols. 4to., by Azevedo. The first eight of these are on the beatification and canonization of saints, in which the subject is exhausted; the ninth and tenth are on the mass and the festivals instituted in honour of Christ and the Virgin; the eleventh, entitled 'Ecclesiastical Institutions,' contains his instructions, mandates, and letters, while bishop and archbishop, which do him great credit; and the twelfth is 'On Diocesan Synods.' They are all in Latin."



RACKET-TAILED PARROT.

P. SETARIUS. Tem

London, Published by Whittaker & Co. Ave Maria Lane [illegible]



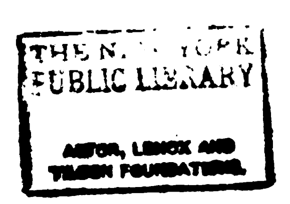
Major C. Hamilton Smith del.

Paris Museum.

THE TELEDU

MYDAUS MELICEPS.

London, Published by G. B. Whittaker Decr. 1834


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Portsmouth.* This gentleman, by a series of brilliant and extraordinary services rendered to his country, laid the foundation of those honours which have been deservedly conferred on him and his descendants. In 1581, we find him in Ireland, where he is described as "a gentleman of good credit, and nephew to Sir Henry Wallop, Knt., Her Majesty's Vice Treasurer." He attended Robert, Earl of Essex, in his first expedition to Spain; and the Earl knighted him in 1596, for his bravery in the storming of Cadiz. He was afterwards a commander in the Netherlands; and when the Earl of Essex first undertook to conduct the war in Ireland, he procured two regiments of old soldiers to be sent from Flanders to that country. In one of those regiments—Sir Charles Percy's—Sir Oliver commanded a company of 150 foot; and, landing before the Earl's arrival, he was enabled greatly to benefit the state of the army. He continued to serve against the rebels; and, in the autumn of 1599, the Earl of Essex, on leaving Ireland, appointed him, provisionally, Master of the Camp. Subsequently, he was made Serjeant Major of the Army. His succeeding services were many, and eminently effective. In 1601, he was made Governor of Connaught, and in the same year he began to build the fort of Galway, of which he was also Governor. King James, on his accession, granted him, by letters patent, in fee simple, £100. sterling a year in crown lands; directed him to be sworn of the privy council; and, on the Earl of Clanrickarde's promotion to the government of Connaught, he "ordered his entertainment of ten shillings by the day to be given to Sir Oliver, to hold by way of pension during pleasure." In 1608, and at different periods, he had additional grants of lands; particularly in 1611, of the manor of Carrick, and 2,000 escheated acres in the county of Cavan, on which he erected a stone mansion and other buildings.

In the parliament of 1613, Sir Oliver Lambart served for the county of Cavan. In the winter of 1614, he was sent to the island of Ila, in North Britain, against some seditious Scots, from whom he took the strong castle of Donavegge and other places. On the 20th of May, 1615, he was made one of the council for the province of Munster; and, having completed all his undertakings with the greatest honour to himself and satisfaction to his royal master, he was advanced to the peerage of Ireland, by patent, at Dublin, February 17, 1617, creating him Lord Lambart, Baron of Cavan, pursuant to privy seal at Westminster, on the 10th of January preceding.

His Lordship married Hester, daughter of Sir William Fleetwood, of Carrington Manor, Bedfordshire, Knt., a descendant from the ancient family of Fleetwood, of Lancashire. He died in 1618, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

Charles, who sat in the English House of Commons for the borough of Bossiney, in Cornwall; was a leading member, and a principal speaker in the Irish House of Lords; and who, in reward for numerous important services performed against the rebels, in Ireland, was promoted to the dignity of Earl of the county of Cavan, and Viscount of Kilcoursie, by privy seal, dated at Newcastle, January 14, 1646. The Earl married Jane, the younger daughter of Richard Robarts, Lord Robarts, of Truro, sister to John, created Earl of Radnor, sometime Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Dying in the year 1600, he was succeeded by the eldest of five sons,

Richard, the second Earl; who married, *first*, Rose, second daughter of Sir James Ware, of Macetown, in the county of Dublin, Knt.; and, *secondly*, Elizabeth, widow of Francis Derenzie, otherwise Keane, of Tinecrosse, in the King's County, Esq. His Lordship died in 1660, and was succeeded by his only son, by his first marriage,

Charles, third Earl of Cavan. His Countess was Castilina, daughter of Henry, and sister of St. Leger Gilbert, of Kilminchy, in the Queen's County, Esqrs. His Lordship died in 1702; and, having previously lost his eldest son, Charles, Lord Lambart, he was succeeded by his second son,

Richard, the fourth Earl, who first sat

* The second wife of Walter Lambart, Esq., was a daughter of Sir George Paulet, brother to William, Marquess of Winchester, ancestor of Harry, Duke of Bolton.

in the English House of Commons in 1703; and, being well versed in the rules and constitution of parliament, he was constantly employed on committees, and was consulted in all affairs of moment. His Lordship married (whilst serving in the army at Barbados) Margaret, daughter of Governor Trant, brother of Sir Peter Trant. Her Ladyship, a woman of high accomplishments and eminent virtues, was niece of the celebrated Sir Richard Steele. Lord Cavan died in 1741. His elder son, Gilbert, Lord Lambart, having died young, he was succeeded by his only surviving son,

Ford, fifth Earl of Cavan. His Lordship died without male issue, in 1772; consequently, the family honours then devolved on his first cousin,

Richard, sixth Earl of Cavan, son of Henry Lambart, third son of Charles, the third Earl. He married, *first*, Sophia, daughter and co-heir of Oliver Lambart, fourth son of Charles, the third Earl, by whom he had no issue; *secondly*, in 1762, Elizabeth, eldest daughter and co-heir of William Davies, Esq., a Commissioner of the Navy, by whom he had a son, his successor;—a daughter, Sophia, born in 1767, deceased;—and another daughter, Elizabeth Jane, born in 1775; married, first, in 1793, to William Henry Ricketts, Esq., R.N. (nephew of John, Earl St. Vincent, and then heir apparent to the Viscounty, but was drowned in 1805); secondly, to the Rev.—— Brickenden. His Lordship was Colonel of the 15th regiment of foot, and a Lieutenant General. Dying on the 2d of November, 1778, he was succeeded by his son,

Richard, seventh and present Earl of Cavan. His Lordship was born on the 10th of September, 1763. On the 20th of December, 1780, his late Majesty was pleased to grant him an annual pension of £300. He first took his seat in parliament on the 16th of February, 1786.

His Lordship married, on the 8th of August, 1782, Honora, youngest daughter and co-heiress of Sir Henry Gould, Knt., one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas, Westminster, by whom he had issue as follows:—

1. Richard Henry Robert Gilbert, born in 1783, died in 1785;—2. Honora Elizabeth Hester, born in 1784; married, *first*, in 1805, Captain Woodgate, who died in 1806; *secondly*, in 1809, Captain G. F. Harvey, of the 18th Regiment of Dragoons;—3. Alicia Margaretta Northmore, born in 1785; married, in 1813, Charles Pauncefort Duncombe, of Brickhill, in the county of Bucks, Esq.; died in 1818;—4. Sophia Amintor, born in 1787, died in 1798;—5. George Frederick Augustus, Viscount Kilcoursie, born in 1789; married, in 1811, Sarah, only daughter of J. P. Coppin, of Cowley, near Oxford, Esq., by whom (who died in 1823) he had five children, two sons and three daughters;—6. Edward Henry Wentworth Villiers, born in 1791, died in 1812.

Lord Kilcoursie died at his house, near Eaglehurst, Hants, in the month of December, 1828; in consequence of which his eldest son, Frederick, is heir apparent to the earldom, on the death of his grandfather.

Honora, the late Countess of Cavan, died on the 1st of October, 1813; and the Earl married, secondly, as already stated, Lydia, the second daughter of the late William Arnold, of Slatwood, in the Isle of Wight, Esq. The offspring of this marriage are three sons and a daughter. Richard, the eldest, was born on the 9th of December, 1815. The second son of the Earl and present Countess of Cavan, is Edward, born on the 2d of March, 1818; their daughter, Lydia, was born on the 4th of March, 1821; and the third son, Oliver, was born on the 26th of August, 1822.

THE ANIMAL KINGDOM*

In our brief occasional notices of this important national work—such it may fairly be considered—in its progress, we have long had the intention of bringing it more fully in view of the public. We now avail ourselves of an opportunity; at the same time presenting the readers of La Belle Assemblee with a specimen of the style in which its beautiful plates are executed.

Our first step shall be to show—and to insure the favour of *our* readers, in particular, the shewing is essential—the manner in which the able conductors of this publication have met certain formidable objections which have, from time to time, been urged against the study of zoology. For this purpose, we extract the following paragraph from the Preface:—

Natural History sometimes involves details which, if needlessly dwelt on, might prove offensive to delicacy; such unnecessary dilatations have been scrupulously avoided in the following pages. Another and a more serious charge has been brought against zoological science, as delivered to us by the savans of Germany and France: it is asserted that it has been made a vehicle for the insidious poison of infidelity. That it has no natural adaptation to such an end, is certain; that it has been perverted to such a purpose, is, we fear, too true. Our author at least, in our minds, stands clearly acquitted of such a charge; but as his views of science have been distorted by others to the prejudice of religion—a distortion which has, perhaps, been facilitated by an occasional want of precision in his style—it has been our particular care, in every individual instance of such perversion, to shew its utter inapplicability to such an end. It is not the heavens alone that "declare the glory of God," nor the firmament only which "sheweth his wondrous works." His omnipotence, his wisdom, and his superintending providence, are equally manifested in the meanest worm that creeps upon the earth, and in the lowest of the radiated tribes that slumber in the coral caves of ocean.

In a brief but well-constructed "Preliminary Sketch of the Rise and Progress of Zoology," it is justly remarked that Cuvier's "*Règne Animal* is the completest and most scientific zoological arrangement that the world has ever seen; that it is the very grammar of the science, and must be profoundly studied by every person who proposes to become a zoologist." So far, however, as the general reader is concerned, Cuvier's work is, from its very nature and object, incomplete and unsatisfactory. Observing this —observing also that we possessed no complete or compendious work on zoology, commensurate with the modern improvements and discoveries in that science; and that while the naturalists of the continent had been zealously and rapidly enlarging the extent, and determining the limits of the various departments of the animal kingdom, we had evinced but little solicitude to participate in their labours, or to emulate their acquirements, it was resolved by the proprietors of the publication now under review, to supply a work of the required description. Consequently—

With this view it was originally intended that the present book should have been presented to the public in an original form; but upon consideration that the system almost altogether, as well as much of the materials, would be derived from the illustrious naturalist [the Baron Cuvier] to whom the science of organized nature is so deeply indebted, it was thought better to translate the whole of his compendium of zoology, the "Règne Animal," and to make such additions to it as might appear requisite to render the present work not merely useful to the naturalist as a book of pure science, but also interesting at large as a general zoological biography, and ornamental as containing original and well-executed illustrations. It was thus proposed to avoid the charge of unacknowledged or repeated plagiarisms on the one side, or of presumptuous temerity on the other.

The propriety of this course will, it is hoped, further appear when it is considered that the "Règne Animal" of Cuvier itself is little else than a scientific, though partial, catalogue or synopsis of the living tribes arranged according to the laws of their conformation. It was meant to serve as an introduction to his still more elaborate work on Comparative Anatomy, and intended chiefly for the use of professional students:

* *The Animal Kingdom, arranged in Conformity with its Organization, by the Baron Cuvier, &c. &c. &c.; with additional Descriptions of all the Species hitherto named, of many not before noticed, and other Original Matter; by Edward Griffith, F.L.S. and others.*

it is consequently deficient in much popular and entertaining matter relative to the instincts, habits, &c. of animals, and contains only a partial selection of the various species sufficient for the purpose of illustrating the different genera. To supply this deficiency, additional descriptions of all the species will be here found proportioned in extent to the interest each may offer. Thus while a complete translation is given of the "Règne Animal" with as much closeness and accuracy as the corresponding idioms of the two languages will permit, much that is interesting and important from the pens of other modern naturalists and travellers, and from original sources, will be found subjoined by way of supplement.

An Introduction of between sixty and seventy pages, leads to the general distribution of the Animal Kingdom into the four grand divisions of Vertebrated Animals, Mollusca, Articulated Animals, and Radiated Animals; thence we proceed to the Vertebrated Animals—to the subdivision of the Vertebrated Animals into four classes—to the first class, the Mammalia—to the division of the Mammalia into orders;—and, of course, to the first order of the Mammalia, the Bimana, or man. With the class Mammalia, the first thirteen parts, or five volumes, of the work are occupied. It is not our purpose, however, to enter at large upon the systematic arrangement of the work; the general nature of that is sufficiently shewn in the extracts which we have made from the Preface; and to run into the details of divisions and subdivisions, branching off almost to infinity, would, without enhancing the gratification of the reader, compel us to exclude matter of a more agreeable and interesting description. With some passing observations, the most that we can hope satisfactorily to accomplish is to bring forward such passages and statements as are best calculated to show how curious and truly valuable a character this publication possesses, independently of its high scientific merit.

Formerly, the overweening vanity of man rendered him infinitely too much disposed to regard himself not only as the lord, but as the despot of creation, the sole object of the attention, care, and love of the Creator. Man—proud man—was alone admitted to be a *reasoning* animal. Continued observation, however, aided by good sense, has led us to a wiser and a better estimation of the properties of inferior creatures. Thus, it is here judiciously remarked—and we make the quotation for the sake of humanity, which is the only true philosophy—that

Although the most perfect of other animals are infinitely below mankind in their intellectual faculties, it is nevertheless certain that they perform intellectual operations similar to ours in kind, though not in degree: they move in consequence of sensations which they have received; they are susceptible of lasting affections: they acquire knowledge by experience; according to which they regulate their conduct independently of the immediate impulses of pain and pleasure, and evidently with a consideration of consequence: they feel their subordination in a domestic state: they know that the being who punishes them may refrain from doing so if he will, and, accordingly, in his presence they assume a suppliant air, when conscious of their own culpability, or at least fearful of his anger: they are improved or corrupted in the society of man: they are capable of jealousy and of emulation: among themselves they possess a natural language, which is nothing indeed but the expression of their momentary sensations; but still they can learn from man some degree of knowledge of his much more complex and artificial language, through the medium of which he makes his commands known to them, and determines their execution.

In short, we perceive in the superior animals a certain degree of reason, with the consequences, both good and bad, resulting from the exercise of that faculty in man. It resembles the dawning of intellect in the infant mind previously to the acquirement of speech. In proportion as we descend in our observations to animals more and more remote from man, we find a corresponding diminution of intellectual power, till in the lowest classes we can only recognize a few equivocal signs of the existence of mere sensibility, or, to speak more definitely, certain languid emotions, which they appear to employ for the purpose of escaping from pain. The gradations, however, between the two extremes of the animal world are innumerable.

From this, the faculty denominated instinct—a faculty which is employed for very different purposes—is kept sufficiently apart and distinct. On this point, too, the remarks offered by the authors of the Animal Kingdom are very sensible and ingenious. One or two sentences we quote:—

We can form no clear notion of the immediate

cause of instinct, other than by admitting that animals subject to it have in their sensorium images or sensations which are innate and perpetual. * * * The individuals are haunted, as it were, by a pepertual dream or vision, and in every thing that has reference to their instinctive peculiarities they may be considered as a kind of somnambulists.

Further :—

Instinct is not ascertained to be characterized by any visible mark in the conformation of the animal; but intellect, as far at least as we can observe, bears a constant proportion to the relative magnitude of the brain, and particularly of its two hemispheres.

After a remark so important as this—a remark, the truth of which, we believe, will be admitted by every enlightened anatomist of the age—it is with some surprise we find that, with reference to the science of phrenology, the writers, when they come to treat of the human brain, offer opinion rather than discussion, assertion rather than proof. They say—

There are then two points which seem more particularly to demand the attention of the physiologist in examining this wonderful organ, which connects the visible with the invisible world—the material with the immaterial creation. 1. Can we demonstrate, in any of the appearances exhibited by the human brain, an adequate material cause to account for that capability and power of education, by which the human mind is so distinguished from that of all other animals; and, 2. Can the differences which distinguish men among themselves, in regard to mental powers, be attributed to any variety of conformation observable in the brain of each individual?

These points are in some measure still *in limine*, and it is not our province to pronounce a judgment upon them; but lest we should be thought to deny our creed by shrinking from the profession of it, we shall not hesitate to express our opinion, that the result of the endeavours to account for this measureless superiority of the human mind over that of all other animals by means of the brain, is a total failure; for although there are certainly some peculiarities in the brain of man, which distinguish it from that of brutes, still nothing material has been discovered, as far as we can reasonably suppose, at all adequate to produce the superiority in question. And, further, that materialism makes no amends for its preposterous absurdity, but plunges us in greater difficulties in accounting for the phenomena of mind. Organism, however, at least when limited to a sort of *modus operandi*, by the Creator, on the immaterial intellect, *may* eventually be shewn to have some general operation and influence in accounting for those differences obvious to all between man and man. This position, however, we conceive to be by no means established, and to be pushed by its supporters far beyond its probable legitimate limits.

Now, certainly, it is not our province, nor are we about to volunteer the office, to pronounce judgment upon the truth or falsehood of phrenology; but in a work, such as the one before us, the subject demands, and is entitled to, ample consideration; and we must be permitted to observe, that no person who has ever truly studied phrenology will say, that the science is at all favourable to the gross and demoralizing doctrine of materialism.

On the estimate of intellect by the course of the facial line, and the consequent number of degrees in the facial angle, our authors are more satisfactory.

But we have hardly yet entered the vestibule.—Respecting the stature of the human species, we find that, amongst individual instances of diminutiveness, authentic accounts go as low as twenty-one inches. Not losing sight of the fable of the man and the lion, our own self-love cannot be otherwise than gratified on finding it laid down "as a general proposition, for the truth of which all history may be made to vouch, that the white races are decidedly superior to the dark in intellectual and moral qualities."

We now leave man to himself, and proceed to the order Quadrumana, which, with reference to the monkey species, in particular, abounds with curious and amusing material. We are told that the black howling monkey, or Caraya—a native term, seeming to signify master of the woods—is found in families from four to ten individuals, every male having three or four females. The chief male of this little state mounts the greatest elevations, apparently to watch over his subordinates, who never move till he has led the way. The group generally wanting the thumb, "live in numerous troops, and mutually succour each other in the moment of danger. When they meet with any one in those sequestered places,

where they have not yet learned to fear man, or fly from him, they approach and pelt the intruder with the branches of trees," &c., and this, it would seem, without anger, and merely for the purpose of disturbing and driving away the obnoxious individual. What follows is remarkable:

When they are hunted, and one of them is wounded, they all fly to the summit of the tree, sending forth the most lamentable cries. The wounded animal puts his fingers to the part, and looks steadily at the flowing of the blood, until through weakness he loses all consciousness and expires. He usually then remains suspended to the tree, if, which is common, his tail should fasten on a branch; for a singular peculiarity of this organ is to contract at its extremity of its own accord as soon as it is extended to its full length.

That pretty little animal, the squirrel monkey, or Titi of the Orinoko, with fur of a golden yellow colour, and exhaling a slight smell of musk, has a physiognomy which "may be called infantine, with the same expression of innocence, the same unruffled smile, the same rapid transition from joy to sadness. If it cannot laugh—the peculiar faculty of man—it can weep; and when its fears are excited, the eyes become suddenly suffused with tears, and it seems to appeal only to the softer passions for impunity and protection. Irritation seems almost a stranger to it. At other times all its movements are rapid, light, airy, and graceful. It has a habit of steadfastly watching the mouth of a person while speaking, and if it be allowed to sit on the shoulder, will frequently touch the lips, teeth, or tongue."

The next order is that of the Carnassiers, or Flesh eaters. Here, extracted from Don Felix D'Azzara's Natural History of Paraguay, are given some curious particulars respecting vampires or blood-sucking bats. Sometimes these animals will bite, or rather suck the crests and beards of fowls while they are asleep. The fowls generally die in consequence of this, as a gangrene is engendered in the wounds. They bite also horses, mules, asses, and horned cattle; nor is man himself secure from their attacks. D'Azzara had the ends of his toes bitten by them four times while he was sleeping in cottages in the open country. The wounds which they inflicted, without his feeling them at the time, were circular, and rather eliptical; their diameter was trifling, and their depth so superficial as scarcely to penetrate the cutis. The wounds were made by suction, and not by puncture; and the blood that is drawn does not come from the veins or arteries, but from the capillary vessels of the skin.

It appears that the mole, properly so called, though one of the commonest animals we possess, was not known to the ancients, who have been wrongfully accused of supposing that it had no eyes. On the other hand, researches of modern times have ascertained that Aristotle was perfectly right in refusing the organ of vision to the mole of his native country, where, in fact, there does exist a little subterraneous animal now termed the rat-mole totally without sight.

It is possible, we find, for bears to become extremely well-behaved animals. Of the Ursus Malayanus, a stuffed specimen of which was presented by Lady Banks to the British Museum, the late Sir T. S. Raffles had one in his possession two years; and that gentleman says—

He was brought up in the nursery with the children, and when admitted to my table, as was frequently the case, gave a proof of his taste, by refusing to eat any fruit but mangosteens, or to drink any wine but champaigne. The only time I knew him to be out of humour, was on an occasion when no champaigne was forthcoming. He was naturally of a playful and affectionate disposition, and it was never found necessary to chain or chastise him. It was usual for this bear, the cat, the dog, and a small blue mountain-bird, or lory of New Holland, to meet together, and eat out of the same dish. His favourite playfellow was the dog, whose teasing and worrying was always borne, and returned with the utmost good humour and playfulness. As he grew up, he became a very powerful animal; and in his rambles in the garden, he would lay hold of the largest plantains, the stems of which he could scarcely embrace, and tear them up by the roots.

It has been remarked that the racoon "has a wonderful antipathy to hogs' bristles, and is much disturbed at the sight of a brush."

Smelling is the predominant sense of the coati, a little animal of which there are several varieties.

An individual of the fawn-coloured variety

was presented to the French menagerie by General Cafarelli. Though very tame, it would never leave its cage, until it had tried to smell out every object around. When its distrust was abated, it would traverse the apartment, examining every corner with its nose, and putting aside with its paws every object that would be an obstacle in the way. At first it would not permit itself to be touched, but turned and threatened to bite when any one put his hand near it. But as soon as it was given something to eat it became perfectly confident, and from that moment received all the caresses which were bestowed upon it and returned them with eagerness, thrusting its long muzzle into one's sleeve, under the waistcoat, and uttering a little soft cry. It took a fancy to a dog, and they both slept in the same cage, but it would not suffer another to approach it. When it scratched itself with its fore-paws, it often made use of both at once; it had a singular custom of rubbing the base of its tail between the palms of its fore-paws, an action that appeared quite inexplicable. In drinking it lapped like dogs, and it was fed with bread and soup. When meat was given to it, it would tear it with its nails, and not with its teeth, to reduce it to small pieces. * * * Before it came to the menagerie it enjoyed complete liberty, and would run through hay-lofts and stables in pursuit of mice and rats, which it caught with great dexterity. It would proceed also into the gardens in search of worms and snails.

Amongst dogs, the greyhound, with a very limited portion of intelligence, is little susceptible of education. Apparently without any exclusive affection, he is singularly alive to caresses; and "his emotions on being noticed are so strong, if we may judge at least by the violent and irregular movements of the heart, that it seems difficult to believe how they can be borne." Something of this, however, we have observed in dogs of other varieties.

In proof that "there is no carnivorous animal that cannot be tamed by proper treatment, and which will not, to a certain degree, become affectionate and familiar to those who attend and feed it, here is an affecting little history of a wolf, which is naturally a most ferocious animal. It is related upon the authority of M. F. Cuvier, a scientific naturalist, and an eye-witness of the facts recorded.

Brought up like a young dog, he became familiar with every person whom he was in the habit of seeing. He would follow his master every where, seemed to suffer much from his absence, was obedient to his voice, evinced, invariably, the most entire submission, and differed, in fact, in nothing, from the tamest of domestic dogs. His master being obliged to travel, made a present of him to the royal menagerie, at Paris. Here, shut up in his compartment, the animal remained for many weeks, without exhibiting the least gaiety, and almost without eating. He gradually, however, recovered; he attached himself to his keepers; and seemed to have forgotten all his past affections, when his master returned, after an absence of eighteen months. At the very first word which he pronounced, the wolf, who did not see him in the crowd, instantly recognised him, and testified his joy by his motions and his cries. Being set at liberty, he overwhelmed his old friend with caresses, just as the most attached dog would have done after a separation of a few days. Unhappily, his master was obliged to quit him a second time, and this absence was again, to the poor wolf, the cause of most profound regret. But time allayed his grief. Three years elapsed, and the wolf was living very comfortably with a young dog which had been given to him as a companion. After this space of time, which would have been sufficient to make any dog, except that of Ulysses, forget his master, the gentleman again returned. It was evening, all was shut up, and the eyes of the animal could be of no use to him; but the voice of his beloved master was not effaced from his memory; the moment he heard it, he knew it; he answered, by cries indicative of the most impatient desire; and when the obstacle which separated them was removed, his cries redoubled: the animal rushed forward, placed his two fore-feet on the shoulders of his friend, licked every part of his face, and threatened with his teeth his very keepers who approached, and to whom an instant before he had been testifying the warmest affection. Such an enjoyment, as was to be expected, was succeeded by the most cruel pain to the poor animal. Separation again was necessary, and from that instant the wolf became sad and immoveable; he refused all sustenance; pined away; his hairs bristled up as is usual with all sick animals; at the end of eight days he was not to be known, and there was every reason to apprehend his death. His health, however, became re-established, he resumed his good condition of body and brilliant coat; his keepers could again approach him, but he would not endure the caresses of any other person; and he answered strangers by nothing but menaces.

The idea, entertained by some naturalists, of the chacal being the original root from which our common dogs have

sprung, is considered by our authors to be sufficiently refuted by the strong and offensive odour which is exhaled from the former. They, also, adduce facts sufficient to warrant us in the belief that the hyæna, both striped and spotted, respecting the untameable ferocity of which so much has been said, has been greatly calumniated; and that, in a domestic state, each of the two species would render to man services of the same kind and degree as dogs.

The modern opinion that the characters of the lion and tiger are perfectly similar, is here shewn to be incorrect. The lion possesses more confidence and more real courage than the tiger; he also differs in his permanent attachment to his mate and protection of his young. The lion, when his appetite is once satiated, ceases to be an enemy. While feeding, he "will exhibit a more disinterested courage than most of the Carnivora. When the prey is thrown to him at one corner of the cage, and the keeper holds up a stick at the bars of the opposite side, the animal will instantly quit his food to attack the disturber of his meal; but if the same thing be done to the tiger, he will lie close upon his food, snort, give shrill barkings, and, at most, just rise to fly at the stick, and then drop upon his meat again." Of the gentleness, gratitude, and affection of lions towards their keepers, innumerable anecdotes are upon record: the following are given upon the authority of Major Smith:—

A keeper of wild beasts, at New York, had provided himself, on the approach of winter, with a fur cap. The novelty of this costume attracted the notice of the lion, which making a sudden grapple, tore the cap off his head, as he passed the cage; but perceiving that the keeper was the person whose head he had thus uncovered, he immediately laid down. The same animal once hearing some noise under its cage, passed its paw through the bar, and actually hauled up the keeper, who was cleaning beneath; but as soon as he perceived he had thus ill used his master, he instantly laid down upon his back, in an attitude of complete submission.

Of the abstracted ferocity of the puma, when engaged with its food, Major Smith witnessed the following extraordinary instance:—

A puma, which had been taken, and was confined, was ordered to be shot, which was done immediately after the animal had received its food: the first ball went through his body, and the only notice he took of it was by a shrill growl, doubling his efforts to devour his food, which he actually continued to swallow, with quantities of his own blood, till he fell.

Yet even the puma is not regarded as untameable.

The varieties of the domestic cat are thus enumerated:—

The Brinded Cat, with black feet and annulated tail; the slate-coloured, or blue-grey, called the Chartreuse Cat; the tortoise-shell or Spanish Cat: the white or slate-coloured, with long fur, called the Persian Cat; and a beautiful long-haired species called the Angora Cat, which is remarkable for sometimes having one eye blue and the other yellow; the Red Cat of Tobolsk, mentioned by Gmelin; the Pendant-eared Cat of China; and the Pensa Cat, described and figured by Pallas in his Travels, which, indeed, seems likely to have been hybridous, though it was prolific. There is also, according to Sir S. Raffles, a variety of the Domestic Cat, peculiar to the Malayan Archipelago, and remarkable for having a twisted or knobbed tail, in which particular it agrees with that of Madagascar.

Towards the close of that portion of the work which treats of the Carnassiers, some sensible remarks are offered, on the immense number and wonderful variety, or rather to the superficial observer, the striking discrepancy of animals comprehended in this order. "How widely separated, for example, the bat and the lion; the mole and the seal; the kanguroo and the hyæna. Were the more obvious attributes of strength, size, and ferocity, to be regarded as the basis of classification, who would hesitate to unite together

'The rugged Russian bear,
The armed rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger!'

in preference to joining either of these animals with the petaurus or the koala." Scientific research, however, proves that it would be extremely difficult, if not altogether impracticable, to adopt a more accurate classification.

Pass we now to the Rodentia, or gnawing animals; amongst which are the beavers, rats, squirrels, hares, rabbits, porcupines, guinea-pigs, &c., most of which must be tolerably familiar to the general reader. The Prairie Dog, a little

animal found in the plains beyond the Missouri, is less known: "it is smaller than the grey fox; it digs holes, and burrows in a light loamy soil, and in the same holes a small speckled snake takes shelter, which, the Indians say, is the dog's guard." The Nepeince nation of Indians have a tradition that the human race sprang from the Prairie dog and the beaver. It is thought to be of the marmot family.

We are told—

On the authority of those who have paid great attention to the subject, that rabbits live in a social state, and take an interest in each other, and even have something like respect for the right of property. In their republic, as in that of Lacedæmon, old age, parental affection, and hereditary rights are respected; the same burrow is said to pass from father to son, and lineally from generation to generation; it is never abandoned by the same family without necessity, but is enlarged as the number of the family increases, by the addition of more galleries or apartments.

The Pika, or Alpine Hare of Tenant, is remarkable for its instinctive foresight, and for its industry in laying up provisions for the winter. The largest known variety of this species is about the size of a guinea-pig.

About the month of August, the pikas cut and collect large parcels of grass, which they spread and dry, and, in effect, convert into hay; this they collect into stacks of about seven feet in height, at a convenient distance from their subterranean retreat; having done this, they excavate a way from their burrow, which opens under the stack, and which they use as a road to their provision, while the snow of a Siberian winter buries almost every thing under one common surface. * * * * Pallas examined minutely one of their collections; they appear to be selected very carefully, to be cut just at the proper period of ripeness, and dried so slowly that they form a fodder both green and succulent; neither thorns, nor hard or ligneous stems, and even very few flowers, were to be found among it, but a few acid or bitterish herbs are mixed, by way of giving relish to the rest; small parcels of large leaves seem to be carefully separated from the rest, though kept with the general stock.

It is lamentable that these poor little creatures should frequently be plundered of their winter store by the hunters, who regard their haystacks as delicate food for their horses.

In the order Edentata—that of toothless animals, partially or altogether so—we find much that is curious respecting the sloths, ant-eaters, &c., particularly of that singular creature, that "assemblage of anomalies," the Great American, Maned, or Bear Ant-eater, with a head formed like a trumpet, and the tail resembling that of a fish.

Passing from the Edentata, which terminate the series of unguiculated animals, we arrive at the order Pachydermata, or hoofed animals which do not ruminate. The first of these is the elephant, the largest of existing quadrupeds, of which there are two distinct species, the African and the Asiatic. These are fully and ably described, and several original anecdotes are given respecting them. The melancholy fate of poor Chunée, long a favourite at Exeter 'Change, who was destroyed there, about three years since, whose skeleton has since been exhibited in the Egyptian Hall, and is now in the Museum of the London College, is recorded at length, and in all its distressing details. It is the opinion in India that elephants "live three centuries, and several now in the service of the East India Company were old when they came into possession of the Europeans, upwards of eighty years ago."

The history of the elephant is very suitably followed by an able discussion on the operation and results of reason, instinct, habit, &c., as exemplified in man and in brutes.

The different varieties of the wild boar, from which, amongst others, our common domestic hog is descended, next fall under notice. The fecundity of these animals is proverbial. The following result of an elaborate calculation by Vauban, will probably be new to many of our readers:—

The product of a single sow in eleven years, which are equivalent to ten generations, will be six million, four hundred and thirty-four thousand, eight hundred and thirty-eight pigs. Taking it, however, in round numbers, and allowing for accident, disease, and the ravages of wolves, four hundred and thirty-four thousand eight hundred and thirty-eight, there will remain six millions of pigs, which is about the number existing in France. "Were we to extend our calculations," says Vauban, "to the

twelfth generation, we should find as great a number to result as all Europe would be capable of supporting; and were they to be continued to the sixteenth, as great a number would result as would be adequate to the abundant peopling of the globe."

The Rhinoceros, the Hippopotamus, the Tapir, the Horse, the Ass, the Couagga, the Zebra, &c., follow in succession; and with them terminate the order Pachydermata, and the third volume of this valuable work.

In the history of the horse we have been much interested. The varieties of this animal are numerous, but it has only two distinct species, both of which, in their natural state, live in numerous troops, and inhabit the open champaign countries. These troops are each conducted by a male chief, continually at their head, in travel or in fight. The chiefs are invested with many privileges. The first species is the Equus Caballus, to which belong all the varieties of the horse employed by man; the second is the Dziggetai, or Equus Hemionus, believed to be the wild mule of the ancients. All the proportions of the latter animal exhibit much elegance and lightness, and its limbs possess the most astonishing suppleness and capacity for speed. It runs literally with the rapidity of lightning, carrying its head erect, and snuffing up the wind. It easily escapes the hunters, for the fleetest courser that ever scoured the desert would in vain attempt to overtake it. Its air is wild and fiery, expressive of its unbounded energy and tameless character." Yet the character of this creature is peaceable and social. Its "troops are generally twenty or thirty in number, sometimes one hundred. Each has its chief, who watches over its safety, conducts its progress, and in danger gives the signal of flight. This signal consists in leaping three times in a circle round the object which inspires fear."

At a future period, we propose to carry our readers forward through the remainder of "The Animal Kingdom."

LOVED AND HATED.

By Miss Jewsbury.

Mysterious in their sudden birth,
And mournful in their close.—Mrs. Hemans.

"You have doubted me."

"I doubt you still."

And these bitter words were spoken by two individuals who loved each other with intensity and entireness!

"Yes, you doubt me," said the maiden, with tears that gave emphasis to her language, whilst the flashing of her large dark eyes gave lustre to her tears; "yes, you doubt my love, because it is not fiery and impetuous like your own, because my nature will not let me *tell* you all I feel."

"Yes, I doubt you," replied her companion, whose plumed cap and proud bearing proclaimed him to be noble, whilst his passionate glance towards herself, proved him a lover; "yes, I doubt you, because when all I ask is words—words that speak affection—you are silent."

"You *know* I love you."

"Will mere knowledge satisfy on any point that interests the feelings? Am I satisfied to know that there is a sun unless I feel his beams? That there are roses, unless I gather them? Smiles, unless I see them? Idolette, give me the words of assurance."

Idolette cast on the speaker a look of grieved fondness: "You speak," said she, "for you are man; I, a woman, can only feel."

"And do not I feel too?" cried the high-born and imperious youth, clasping the maiden's yielded hand within his own; "do not I feel too, my heart's own treasure? Am I not heir to these broad green

fields? Does not my father's banner float over yonder castle, and do I value them all as I value one look, one smile, one word from you? Am I not willing to forego all distinction, brave all displeasure, so that I may live for ever with my own lily in the shade? I have had ten thousand fancies for fame—for show—for wild deeds—vain I have been—proud I am—but has not love for you superseded all?—engrossed all? Does it not govern all? Do I value the world's goods except as giving me more to fling away for you? Do not I worship as well as love? Syren—enchantress; no, no—not syren, not enchantress, my own pure, noble Idolette—say you trust me, say—." The speaker sank his voice, and whispered the conclusion of an address so passionately begun.

"Count Castallio—"

"I am not the Count to you."

Idolette shook her head mournfully, and proceeded: "Count Castallio, I know you love me even as you say, and that now nothing equals the value you set upon the poor but true love I give in return."

"Blessings on you for those words," murmured the youth.

"But I know," continued the maiden, "that the world must scorn your choice, and that were I to suffer what you desire, your kindred would drive you from their presence—nay, be patient, Castallio, my—."

"Say on—say on."

"My dearest friend," continued Idolette, blushing as she pronounced these simple words in a tone of thrilling tenderness.

"Were my father's barony a kingdom it were not worth that look, that tone—say on—say more."

"Oh yes, I know you love me even as you say, but it could not, would not last in obscurity, coupled with mere competence—with all taken away that has made your life a brilliant dream, with all added that must make it a dull, if not sad reality."

"Oh—ay—you think I should miss my hounds and hawks—my lackeys, who love me for their bread and their liveries—my horses, of which I can mount but one at a time—my garments, perchance tricked out with lace, for my tireman's benefit."

"Count Castallio, I hold you more noble; I know that for their own sakes you can despise the mere trappings of your condition; but as symbols of power—as evidences of superiority—as giving access to what otherwise you cannot command—name and fame—a place in the world's eye—a hold on the world's opinion. Oh, how little do you know that heart, if you think that love has quenched its ambition for more than a time!"

"If I unplume and unjewel my cap," said the youth," tearing off, as he spoke, the feather and brooch that were its ornaments, and dashing them to the earth, "if I unplume and unjewel my cap, does it cease thereby to be a covering for my brow?"

"No, dearest, but other caps will not be doffed in reverence whenever it is seen; and the wearer has lost more than the feather and the brooch—he has lost estimation."

"And the small fair dwelling to which I would bear my Idolette—the rose-wreathed nest for my nightingale—could not shelter us from the storm and the sunbeam, because it would lack the dreary magnificence of yonder castle!"

Idolette smiled at her lover's sophistry: "And where," said she, "would be the troops of gay and noble friends that now throng round you? Would that small fair dwelling, that rose-wreathed nest, exhibit stately masques and gorgeous revels? Would the high-born, and the beautiful, the brave and witty, crowd *there?*"

"And would you need them, Idolette?"

"I should have them there," she replied, looking at her lover with bright blushing tenderness. He murmured forth a few words of passionate gratitude, and then both were silent, because language would have profaned the deep and ethereal feelings that occupied the spirit of each.——That evening the banquet waited long in the castle-hall, and the bell in vain tolled out its summons to the absent one.

The next day the chase swept through the forest—a splendid train; but the young leader was far away. The plume and the jewel of his cap were found lying at the foot of a green bank, but their owner came not home to replace them.

He was far away, wedded to his young love of the forest; and, in a while, his brother flew his hawks, cheered on his hounds, filled his place at the board. Castallio was deemed dead, and his name was buried in the grave of men's memories.

There is scarcely so weak and wild a falsehood, as that which represents impassioned love as ever-during. It may, like the lava flowing from Vesuvius, be for a time omnipotent and irrepressible, but the subsiding moment comes; and then, that very flood of fire becomes calm, and cold, and hard. Woe to the love that, whilst overleaping the bounds imposed by nature and circumstance, whilst despising all that is comprehended in the simple word DUTY, predicts its own continuance, and double woe to the heart that believes such preprediction. Sudden destruction, or withering blight, shall be its reward; and in the place of joy, and bloom, and melody, will be "feeding on ashes"—the grief of change, the silence of the grave.

The reader has been privy to a scene of promise and of trust, the consequence of impassioned, and, in point of circumstances, unequal love; let him now imagine the lapse of six years—change the *locale* from a forest glade in Germany to a hut on the borders of Lake Balatore, in Hungary, and he will discover too soon how that promise was fulfilled, and that trust rewarded.

"Sing me a song, mother," said a bright and noble boy, climbing on her knee as he made his request: "the night is dull, and we two are alone, so let me have a song, dear mother."

His mother laid down her work, clasped him to her heart with a sigh, and murmured over him a strain that, as sung by her, was tender, and sadly sweet—

"What dost thou, maid, in the forest glade,
  When the bee to the hive is gone?
And thou, Sir Knight, so bold and so bright,
  When the hunters' chase is done?
Depart, depart, ere each burning heart
  Have wrought ye blame and sorrow,
The Maid to her bower, the Knight to his tower,
  And meet not again to-morrow.
Should the earth-born dove be the eagle's love—"

"Sing without weeping, mother, or I cannot hear the words."—

"Should the earth-born dove be the eagle's love!
  Can it gaze with him on the light?
Should the cedar pine for the fair frail vine?
  To thy home, to thy home, Sir Knight.
If the king bird stoop, he will wail and droop;
  The forest tree shake and quiver;
The proud heart sigh for battle and its cry,
  The fond heart ache on for ever."

"Mother, you shall sing me that song no more."

"Why not, boy, why not?"

"Because it makes you weep, mother; and I would rather feel the wild cat's talons again than see you weep, my own sweet mother."

"And wilt thou feel so ever?"

"If there be truth in man, I will."

"But there is none, child, there is none; there is truth in thee, love, and gentleness and humility, for thy years are few, and they have all been passed in this cottage, with the young fawn for thy playmate, and thy mother's breast for thy pillow, and her songs—*thou* lovest her songs; but there is a world, boy, beyond this valley and its lake."

"My father tells me of it when he carries me to the hill top, where at sunset we can see the shining city that lies far away; and is not that world a glorious place, mother? My father tells me of castles, wherein men feast to the sound of music, and tournaments, where they are crowned for victory by queens; he tells me of battles, and minstrels that sing their praises, and bright armour, and brave horses. Shall I ever see those things, mother?"

"Ay, my child."

"And go a hunting? I saw a hunting train to-day—oh, it was such a brave sight, mother."

"Saw what, boy? How? Where?"

"Dear mother, how startled you look! I saw it this afternoon, when my father took me with him in the boat, up to the top of the lake, just where the wood begins; we never went so high up before."

"What of the hunting, boy?"

"Oh, we first heard bugles, and shouts, and then men on horseback, and beautiful ladies rode along the lake side. I wish you and my father wore such fine clothes, mother; and then there were dogs, and other men on foot, and we heard the sound of the horns, and the

horses' feet, and the sweet laughter long after they passed us. I clapped my hands and shouted, for the sight was very beautiful,—as beautiful as sunset."

"But thy father, child, what said he?"

"He said nothing, mother; he only sighed, and looked very sad: and when one of the hunters stopped and called him by his name, he started till the boat rocked like the cradle I used to sleep in. Dear mother, why do you look so pale?"

"Unsuspecting lamb! But what next? Tell me all you know, Alphonse: tell me the truth!"

"What truth, mother? My father only rowed me down the lake, and when he put me on the bank, bade me get home, and then he rowed back. I suppose he wanted to see the hunter again. But, dear mother, do tell me, when shall I see all the things that are in the world, such a great way off? My father only frowns when I ask him, and I want to know when?"

"When I am dead, my boy."

"Then I will never see them—never."

"When I am dead, my child, your father will go back to the world he has left; he will wear a plumed cap, and be followed by vassals, and thou wilt be followed, too, love; but I shall not see it, for I shall be dead."

"Give over, mother, give over, for I will, bide here also; and when you die, I will die too; my father seldom smiles on me now, and he looks terrible when he talks to me of the world he once lived in. Put me to rest, mother, for I am weary; and sing me to sleep, that I may not hear the wind amongst the fir trees. Something makes me afraid, but I do not know what it is. Good night, mother! now sing to me."

Again the mother complied with her boy's request.

I list for a footstep,
And hear but the breeze;
I look through the lattice,
And see but the trees;

I watch for his coming
Till night dims the day,
Then dream he is with me,
And find him away!

His voice hath no music,
And cold is his eye,
His smile hath no brightness,
No softness his sigh:

The vows he once gave me
He gives me no more;
Love's bright day hath ended!
Love's sweet song is o'er!

Idolette (for she it was) closed her ballad with a deep sigh; but her boy slept, and it disturbed him not. Once again she bent down to kiss her blooming treasure, the being whose heart was all her own, unstained and unsophisticated by the world's pride. "He sleeps," thought she. "Oh that I might sleep with him the sleep that knows no waking; his father will make him great. Alas! that pageant—that hunter!"

Idolette's thoughts became a confused reverie, or rather a tissue of feelings, in which regret for the past, blended with fears for the future, fears for her own fate. There was reason for those fears.

As the child simply but correctly supposed, Castallio went back to the hunter, whose unexpected recognition had so startled him, and who, in connection with the passing pageant, aroused a train of bitter thoughts and longing recollections. Six years before, Castallio had contemned the world for love, but Castallio was now changed, and he contemned love for the world. Obscurity, monotony, the hind's life, the hind's fare, had worked the change predicted by Idolette. He had long wearied of her—even of her love and gentleness; now he went further: the hunter's discourse made him feel her a clog, a barrier between himself and his rekindled wishes—a thing to desire to be rid of.

"Who would have thought of my finding my young lord? I must call you so, though I now serve another master, fishing not for pleasure but subsistence! Dressed in russet, too—and was that fair child your's, my lord?"

Castallio nodded an impatient assent.

"Alack! what a noble heir is lost, and to such a barony too!"

"My brother will supply my loss," replied Castallio, haughtily.

"But how? Good my lord, your brother, with all his titles and honours, the prince's favour, and his own pride to boot, will never supply your place—the Lady Isidora will never think so."

Castallio started, and even coloured.

"Why name you the Lady Isidora?"

"Because, if you slighted her love once—slighted it, too, for — I beg pardon, my lord, I am too bold. May I inquire after the fair mother of yonder boy?"

"Inquire nothing—desire to know nothing. What of her you first named? Is she yet fair? yet well and happy? Come, tell me about old friends, Conrad. But what! they must all have forgotten me by this time. And is it even so that Isidora is yet unwedded?"

"She is wedded to your memory, my lord."

"Pshaw — playmates—nothing more; nor would she know me in this hind's garb. Alack, good Conrad, I am all unfit for playing the silken gallant at a courtly masque now. I am *married*, man," continued he in a muttered voice, "fettered."

"You may be free yet," said the hunter, significantly; "and, marry, what rejoicing there would be in the old castle were you back! Your father gets old, my lord; your brother is at court; how the grey-haired baron would dote on your lovely boy; but one boon, my —"

"I bade you tell me of my old friends, Conrad."

"Isidora is very fair, my lord—far fairer than when you saw her last; she hath many wooers; even your brother has knelt to her, and she told him the truth, that she loved you. I know it, for he came back in dire wrath, and had not wit to be silent. But I must hence, my lord, the baying of the hounds has long died away; I shall have to ride for it. The boon I have to ask is this—when you return to your rights, make my peace with your father; or to speak more becomingly, I pray you make his with me—I am weary of my new abode."

"Why left you the old, then?"

"Just to avoid having my bones broken, for laughing over loud at your brother's wrath, when he found a fair lady prefer you to himself. Adieu, my lord! The saints guard you, till I may come and do homage in the great hall. Adieu, my lord! Isidora is very fair."

The bold, wily, free-spoken, and reckless hunter touched his cap, and galloped off. But his words remained behind, working like madness in the brain of Castallio, urging on the demon that had long been busy hunting out the previous life of his spirit, even its love for her who had fled with him from the forest.—Mindless of the bewitching scenery that lay around him, steeped in the serenity of sunset, and burning with such splendid hues, that here and there the tall stems of the pine trees looked like pillars of gold, he rowed once more down the lake, in a mood dark as its depths when ploughed by a storm.

"Why," thought he, "why did I decoy thee, poor bird, from thy native haunts? Why did I not leave thee, Idolette, to find some fitting mate—one who would never have wearied of thy sweet looks, and simple love! Ah! why am I weary of them! Sweetness, simplicity—a curse on them; they were thy *arts*. It was I who was decoyed—mad fool! and here have I dragged on the hind's life six whole, long years, years in which I might gained—Powers of fate! I might have been what my brother is—and more. Ah, faithful Isidora! how was it I ever turned from thy love, and those deep blue eyes, those living sapphires? My wife loves me—humph—and what tempts *her* to do otherwise? But does she love me? Who has given most proof of love? she who gave up nothing, or I who sacrificed—Madness!—madness! Then, my boy—I must rob him too—doom him to poverty and meanness! I ought to make him amends—but how? Down, whispering demon, down!—What, again?—well, what sayst? *She* cannot share my noble fortune, I cannot take *her* with me to my father's feet, and he may yet live long—and even then—why *then*, I might wed Isidora, or some paragon of high-born beauty—the star of a court, but for *her!* Down, whispering villain!—and yet 'tis cunning counsel. I love her not—she is most meet for heaven and death—Be still, conscience, I tell thee—and then I am once more noble—a man for men to honour at council and revel—my boy, too, he is noble."—"What, ho! Idolette, come forth, here!"

Castallio had not before spoken—these words he uttered as on reaching the end of the lake where his dwelling stood, he sprang from the boat, and knocked fiercely at the door—"What, ho! Idolette, come forth, I say!"

Idolette tremblingly obeyed the summons; she knew the voice, and its harsh tone was now, alas! but too familiar to her ear. She trembled yet more when, opening the cottage door, she looked on her husband's face, and beheld the wild workings of its features.

"What would my lord?" she inquired, in a faint voice. Unwittingly, her mode of address increased her husband's frensy, by falling in with his former train of thought. He seized her arm, and muttered scornfully.

"Yes, a lord once—a lord now, but for you."

"Castallio—and is it really thus? I have doubted, I have dreaded—but I never knew before that I was hateful to you."

Castallio gazed on his weeping wife, and compunctious visitings gleamed amidst wild and dark emotions—gleamed, and passed away.

"You made me your wife," continued Idolette; "but I will not burden you, let me go back to my father; I deserted him once, but he will take me in again, for he, I know, loves me. Castallio, my heart was a prophet—but I will never seek to cross your path. There is my boy. Oh! do not bend your eyes so fiercely on me; think how they once looked, Castallio—think of our forest meetings, lord of my soul as well as life."

"Idolette, I am mad—see—you make me weep—and these tears are of blood; but I must have freedom—I will be free—woman, I will be what I was."

"Free, and noble, and happy," said Idolette, with appalling calmness—"but my boy?"

"Name him not," said Castallio, fiercely.

"He will ask for me—for he loves me—oh, how he loves me!—will you bid him hate me, Castallio? When he is far away, must he be proud as well as great? One boon, Castallio, for the sake of the love you once gave me—clasp me to your bosom for one moment, as when you met me in the forest, and flung away the world for my sake.—Thanks — thanks, Castallio — what — and tears, too!—Oh, precious!"

Suddenly, and without a moment's preparation, Idolette disengaged herself from the arms of her husband, who stood paralyzed by contending passions. In a few instants a heavy plunge in the lake roused him from his stupor. Idolette had spared him the crime he had meditated. It was love's last act—sinful in itself—mistaken in its principle—but love's act still.

M. J. J.

ON THE HARMONY OF COLOURS.

The effect of colours is produced by two causes—their purity when alone, and their harmony when blended together. Nature justifies this position in our woods, our gardens, and our fields; art takes advantage of them, in their arrangement, to adorn our persons; and as woman is the fairest work of nature, the following remarks shall be made with the sole intention of directing her taste, and of adding lustre to her charms.

Green.

The rich foliage of the forest fills the eye at once, is grateful to its indulging itself in dwelling on the scene, relieves it from the fatigue of being divided between a variety of objects, and uniformly presents a sort of peaceful sensation, which gives dignity to its effect, if it be not marred by any inharmonious tint of colour or complexion; it is rich and simple, nature's delightful carpet, the groundwork of all other hues. In the green colour there exists a sort of promise of permanence, and the purer its vividity, the more stability it assumes; as it decays it becomes unseemly, and *then* harmonizes with no other dye. Of greens the variety is great—grass-green (the noblest of all); pale green, which is sickly and of dubious cast; sky-green (difficult to consort with any other tint); Pomona-green, rich and mellow, but solitary (like contempt walking alone), inasmuch as it accords with no other colour in perfect unison; and dark green, which assumes a gravity coming near to the raven hue, or garb of mourning. The cypress and sepulchral pine are of this cast; the eye is fatigued by dwelling on them; and it is

more difficult to relieve them by the assistance of uniting colours, than it is to raise the sable garb into a brilliant effect, which may be completely done by happy combinations of taste and effect. In some countries green is considered the colour of hope, in others, the forsaken colour, doubtless with a reference to the willow: but this depends, in great measure, on the shade, and the notion must have been excited by certain associations of thought.

Sky Blue, &c.

Sky blue (beautifully designated by the French as *bleu céleste*) is the emblem of softness, serenity, tender youth, and of innocence, nearly as figurative as the virgin lily. Ccelestial blue covers the face of the earth, being the canopy of heaven; it is reflected in the silver brook, and spreads its bright mantle to usher in the golden day, or to give effect to Cynthia's virgin beams. In its alliance with other colours it is distant and scrupulous; in itself it is delectable, and difficult to do justice to by the painter: as difficult to be assumed with advantage as an article of dress, and to be placed in company with colours in general. The very idea of sky-blue, carries something exalted in it; but the French, who make the greatest refinement in terms, have bestowed on it a name which gives to it an additional attraction, to wit, *bleu tendre*, which, in a manner, makes the colour speak for itself. The *bleu tendre* is to the sky-blue what the rose-colour, neither too pale nor too florid, is to that favourite flower: in the one, we may figure to ourselves the eye of beauty, in the other, her complexion. The deeper the dye of each grows, the less its exquisite enchantment. Turkish blue, a dead blue, and the *red, red* rose-colour, neither blushing nor damask, are repulsive. The lilac is peculiarly elegant, but it is not a positive colour, and can only be named in the harmony of hues. The harmony of colours proceeds sometimes from contrasts, and sometimes from natural associations — black and white, black and scarlet, purple and yellow, are of the first description; rose-colour and green, straw-colour and lilac, violet and spring-green, are of the second; because the former are contrasted purposely for effect, and their beauty depends upon it, whereas the latter bring to the mind pleasing objects of nature, of which they offer a similitude: the rose-bud and its leaf, for instance, the lilac and laburnum, which are our first favourites in the year, as also the humble violet and its early verdure, and sky-blue, or *le bleu tendre*, and white or faint straw-colour, inasmuch as these tints remind us of the sky lit by the moon or stars, and for this reason celestial-blue and silver are well matched. Green requires gold, to be rich; with silver it is rural, light, and refreshing. Scarlet assorts most nobly with gold, but is never pleasing nor interesting, being devoid of that happy quality in colours and individual simplicity, and is never the colour of youth.

Rose-colour is the badge of summer, of love, of modesty, of warmth, of exultation, and of joy; it would be endless to detail the variety of ideas which it excites in the admiring beholder; fragrance (without expressing it) is anticipated on its appearance, delicacy is embodied with its existence, love lurks under the rose-leaf, and the neighbouring thorn is only a proof of exquisite feeling of how nearly agony and ecstacy are allied; many colours are richer, but none lovelier than rose-colour. Yellow possesses richness unmixed with a tender interest, which a talented painter, nay, even a flower-fancier, would take in a more attractive hue; the paler the yellow, the more delicate its effect; the brighter and deeper, the more gaudy its pretensions. The golden harvest has its attractions, and reconciles us to a colour of no particular fascination; the yellow tints of autumn have something of grandeur in their display—the picturesque depends upon them; the idea of the sun's reflected ray sheds a halo over them in the declining leaf; and the love of gold wins the ambitious, and multiplies the use of the colour assimilating itself to worldly magnificence. Purple is solemn and striking, religious and royal in its effect; it is also a colour which requires little relief—pure white, or black and white, the ermine colours, relieve it sufficiently. But of this we shall say more: in the harmony of colours it has one happy property in not tiring the eye, and is neither too striking nor too dazzling, like crimson, scarlet, and orange-colours, which, unrelieved, are abomi-

nable, and when blended, add more to the harmony of their assistant than to their own merit; nevertheless, the two former are magnificent when well supported, and in harmonious keeping; the last is odious to all intents and purposes, except as a fruit, set off by delicate white blossoms and rich glossy green leaves. Our limits do not allow us to particularize those colours which are not absolute, depending upon a mixture with others, nor with neutral colours, such as brown (which reminds us of our clay-built essence), the dead-leaf tint, grey, striped, or variegated hues, none of which can now bring our feelings into play, and have nothing either imposing or alluring in them.

* * * *

MARY OF LORN.

——————— I have forgot my father;
I know no touch of consanguinity!
No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near to me,
As the sweet Troilus.—SHAKSPEARE'S *Troilus and Cressida.*

"My country, this for thee: starved! driven as the cattle on thy hills—yet I care not: these complainings are not for myself: no, oh no! but that my—yes, why should I not call her, my Queen! that she should share my fall, is indeed a bitter pang. Excommunicated! Cannot I still bend my knee thus, and pour my soul into the ear of Him, whom, they would say, scorns my prayer? Let them enjoy the idea of having riven the soul of man from his God; I feel that the depth of my devotion is still registered in the Book of Life!"

Thus soliloquized Bruce, as he stood beneath the mountain's brow where he had chosen his refuge for the night; and in the inner part of which, his Queen, ladies, and followers, were despatching the remnants of their noontide meal; for it was but a meagre apology for supper. As Bruce had spoken, he had been excommunicated; and was driven from city to village, and from village to hill. He now contemplated forcing his way into Lorn, of which the Lord was one of his most inveterate foes. The distance between him and the object of his present thoughts, was not more than a few miles; and after he had vented his feelings in the above few words, he stood straining his eyes through the mist—evening was fast drawing around—endeavouring to catch a glimpse of it in the distance.—"I would I could in this glance read the hearts that beat within thee! I fear not man: but, Lorn, thy Lord is powerful," he exclaimed.

"My brave brother is not often thus," said a persuasive voice at his elbow; "and 'tis well our gallant young Lord Douglas is within, cheering the hearts of your followers with tales of love and victory; for, could they see their beloved leader thus, thinkest thou, my Lord, 'twould nerve their weakened arms?"

"My beloved Nigel!" exclaimed Bruce, with a melancholy smile, as his eye rested on the graceful but scarcely manly form of the youthful speaker, on whose every glowing feature was stamped courage in its noblest characters, "my beloved Nigel, thou sayest truly; it would not be well that yonder soldiers, who live but as my fortune brightens, should see me thus. But I could no longer look on the scanty portion of sustenance dealt to my wife and followers: besides, my young brother, 'tis wearying, the laugh and jest, when the spirit is depressed, the heart full to bursting, and the soul laden to sinking; and such were mine, Nigel—mayest thou never know that I have spoken truly!"

"Nay, my liege—"

"Call me not by that empty title, boy: rather let it be Robert, as it was wont."

"Then Robert, since we are alone; 'tis a heavy hour with thee. Believe me, there was a full plenty of meat in yonder cave; and as for drink, thou knowest the mountain-stream fails not. Now, I war-

rant me, Robert, 'tis but this mist hangs on thy spirit—it does on mine. I always feel a sinking when the glory of sun and moon are alike hidden from me. Come within; thou wilt then join in the mirthful speech and laugh—"

"Ay, to my sorrow, boy: there is youth and enthusiasm in thy very words; but I have long learned the cold truths experience alone can teach. Now, listen, Nigel; to-morrow we enter Lorn!"

"With all my heart, my Lord: this, indeed, 'minds me that I speak to Scotland's Bruce. I have heard, methinks, that Lorn's Lord is not of our friends?"

"Ay, Nigel; I would I could learn how he was inclined towards us, and if he guesses that the murderer (Nigel, I would I might call him by another name!) of his kinsman, Comyn, is so near him—"

"I will to Lorn instantly," exclaimed Nigel, with sparkling eyes, "and again be with thee, ere the yet hidden moon is in her zenith."

"'Tis well, boy: there is excitement in it for thy spirit; but, Nigel, thou art over-hasty; be wary—" But the active youth was already far from the reach of Bruce's words. "My brave and beloved young brother!" he exclaimed, "thee, too, have I entangled in my fall; and, if my adverse fortune change not, I shall drag thee yet lower. Thy manhood's beauty and singular talents would have created for thee a halo of splendour in a court: it does, indeed, seem as though, with thy music-breathing voice, hope were breathed on my spirit. But now I must in to the young Douglas, and buoy the spirits of others with the glee my own lacketh." So saying, he climbed the hill-side, and disappeared through an aperture, which, from the lower part, was almost imperceivable.

Nigel Bruce kept on his way towards Lorn, through brake and over hedge, carefully avoiding every track of foot, whether of man or beast. Occasionally he beguiled the way by humming a merry air—one of Scotland's own; and many an anxious look did he cast towards the small light streaks which were heralding the approach of his favourite luminary. "Ah, thou art doubly welclome to-night," he exclaimed, as at length she burst forth in all her glory, at the same time shewing him that he now approached the dwellings of man. He had determined to trust solely to chance for the information he sought. While he was reconnoitring the surrounding country, voices seemed to be approaching, and which, as they now passed him, he concluded to come from countrymen. Iu a few minutes he joined them, and found that their conversation turned on a feast that M'Dougal, Lord of Lorn, held in his castle.

"Is it so!" said one of them, as Nigel asked if M'Dougal did indeed hold such revelling. "Why, where hast thou been, friend, these last few days, that thou askest such a question?"

"Is it then so wonderful," replied Nigel, "that a man should be in one place to-day, and many a mile from it on the morrow, in these stirring times? But is it on any particular occasion?"

"Ay, I warrant me—no less than rejoicing for the defeat of Bruce." Nigel faced full on the speaker for a moment; then, suddenly recollecting himself, appeared a disinterested listener. "One of our companions here is engaged to exert his skill on our merry bagpipes there."

"Now I would give a broad gold piece that I might look on such a scene."

"Thou mayest enter at a cheaper rate, youngster, if thou canst put thy dainty lips to a fife."

"Ay!" returned Nigel, accepting the instrument from the hands of the musician; yet, at the moment, scarcely knowing whether it were most frolic or serious intention that led him thither: most probably it partook of both. However, it was with a gay manner, and perhaps as gay a heart, he followed his fellow minstrel into the hall, where were assembled not a few of the Scottish nobility, and some English Lords. Amongst the latter, Sir Aymer de Valence held a conspicuous place, being seated by the side of the flower of beauty, Mary of Lorn!

The entrance of Nigel and the piper was hailed as the harbinger of mirth and song. "A fair youth, by the eyes of my lady-love!" whispered Sir Aymer in the ear of Mary: but she heard it not, for her eyes and soul were rivetted on the youth, and her ears drank in the soft tones of his voice, as he replied modestly to the questions of her father.

"Is thy skill confined to that instrument, boy?"

"No, my Lord. Yonder strings," pointing to a harp, "give the harmony which can stir the soul in its depths."

"Let us then have proof that thou speakest truly, my pretty youth," replied M'Dougal: and the boy stepped gracefully towards it, in his way bowing lowly to the lovely mistress of the revel?

"The youngster lacketh not assurance," muttered de Valence, with a curling lip, as he noticed the crimsoned cheek of Mary.

"Call you that assurance, my Lord," she said; "dost not thou think there is a very spell in his every step and glance?"

"I would not wish to say thee nay in aught, lovely one: perchance it does not act on all alike." This was uttered in an ironical tone, with a contemptuous glance on the youth, who was now running his fingers over the chords, and casting many a stolen gaze on his fair champion; yet ever as he caught her eye casting his on the ground.

"Methinks, my Lord," she resumed, "those shaded eyes betoken not assurance;" not noticing, or not choosing to notice the scorn depicted in the face of De Valence—"but, list, he sings!"

It was a spirit-stirring theme—the glory of the chase—but suddenly he ceased, and preluding a soft air, changed the words to song of "love and sunshine;" and the shouts of applause were not few: yet amidst it all he sought but a smile from Mary of Lorn—and more than one repaid his skill.

During this Sir Aymer leaned back on the couch with a vacant gaze and fixed eye, as though his thoughts were bent on any scene save the passing one. Then the wily Nigel chose a song on Bruce's defeat, which was then popular in the country; but it may be imagined that his soul grew bitter when he saw gleams of satisfaction in the smiles around him. Then again his eye sought Mary's soft hazel orb, and he fancied that it was dimmed by a tear, and that the rose held not its glowing seat on her cheek.

"What think you, my Lord, of the report that Bruce is sojourning amongst our hills?" asked M'Dougal of De Valence as Nigel ceased.

"That it is false!" replied Aymer, raising his form, as if consciousness had returned with the question. "Methinks if he left not the sum of his sense at Methven, he would scarcely face the stout men we could marshal forth with his worried, starven followers—mere libels on the name of men! But we are forgetting the sex of a part of our company when we thus talk of war;" at the same time he bent to Mary, on whose eye it was lost.

"True, true, Valence; we will away to the long hall, where our theme shall be the merry dance; there is a partner at thy side who is not often missing in a scene where mirth reigns." Then turning to Nigel, "My young minstrel, thy art will be wanting as well there as here: but hast thou friends, boy?"

"I have read that this world is a wilderness without," replied Nigel.

"Ay; but at thy age all are apt to fancy they possess such. But, boy, at mine, they learn that they are thinly scattered—scarcely sufficiently thick to save the term of wilderness."

"Now, as long as fair faces are moving round me," resumed Nigel, again bowing to Mary—and there was a witching tone in his voice, as with glowing eye he spoke it—"the blue sky above, earth green beneath me, and all these in Scotland, I lack not friends."

"Perchance thou art a poet, boy? Poets ever deal in such like dreams."

"Fooleries were a better term, my Lord," interrupted De Valence, as he arose, and offered his arm to Mary, who stepped aside as though she noticed it not, and walking directly to her father, as he yet stood by the young Bruce, clasped her hands around, and leaned on his arm. "Ay, Sir Valence, thou wert ever a foe to all poets; but, though our profession is not trifling as their's (and though said that those we may wish to please love us for its sake) I think the soft words of a poet would sooner win a lady's ear than all our recounted battles. But, young Sir, when I spoke of friends, I meant thee to understand it as relations: and hast thou not a name? Why dost thou not answer, boy?"

"I would not wish to offend your good presence by a lie; so I was endeavouring to recollect which of my relations I could

class in the list you mentioned, my Lord; and for name—Geordie."

"Ah! I understand thee, Geordie; thy relations liked not thy talent—thy wild spirit spurned the trammels of bounded liberty, and thou seekest new scenes?" The boy bowed as assenting. "My child," resumed John of Lorn, turning to the interested Mary, "thou hast complained that thy life passed but dull here; thinkest thou this young minstrel could cheer the lagging hour?"

It was minutes ere Mary spoke, for she had caught the eager glance of Nigel; and when she did, her voice was tremulous, and her eye fixed on the ground: "My ever kind father, the fame-seeking soul of a minstrel would be but poorly gratified in our home."

"Well, Mary, let it rest for the present, we will now to the hall. Anon, Geordie, we will speak farther on this subject," said M'Dougal, leaving Mary for a minute whilst he sought the counsel of De Valence on the propriety of keeping the minstrel boy.

"Lady, how much art thou mistaken, if thy last words were really spoken in the faith they expressed," whispered the young Bruce to Mary, as she yet stood at his side. "Were I free to seek the fame I could value, 'twould be one word of praise from thy lips—one smile from thine eye—nay, even a frown, so it rested on thy brow, I would worship; but this may never be—not even in the visions of a Bruce."

"Bruce!"

"Hush, lady; I have placed my life in thy hands. Were that name heard here, thou knowest the consequences. Oh how gladly would I sit at thy feet while thine ear drank in my poor minstrelsy: but that, too, is impossible. My song now must be war! Would it were otherwise; need I tell thee, fairest, that thou wilt not see me in yonder hall. I must away while yet I can. To-morrow I shall be here again, but not as now, lady. See, thy sire and that proud Englishman advance—fare thee well!"

Mary stood motionless—she saw not, neither heard, till her father gave her cold hand to Sir Aymer to lead the way; then she gazed around with a searching eye, and she caught from a distant corner the momentary bow and glance of Nigel Bruce.

When the minstrel boy was missed, many were the surmises as to the object of so strange a visit. Sir Aymer could think of nothing but some favoured lover in disguise; but there was a M'Androsser, whose guess came nearer the truth. "By my soul, M'Dougal," he exclaimed, "but the youngster might be a spy of the Bruce; thou knowest both he and his brothers are strangely gifted—he can read—and I have heard that his men forget the calls of nature, and their dangerous enterprizes, when his voice is heard amongst them. I marked when I pledged the health of our brave Earl of Pembroke, after his song of Bruce's defeat, that he bit his lip and bent his brow."

"Then, by our Lady, we must be stirring to-morrow," resumed Lorn; "for, if thou guessest aright, kinsman, we shall not be long without a visit from him. Ay, now I bethink me, that boy favoured the Bruce. My lords, marked you not the same high brow, flashing eye, and scornful lip?"

"And the same hot blood rushing to the cheek, M'Dougal," returned the other; whilst the only one who could have set all surmising at rest (Mary) remained silent.

Meantime Nigel had again reached his mountain home, where Bruce was pacing to and fro, anxiously watching the return of his beloved young kinsman, which was so far protracted beyond the promised time. "Well, Nigel," he exclaimed joyously, when the other stood almost breathless at his side, "thy favourite is beyond her zenith, even declining. I had begun to imagine thy hasty spirit had led thee to harm."

"Hasty, Robert! Methinks that may generally be coupled with the name of Bruce. But I had not thought, when I left thee, to make one at the feast of a M'Dougal."

"Of a M'Dougal! Then, boy, I wish I had been there to curse the morsels ere thou swallowedst them!" exclaimed Bruce, in one of those ungovernable bursts of passion which so often ended in the most bitter regret.

"My brother, didst thou not speak but now of haste? I neither ate nor drank at their hate— board."

"Why didst thou wish to recal that word, hated?" resumed Bruce, bending his head till his eye flashed in Nigel's. "Boy, thou hast looked on the face of one, whom all concur in praising: the syren's eye hath 'witched thee; but rouse thy soul from the spell, for to-morrow thou must lift thine arm against the nearest and dearest of her kin: ay, thou mayest not then stop to ask if he call Mary of Lorn kinswoman! But come, I had forgotten whose blood flows in thy veins, or I needed not thus to school thee. We will into my kingly chamber," he continued, bitterly; "my ministers must be consulted on all thou hast learned."

On the morrow's noon, the hall which had so lately rung with mirthful peals, was employed as a reception room for the corpse of many who had threaded the mazy dance but on the previous evening: there, too, beneath their battle-cloaks, lay three kinsmen of M'Dougal, the M'Androsser of the feast, and his two sons; each of whom had found their death stroke from the sword of Bruce, who seemed to bear a charmed life; but still his fortune might be said to be cursed, for Lorn was the victor, and amongst many prisoners, the young and brave Nigel was numbered. Many and widely different scenes were floating in his brain as he paced to and fro in his dungeon: the bitter taunt and scornful bearing of De Valence, as he had stood a captive before the Lord of Lorn, was ever present harrowing his very soul; but then to soften his swollen heart, came the mild glance of the pale Mary: and ever as he thought on this, he began counting the passing hours, as he imagined each tolling bell brought him so near to death.

The sun had sunk, and the moon he so well loved to look on, had risen, yet he regarded it not. All was still as the grave around him; though twice or thrice, indeed, he had fancied that footsteps approached from without. Then would he listen almost breathlessly—till he at length concluded that a guard had been placed in the corridor. But now there was a grating of bolts, and as he fixed his eye on the opening door, the slight figure of a page entered.

"Is not thy name Bruce?" he said softly.

"Nay, I scarcely know, friend; for that name should not find utterance in a prison."

"But," returned the other, "if such is thy name, thou art free."

"Free!" repeated Nigel. "Who sendeth me such message? Does the haughty De Valénce think it best that bright eyes should not again glance on me; or does Lorn fear the vengeance of his wronged and insulted monarch?"

"Neither, neither," said the other hurriedly; "'twas Mary M'Dougal."

Nigel seized the hand which had grasped the door for support, and leading the speaker where the broad stream of moonlight shone full on his form, he gazed for a moment on the downcast face. "Mary—lady, dost thou indeed take thus much interest in the fate of a Bruce? Tell me, is there aught I can ask for thee in my prayers?—but I am forgetting who, and where I am. What can the devotion of a proscribed being—of a prisoner, avail the beautiful and pure spirit before me—what would my intercession gain thee at the throne of God or man?"

"Much, much, at the former, Nigel Bruce—oh! I have ever loved that name, and wept over the misfortunes attending it. I feel that I am rebelling where I owe most obedience; pray that I may be forgiven that, Nigel; and pray His blessing, who alone can bless, that thy kinsman and thyself may become more fortunate. Nigel, if those prayers are answered, Mary hath no more to ask;" and she buried her face in the page's cap she wore.

"Is it indeed so—is there one being, and that so beauteous, who loveth Nigel Bruce, and him alone?"

"My father, Nigel, my father!"

"Ay, thy father, and he is my bitterest foe. Oh! there was a joyous thought came across my brain; but it was a very madness: I will tell it thee; but mind, Mary, I do not embody it as it shadowed in my mind—it is not still my wish: no—I would not offend thy purity—thy filial love so far—I thought if we should flee to Scotland's mountains together!"

"May never such find place in thy brain again. But we are losing time, when thou shouldst be husbanding every moment. Hark! 'tis tolling nine, and at

ten, the sentinel comes round to survey the dungeons: but ere that time thou wilt be far hence. Now, silence."

Then she led the way through her own chamber, and down a flight of steps which led from it to the gardens, and thence to the postern gate.

"Now God speed thee, Nigel," she exclaimed, as she opened it.

"Yet another moment, Mary," he said. "What risk dost thou incur in performing this generous action?"

"But little—none indeed. My father will believe I did it for the sake of thy minstrelsy, and I have only to smile on Sir Aymer de Valence, and all will be well."

"Smile on De Valence!—oh, I would not purchase even liberty so dearly," returned Nigel, vehemently, and stepping again on the road to his dungeon.

"Nay, stop: if it will avail thee aught to know that the smile will be but a curving lip—not a heart smile, Nigel—thou hast it."

"Thanks, thanks, Mary, for those words. How often have I looked on yonder bright queen of the heavens, and her glittering throne of stars, and said within myself, that nought could repay the loss of such glory;—but, Mary, I had not then stepped on the land of Lorn—I had not looked on thee, for thou art sun, world, heaven! all to me, and yet—fare thee well! but, as I live, we meet again."

Mary's lips were for a moment pressed to his, and when she again remembered that earth was beneath her feet, she felt that she was alone.

Months stole by, and still Robert Bruce was a stranger (in heart) to the people of his land; and he had taken leave of his queen for awhile, well knowing that her weakly frame would sink, if exposed on hill and in forest, for weeks together, in the fast approaching rigour of the winter months. The only castle now remaining, which he might truly call his, was that of Kildrummie, in Aberdeenshire. To this then, he sent her, with her ladies, and Nigel, in command of a few men, to defend it. Tranquillity reigned in its wall but a very short time; for it was rumoured that the English, with their Scottish friends, were coming to attack it, which was soon found to be too true; and though the youthful arm of Nigel fought as if braced with nerves of iron, Kildrummie was taken. The English had fallen beneath his sword, as the grass under the mower's scythe, for he had caught one glance from an eye he hated—and a smile from a haughty lip, which he returned with a look of defiance. "De Valence," he exclaimed, "though there were this number 'tween thee and me doubled, yet would I hew a path to thee."

"Ah! thou art the young Bruce," said a voice beside him; "see now, Sir Minstrel, if thy ready wits can save thee from the sword of Lorn's M'Dougal."

Nigel had faced round upon the speaker, and raised his arm for a thrust, but as the latter proclaimed his name, the arm of a Bruce fell to his side, and his sword rested in its scabbard! and the English shout of victory fell on an almost deafened ear, as he was borne a shackled prisoner into the castle, which was now, as well as all others, wrested from his brother. De Valence was for his immediate execution; but John of Lorn, who chose to make his victory evident to the eyes of all his retainers, carried him to Lorn.

"I ask not for myself, John of Lorn," he exclaimed, as he stood before him in the hall which had resounded with praises of his minstrelsy, "I ask not for myself, but for the poor unfortunate queen, the partner of my brother's misfortune."

"Methinks," uttered the hated voice of De Valence, "that yonder prison is better for her health than a castle where all were ready to surrender, rather than starve."

"Thou liest, Englishman! All there fought to the last drop of their blood. And for her of whom we spoke but now, learn that, which thy own craven spirit may not teach thee, she bears the name of Bruce, and cherisheth liberty though there be nought save the name in it."

"Insolent boy," returned the other, "thou knowest thyself safe in thy present ignominy. I fight not with slaves."

"Cease, both," interrupted M'Dougal, as Nigel was about to reply with a flushed cheek and heaving breast; and which became even more bitter as he continued addressing De Valence familiarly, as, "Aymer, we war not with women: we will plead for her: but for thee, young man, thy hour is come."

"I am prepared," said Nigel, firmly. Then, turning to De Valence, uttered in a choked voice, "'Tis said that we should not carry hatred to the grave with us, and when I came in hither I thought my soul was at peace with all men. But 'tis useless to deceive myself: I find that my heart, when in thy presence, is bitter as the knowledge that one stood between thee and me in yonder field of blood, whose life was sacred in my eyes, as the sire of one who, if I am unworthy her, thou deservest still less; though I have heard that bridal garments are preparing where mourning were more fitting."

With a look of triumph De Valence bade the men lead forth; and Nigel was borne to the outer court, where were the block and the axe and the executioner ready: he spurned the offered kerchief to bind his eyes, and knelt beside it with a soul dead to all the feelings which agitate the heart in this world, save one. In that prayer he now offered up to the throne of mercy was mingled a name which might not be uttered without again becoming alive to the reign of passions: but with the name it passed; and he was with his God alone, though hundreds thronged around him, when there was a rush in the crowd, and a cry of "Hold, hold!" but the executioner mistook it for the signal of instant death, and his axe fell even as the voice, as it now rose so shrilly in the circle, pronounced, "I have won his pardon!" It was Mary.

Her father had followed her, and now stood beside her mourning the wreck of reason he read in her glazed eye and muttering lip. It was true that she had won his pardon at the feet of her father, and instantly rushed from his presence to the scene of murder. "Mary, Mary," he now exclaimed, "come in: leave this scene—it befits not woman to gaze on such."

"Neither man," she returned quickly, and facing on him with an unmeaning stare. "He said we should meet again, and we have met; though to be sure the trysting is not of the merriest: and now I tell thee, Nigel, that we will meet again, and ere long, and where none need plead for thy pardon—in Heaven! and then, too, Nigel, we shall ever have the glory of light thou so lovedst: but they who made thee thus may not look on such."

"Cease, Mary: dost thou speak thus of him who to-morrow will call thee wife—of thy father, too?"

"Of him who to-morrow shall call Mary of Lorn his wife!" she repeated, musing on each word as she did so; then with a sudden burst of joy she added,—"Ay, now I ken who that may be; Nigel, we will meet to-morrow—and of my father! I know him not. Yes! now indeed I do: was it not he who planned this scene of misery?"

"But, Mary, canst not thou remember that I granted thee his life?"

She laughed bitterly as she pointed to the corpse, and replied, "Life! methinks that looks not like it."

Then M'Dougal ordered the body to be borne away, thinking that with the object of her grief would disappear its mournful effects: but he was deceived; she refused to quit the disfigured corpse, and followed the men closely, even though they made many unnecessary windings for the purpose of deceiving her as to its place of destination. Finding that of no avail, he led De Valence to her side, and said, "My child, is it thus you sit, uselessly bewailing the dead, when the bridegroom awaits thee at the altar? See; I have led him to thee."

De Valence took her hand, but she snatched it away, and hid her face in her robe, while she sobbed convulsively; and he of Lorn turned and wept too when he saw the tearful eyes now raised to his face.

"Father," she uttered in a low and broken tone, "I have dreamed a fearful dream, but now I will away to my dressing chamber, and prepare for my wedding. Since he awaits me at the altar, 'tis time I was arrayed, for thou and all well know I love none else."

When the spring flowers were peeping from the cold bosom of the yet snow-covered earth, and while John of Lorn and De Valence were yet seeking the life of Robert Bruce, Mary was sleeping the sleep of death in the home of the weary, and her spirit had flown to rest where all "the heavy laden" are bidden to seek it. Need it be added, that it was "Mary M'Dougal" engraven on her tomb, not "Countess of Pembroke?"

E. A. INGRAM.

MY COMRADE.

From the Recollections of an Old Soldier.

"They bore as heroes, but they felt as men."—*Pope's Homer's Iliad.*

Seated in a solitary moment by my fire-side, and fancying faces, figures, towns and cities in the coals, not less unsubstantial than the dreams of ambition, as transitory, changeful, and as quickly consumed, my mind turned to my travels in Ireland, and to *My Comrade.*

The word comrade, or brother officer (brother soldier, I rather would say) had always a peculiar endearment for me: it brings brotherhood to the mind and heart under so many spirit-moving associations, that it transcends all other titles of fraternity, save those of consanguinity, nay, even the ties of blood bind comrade to comrade, since the tide of life flows in each for the same cause, is shed for the same king, country, and banner. Sometimes, too, the soldier risks his life, and pours out its very current, to defend or rescue that of a brother in arms. Hail, then, in every form, the tie whose social link thus connects the feeling and the brave, and which thus binds man to man in every incident of life, from the mirthful mess-table to the tented field, and from the pomp and parade of arms to the hot bloody trial of the battle-field.

I had a comrade whom I much esteemed; he left the Life Guards for the light cavalry of the line, and thence, *diminuendo,* got into an infantry regiment in India. Here he met his death, "*mort au champ d'honneur,*" as the French beautifully term it. He was generous, extravagant, warm-hearted, brave, handsome, and careless on every worldly subject. We must have spent some thousands of merry hours and long nights, and have drunk some hundreds of bottles of wine together. We also were in a few scrapes, and I had ever found my friend the kindest of the kind, the bravest of the brave. He fell, like a rich flower from its stem, in the noonday of life, whilst his father was still living, and without inheriting his ample estates. Indeed, he was one of those noble lads that never looked to future fortune with a guilty thought that its possession depended upon removing from the living scene the author of its existence; so much so, that whenever his father named the lands, the improvements, or the like, with reference to his son's future inheritance of them, the worthy son would not listen to the conversation, but exclaimed—"Long may you enjoy them *yourself!*" laying stress on the last word. On his part, the father was his companion and his friend, never failing to supply him with whatever cash he needed, making allowances for all the frailties of youth, and anticipating his every wish. Happy would it be for all fathers and sons, if they lived in this united state, if they had one heart and one interest; then should we not see father armed against son and son against father, the domestic jar of interest, and the unnatural rivalry of disparity of age and diversity of duty.* It would be superfluous to add how such a father must esteem such a son, an only one also: he was, as might be expected, the pride of his life.

After he fell in battle, the father lived in the utmost retirement at an estate of his in Ireland, to which I had been invited long before the irreparable loss which this fond parent sustained. I was now in his part of the country, and I could not well refrain from paying a tribute of respect and regret to the father of my friend. Yet did I feel a reluctance to lacerate the wound which time might have cicatrized, to throw a fresh colouring on the picture, which might be gradually fading in memory. I scarcely knew

* A most revolting instance of this feeling is exemplified by a song made by the Duke d'Aiguillon, about the period of the Revolution, in which this roué, alluding to fathers in general, says—

"Vous nous avez fait pour votre plaisir,
"Et vous vivez trop long-tems pour les nôtres."

how to approach the sire, whether in sympathetic mourning, or in the language of consolation; and now I had arrived at his domain. I looked round me: all was quietude, thriving trees and rich verdure, but my Comrade was not there. I could not, nerved again by youthful feeling, shake off the grasp of time, and spring up the steps of the family mansion; one glove already off, prepared to grasp the warm hand of good fellowship, and my voice attuned to cheerfulness, ready to greet him with whom I had so often enjoyed mirth and confidential converse. No! I had to see the original stamp with which my comrade had been faithfully impressed; I had to meet his doubtful eye, divided in its expression between a hospitable welcome, and a mournful memento of which I was to be the cause; I had to guard my looks and expressions, between the dangers of awakening sorrow from her sad pillow of repose, or of affecting a levity unsuitable to the occasion, and at variance with my feelings. Should I announce my name, and thus prepare him for a shock, or break on him, and create agitation by surprise? Should I wear a black coat out of respect to sire and son, or dress in my usual way, to avoid particularity? I preferred the latter as to exterior appearance, and was induced to resort to a shift in order not to prepare a parent for the visit of one who must (as the intimate friend of the deceased) bring past scenes fresh before the father's eyes, and must revive unavailing regrets which the interruption of conversation might probably remove for a moment from a too close pressure on the seat of sensibility. I had now no more time for deliberation. Habited in black, I gently approached the hall, and, after obtaining admission, I desired one of the servants to inform his master that a very old friend from England had called upon him. The servant returned, and, after opening the library door, allowed me to approach unannounced. The old gentleman was seated at a table, covered with books and letters, with the newspaper in his hand. I approached gently, with one arm extended towards him, resolving not to break silence first, and to frame my deportment in accordance with the impulse which might guide his towards me. Removing the spectacles from his eyes, he surveyed me with the torpid smile of urbanity; then, recognizing me, he clasped my hand firmly, a flush lighting up his eye, and giving a warmer tint to his cheek, and in a firm tone, courageously commanded, exclaimed,—"Ha, ——" (calling me by my Christian name) "is it you?" I made no reply, but shook his hand cordially, and bowed reverentially; he felt what my silence denoted, and it appeared more welcome to him than idle sounds of sorrowing. Casting his eye upon my coat, and aware that I was not in mourning for a relative, he took one of my hands in both of his, and thanked me by a sigh. At this moment my comrade's dog, which had been lying at the father's feet, fawned upon me, and evinced unquestionable signs of recognition. "He knows you," said the father, in a subdued tone.—"Poor thing!" ejaculated I, in a very minor key; and perceiving the swelling eye of manly struggling, surcharged with sorrow's dew-drop, I turned round and walked up to the bow-window opening on the lawn, and pretended to be admiring the view from thence. Clearing my voice, I ventured to say, "A charming place you have here, my dear Sir."—"Yes, yes!" Then rising, and leading me by the hand, he placed me on a seat beside him, "I am glad to see you here;" laying great emphasis on the two last words—"I wish"—he stopped—I knew the rest—he would have said, "my dear boy (as he used to call him) were here to welcome you;" but with the fruitless wish, the unfinished sentence died upon his lips. He turned from me for a second, and the victory was gained; manhood prevailed, and he composed himself. I took his hand again, and we exchanged one look, which terminated a volume of feeling. He now called for refreshment for me, and ordered me the best apartment in the house, then led me to the door, and folding his arm in mine, walked me over his grounds, preserving a profound silence for some time. Here he summoned up all his courage, and, pointing to a young oak sapling, "Poor Bob planted that!" said he. He next went into an inclosure, where an old charger was finishing out his time, literally in clover. The sight of the old horse overwhelmed me

with recollections, so that I exhibited more signs of weakness than he on whom the wound was more deeply inflicted. Silence here thanked me again: he shook his head, and by a pressure of my arm might be said to be

"—acting what no words could say."

Returned to the house, he entered the room where my friend's full-length portrait was placed, before which he stood in partial admiration, and all himself. Pride here put grief to flight; and as he asked me, "Is it not very like poor Bob?" he seemed to glory in having had such a son. At dinner, and after dinner, the whole conversation turned upon the departed: his name and conduct produced a cherished grief, a welcome sorrow; he could meet affliction now with resignation, and dwell upon what awhile ago would have harrowed up his heart.

I passed a day of mingled happiness and sorrow with him, of reminiscent pastime and of grave reflection. On separating the next day, I again saw silent suffering work its well-borne agony, and a lingering tear preface "God bless you, my good fellow!" What dignity was there in his sorrow, what noble fortitude in thus bearing up against it!

Here again was I convinced of the eloquence of silence, that there are looks which words can ill express, moments of hesitation, seconds of struggling, changeful features and fluctuating blushes, where the heart is the eloquent orator, and to which sympathy, in its sublimest sensations, can alone reply. There are seasons also when the sacred inviolability of grief must not be trespassed on, and which must be respected by the fellow-mourner, until a little time and sensible discernment may recal the drooping spirits and revive the aching breast. He or she who gives way to grief feels relief from the loud plaint and abundant shower of tears, to which relief succeeds, and the subject will naturally be dismissed for a time; but they who thus manfully bear, retain the fond regret during life; and when the strong struggle to master our natural weakness is surmounted, their greatest happiness is to dwell on the subject of it with solemn calmness, and to hug it to their heart. For my own part, I do not think that more bravery could be displayed in a battle, than that which the sire of my comrade exercised over himself. Never, never will it be forgotten by his faithful friend,

AN OLD SOLDIER.

THE ANNUALS FOR 1830.

The Bijou is an extremely well printed volume, the title-page of which may be remarked for its neatness, elegance, and chaste simplicity. By way of set off, we have a Preface conceived and expressed in singularly ill taste: in it some of the leading artists of the day are fooled "to the very top of their bent." Thus, Stothard is designated "the English Raphael," and Wilkie "the Walter Scott of painters;" and, as for Sir Thomas Lawrence, if he can digest all the fulsome and reiterated assurances of "gratitude and respect" which are poured in upon him, he must possess, not only a capacious, but a very powerful stomach.

The number of plates—nine—in the present volume of the Bijou, is one less than in its predecessors; but we quite agree with the publisher, "that the difference is more than compensated by their being larger;" and still more so by the greater part of them being very finely executed.

The first of these embellishments, is a Portrait of His Majesty, engraved by Ensom, from a painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence, in the collection of Sir William Knighton, Bart, G.C.H. This is one of the pictures, the loan of which is mentioned as "a new proof of the kindness which Sir Thomas Lawrence," a man so celebrated for his liberality, "has uniformly shewn to this work;" and for which "the publisher *again* assures him of his gratitude and respect." Now, as the painting happens to be in the collection of Sir William Knighton, it would naturally have occurred to us, that, for the loan of it, the thanks, "gratitude," "respect," &c. &c. &c. of the publisher,

would have been due to him rather than to the painter. Or, are they so profusely awarded to the latter, because certain claims may have been, in the present instance, withheld? The picture, however, is a right royal one, and Mr. Ensom has rendered abundant justice to it in the engraving.

The African Daughter, engraved by Sangster, from a painting by the late R. P. Bonington, is, in its landscape portion, distinguished by those bright and sparkling effects, in the production of which that lamented young artist seemed so much to delight. Of the *fair* one, from which the picture receives its name, we are not at all disposed to become enamoured.

There is nothing in the volume that we are more gratified with the contemplation of than the Bag-Piper, by the "Great Unknown," *alias*, "the Walter Scott of painters," *alias*, in plain English, David Wilkie, R.A. In this portraiture, even to its fingers' ends, there is an astonishing degree of characteristic force. Fox, the engraver, has evidently strained his powers to the utmost in emulation of the original,

The Blue Bell—a portrait of a child—by Hastings, also engraved by Fox, is very pretty; but, in its character, infinitely better adapted to a Juvenile Annual than to one intended more particularly for adults.

Rosalind and Celia, engraved by Phelps from a painting by Stothard, is likewise pretty, but vastly too much in the old pocket-book style.

Ada, a portrait of a young lady—probably Lord Byron's daughter—from a painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence, is an exquisite little gem, full of mind and feeling. The engraving, by Dean, is very delicate and highly finished. This charming little head is within a circle, the diameter of which does not exceed that of a half-crown piece.

Milton dictating to his Daughters, while composing Paradise Lost, engraved by Ensom, from a drawing by Stothard, is sadly deficient in interest and effect. The composition is stiff, cold, and formal; and the daughters—we never beheld two more insignificant beings in the form of women.

The Portrait of Mrs. Arbuthnot, engraved by Ensom, is from the same original, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, as that which graced the commencing Number of the present volume of La Belle Assemblee. Some of the dandy critics have affected to find fault with it on account of its antiquated costume, forsooth! as though a beautiful woman could appear otherwise than beautiful in a beautiful dress of any period. In the estimation of such critics, how worthless must be even the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Vandyke!

Perhaps the greatest curiosity of the volume is the Portrait of Lady Jane Grey, engraved by Dean, from a painting by De Heere. It is remarkable from the motionless, statue-like appearance of the figure, and from the circumstance that the eyes are evidently not in the direction of the object which the lady is supposed to be contemplating. The manner, too, in which the light falls upon the head, face, and bust of the figure is very striking. The picture is, in all its parts, very delicately and highly wrought by the engraver.

Of the literature of The Bijou, collectively, we hardly know what to say: it has probably a more distinctive character than that of any other of the Annuals; for, while the majority of its pieces are anonymous, we find, amongst its avowed writers, scarcely any of the names which figure in either the senior or the junior productions of its class. In the aggregate, certainly, it is rather below than above par. One gentleman, dissatisfied with the termination of Moore's Paradise and the Peri, has carried the subject on through a poem of seventeen or eighteen pages. The Mysterious Hand, by the Author of Lord Morcar of Hereward, is a bundle of wild, heavy, German horrors; and The Sorrows of Werter, by an Oxonian, is quite as deplorable a piece of home trash. However, we meet with some redeeming sketches: The Student of Padua is really a clever story; The Return, by the Author of Obstinacy, is a pleasing and affecting little tale; and in The Piper of Mucklebrowst, by the Author of The Chronicles of London Bridge, certain superstitions of the north are very happily and spiritedly characterized. In the poetical department, too, we must mention, as well deserving of praise, The Legend of the Floure of Souvenance, by

Mrs. Godwin, an elegant version of which, from the pen of Miss Pickersgill, enriched one of the early volumes of The Forget Me Not.

In the following little sketch, entitled Geneora, we offer a favourable specimen of the contents of The Bijou: it is said to be "imitated from the French;" but, although prettily written, we fear that it will be regarded as verging upon the mock heroic, the mock pathetic. Perhaps the *imitation* may not be the less correct on this account.

It was night! one of those calm, clear, and delightful nights, so rare in our clouded climate, so frequent in the sunny lands of the south. The uncertain, but luxurious light which the lamps of fretted silver, suspended from the painted ceiling of her room, shed over the chamber of Geneora, contrasted singularly with the pure and pallid radiance of the moon-rays, which fell in at the open window, and partially illumined the apartment. The wind, which at intervals stirred gently the folds of the silken draperies, came blended with the rich odour of the jasmine and citron flowers that filled the garden, and with the low melancholy murmurs of the Eolian harp: but the serene loveliness of the moonlight sky, the fresh incense of the fragant blossoms, the sweet but mournful melody to which, in her pensive moods, she was wont to listen for hours, all were alike totally disregarded by Geneora. Alone in that splendid chamber which wealth and genius had combined to render the very temple of luxury and taste; half-reclined upon her couch, the exquisite beauty of her arms and shoulders veiled only by the profusion of her unbound hair, whose darkness heightened, while it partially hid their surpassing whiteness; every feature of her face fixed in an expression of intense abstraction; every faculty of her soul apparently absorbed by some strong but concentrated feeling; pale, mute, and motionless, her parted lips bloodless as her cheek, Geneora wore rather the appearance of a matchless form, which owed its creation to the magic of the sculptor's touch, than that of a daughter of earth.

So young, so very beautiful, possessed of a princely fortune, of a proud name, the idol of the crowd, the arbitress of many destinies, and more, far more—wedded to the only being who had ever interested her heart, what had she to do with sorrow? yet with sorrow she had made companionship: with sorrow? no, with despair!

Hours passed on: their duration seemed to her like that of eternity. At length, a slow, languid step approached along the gallery: she heard it not; or, if she heard, there was no change in her look or attitude which shewed that she heeded it. After some minutes, Isidore, her husband, the graceful, the gifted, the triumphant Isidore, who but a few months before had won her hand from a host of rivals, stood at the entrance of the apartment. Could it be he? Was it not rather some spectral shape,

> "From her o'erfevered brain,
> Wrought out by its excess of pain?"

His brow, that lofty and resplendent brow, which beamed so lately with pride and happiness, was ghastly as if the finger of death already had passed over it; his respiration was quick and audible; his whole appearance, that of one fast sinking beneath the influence of some fatal malady. He leaned for a few moments against the pillar of the open door, as if unable longer to support the weight of his own frame; and then, slowly and painfully advancing to the couch of Geneora, he threw himself at her feet. She betrayed neither emotion nor surprise as she raised her eyes and looked on him. "Geneora," he said, "I am come to thy feet to die; some strange fever has assailed my life; already my strength is gone: see, I am powerless even as a child; but I have sought thee in my suffering, that I might confess to thee my errors and my remorse, and implore from thy lips my pardon ere I expire. Speak to me! Say thou dost *forgive!* Sooth me with thy pity, if thou dost refuse thy tenderness; let my spirit depart at least with the hope that thou hatest me not utterly."

"Why," she replied, "hast thou come here to die, when thou hadst so well learned to live without me?"

"Geneora, what a moment for reproach! I have deserved it; but, oh! spare me now—now, when our final separation is so near. Give me thy hand—feel how icy is mine; touch my cold forehead, it is damp with the dew of agony; the beating of my heart is almost over, it will soon be stilled for ever: I have wronged thee, deeply wronged thee; but, as thou dost trust in Heaven, as thou dost hope for mercy, deny not thy pardon to one so near the tomb."

"Thy death will not avenge me!" she said, with the same unmoved and passionless accent.

"Oh, God, it is too dreadful! Geneora, how art thou changed; thou who wert so tender, so gentle! But it is *my* work: yet madden me not with this horrible calmness. I dare not think on all thou must have suffered ere thy nature could alter thus: yet hear me! I swear to thee by the cross that is above us, but to which I have no power to raise my arm, that I have never ceased to love thee; never been un-

mindful of thy tears, even when most I yielded to the witchery which caused them to flow; every pure feeling of my soul has been vowed to thee; and, in the wildest delirium of pleasure, I have cursed myself for my base requital of thy devoted, but ill-bestowed affection. It is no longer time for atonement, but reject not my repentance."

"Has she beheld thy suffering? has her cheek blenched to-night at the sight of thine?"

"Yes, even there thou art avenged, avenged beyond thy wishes: her tears, her anguish withheld me not from thee; thy name was my only answer to her frenzied supplications for my stay; she knelt to me in vain; I prayed but to hear thy voice, to see thy face again. I am here: oh, be not still inexorable; weep for thine early widowhood; breathe to me one word of peace ere it be too late." She saw that his life was fleeting fast; she bade him rise, and assisted to place him on the couch she had quitted; then turning from him to a small ebony table which stood by, she swallowed hastily the contents of a crystal cup which was upon it. She took his miniature, which she had never worn since she became convinced of his infidelity, and placed it round her neck. She returned to his side: her manner was entirely changed; she was no longer pale; there was the same sweet smile on her lip, the same look of inexpressible tenderness in her eyes, as she had worn in the earlier days of their union. She threw herself beside him; she clasped his cold hand in her's; she encircled his head with her beautiful arm, and drew it affectionately to her bosom; she pressed her lips to his forehead,—"Yes, I forgive thee, my heart's own love," she said; "I *forgive thee!* now thou art mine—all mine own again."—"Geneora," he faintly asked, "what is the draught which thou hast just drunk so eagerly?" She drew him closer to her while she whispered, "The remainder of the poison which yester eve my hand poured out for thee." He shuddered. "Isidore," she continued, "I could die for thee, with thee, but I could not live and know that thy love was another's; I could not even die while I knew this. Say, canst thou pardon the act by which we perish?"—"Yes," he answered, "yes, I pardon; but so young—" it was all he could reply: his senses failed him; but while a gleam of consciousness remained, he heard the last words uttered by Geneora, "I am happy—it is sweet to die thus!"

Ere the lamps, whose glowing rays fell over them, grew pale in the light of morning, both were dead. Geneora had stirred not; the head of Isidore was still pillowed on her breast, still encircled by the white arm which had been to him

"So fond, but yet so fatal."

"*Emmanuel: a Christian Tribute of Affection and Duty; for the Year of our Lord 1830; edited by the Rev. W. Shepherd.*" In sooth we are at a loss to know what to say of this volume: intended for a class by itself, it does not seem to fall within our sphere of criticism. Yet we must be permitted to express an opinion that the Rev. Editor is neither quite fair, nor quite just to others, when he asserts, in the initial sentence of his Preface, that "amongst the many splendid and elegant specimens of art and literature, with which public taste has of late been gratified, there was not previous to the present season a single 'Annual' designed entirely and expressly for the use of the religious community." Was not The Amulet intended for the use of the religious community? And has it not sustained the character it professed?

We confess that when the title of this work first reached our ear, it struck us as an approximation, at least, to blasphemy. Others appear to have entertained a similar opinion; for the Editor has found it necessary to occupy nearly three pages of his preface with a very laborious defence of his title. Whatever conviction his reasoning may work in other minds, it certainly has not satisfied ours: we shrink instinctively from all trifling with sacred subjects. But we dare say the Editor means extremely well; the repast which he offers is exceedingly piquant and highly seasoned in its way; and we doubt not that it will at once stimulate, gratify, and satisfy the appetites of those for whom it is especially designed. Such people as Mrs. Godwin, Miss Browne, Agnes Strickland, L. E. L., the Author of The Mummy, Robert Montgomery, &c., are not likely to write absolute nonsense even upon a trading speculation. We wish to make a sensible little extract from the volume; and therefore, lest through ignorance we should fall into some unlucky blunder, we will make prize of an article which we happen to understand, and with the subject of which we know the writer to be perfectly well acquainted. Illustrating the frontispiece—a composition by Mr. Britton, from the architectural members of the west front of York Minster—are some judicious remarks on Christian

Architecture, by the designer. A portion of those remarks we subjoin:—

On reviewing the history of architecture in this country, we perceive three memorable epochs, when either the architects or their patrons had opportunities of doing credit to themselves and to their nation, by the erection of appropriate and elegant churches. After the calamitous but salutary fire of London, when thirty-two sacred edifices were consumed, many new ones were required; and Sir Christopher Wren had the commission for designing most of them. Among these, two were raised which have obtained the praises of professional critics—the cathedral of St. Paul's, and the church of St. Stephen's, Walbrook: but, however skilful those edifices may be in construction, architectural symmetry, and proportion, we cannot recognize and applaud them as appropriately designed and exclusively calculated for the celebration of the ceremonies of the Christian religion.

In the reign of Queen Anne, an Act of Parliament was passed for building fifty-two new churches in London; and eight or nine large and expensive edifices were consequently erected. Whether these assimilate with our idea of Christian architecture, may be inferred by examining the combined porticoes and bell-towers of St. George's, Bloomsbury; St. Clement's, Danes; St. Martin's-in-the-Fields; and St. George's, Hanover-square. Except for the towers, these compositions might as well be applied to assembly-rooms or theatres as to churches. In them we seek in vain for any visible token of religious appropriation; or of any features calculated to excite either veneration, awe, admiration, or that impressive sentiment which belongs to the "House of God," and which ought to be produced by exterior form and character, in unison with the doctrines inculcated by its ministers.

In the present century, and even in the present reign, another opportunity has been afforded of calling into action the talent of architects, and the taste of their patrons. How far they have satisfied the expectations and wishes of the public, is too notorious to be equivocal; but that notoriety demands inquiry into the cause, and comment on the issue. It is true that, on this occasion, we have some buildings designed in the style called "*Gothic*," and therefore partly in harmony with our feelings and prejudices. But we would ask the learned Board of Church Commissioners, if they believe that the monastic architects and builders of churches, from the time of Henry the Second to the end of Henry the Seventh's reign, ever commenced a new edifice in direct imitation of a former one? or if they were not continually seeking to improve on preceding examples? Is it not the practice, in every other art and science, for the professors to exert their best talents in advancing and promoting the particular science or art in which they are engaged? But in this, on the contrary, the architect has been, and still is, merely required to raise walls, insert windows and doors, and to fit up the interiors in the cheapest way possible. Economy is the motto of his employer; but low prices, and their concomitant, bad work, will ever be found to be most expensive in the sequel. Many of the churches which have been raised within the last ten years are so flimsily constructed, that it may be safely prognosticated scarcely one of them will weather out the century. The Greeks, the Romans, and the English monks, acted from different principles, and adopted different practices. Hence, we find that many of their magnificent and scientific buildings have defied the tempests of ages, and remain firm and perpendicular on their foundations for several centuries, to court the admiration, as they deserve the study, of men of science, learning, and taste. These very edifices, indeed, furnish the historian and the critic with authentic evidence of the scientific knowledge and worldly wisdom of those persons who lived in remote ages, remote regions, and of whom no other memorials exist.

On the tinted fly-leaf of the volume is the outline figure of a very well dressed angel, dancing or flying a minuet in the air.

Although we are expressedly told by the Editor, that the very beautiful work, glittering in crimson and gold, now before us, is not to be regarded as another "Annual," but as a "Perennial," we are prompted, by the splendour of its appearance, the exquisite style and execution of its embellishments, its intrinsic value, its peculiar suitableness as an offering at the shrine of youth and beauty, and from a desire to bestow on it a more extended notice than the limits of our Monthly View would permit, to include "*The Young Lady's Book*" amongst "The Annuals for 1830." Nothing could have been happier than the expressive simplicity of this title to a volume which contains, within little more than five hundred pages, instructions for the acquirement of every accomplishment necessary for a young lady, both useful and ornamental, from the practice of the moral and domestic virtues to the most approved mode of embroidering a flounce. Amidst this wilderness of sweets, we scarcely know on what subject first to fix our attention: for while admitting the

justness and propriety of the observations of the Editor, our eye is irresistibly attracted by some exquisite gem of art, charming alike from the gracefulness of its design and the beauty of its execution. The heads—exclusively of "The Cabinet Council," which serves as a vestibule to this temple of the Muses, "L'Ouverture," and "L'Adieu"—are fourteen in number:—Moral Deportment, The Florist, Mineralogy, Conchology, Entomology, The Aviary, The Toilet, Embroidery, The Escrutoire, Painting, Music, Dancing, Archery, Riding, and The Ornamental Artist; the last embracing directions for the modelling in wax, clay, paper, pasteboard, glass, sulphur, &c., painting on velvet, glass, &c., and for making screens, baskets, and other fanciful ornaments of feathers, beads, straw, alum, lavender, gold thread, &c.

Before we proceed to the notice of these individually, we must transfer to our pages "*L'Ouverture*," embellished, in the volume, by two fanciful devices; one, of two gnomes bearing a richly decorated casket; the other, of two children reading.

Here, in this classic bower,—the Muses home,—
  Fair science sits upon a throne empearl'd;
And, at the waving of her wand, a Gnome
  Reveals the treasures of the mineral world.

Her silver bow Latona's daughter bends;
  Young Music, heav'nly Maid! assumes the lyre;
Terpsichore her glad assistance lends;
  And Painting's charm the youthful soul inspire.

Here, Flora reasons on a budding rose;
  Lorn Philomel a learned treatise sings,
While purple moths their graceful forms disclose,
  With lectures woven on their gorgeous wings.

Minerva and the Graces here display
  The charms of taste with wisdom's lore combined;
And willing Sylphs their various arts essay,
  To raise, improve, and gratify the mind.

Moral Deportment is headed by a beautiful representation of the crowning of La Rosière,* and contains judicious remarks on the observance of the virtues of Piety, Integrity, Fortitude, Charity, Obedience, Consideration, Sincerity, Prudence, and Activity and Cheerfulness.

The Florist, illustrated with upwards of thirty marginal wood-cuts, gives the description with its botanical name, &c., of some of the best known flowers, in each of the twenty-four classes, together with a few general observations on the treatment of plants in general.

Mineralogy, Conchology, and Entomology, are more scientific in their details, but not deficient in amusement; and the information in each is heightened by wood-cuts, almost innumerable.

The Aviary embraces a condensed natural history of birds, with accurate representations of the most familiar of the several species. Here we would suggest to the Editor the propriety of having introduced some general rules for the management of the aviary, and for the rearing of the more favourite inmates of the cage. Griffith's edition of "The Animal Kingdom, by the Baron Cuvier," would have assisted him wonderfully on this point.

The Toilet, occupying less space in the volume than any other subject treated of, will be found replete with interest to our young friends, containing many useful observations, dictated alike by good sense and good taste, on the adornment of their persons, illustrated by numerous engravings of various styles of head-dress, with rules for their adaptation to the different classes of figure and face. We must be allowed to quote a few of the Editor's remarks on fashion, &c., of equal value to the adult as to the adolescent portion of our fair readers:—

Fashion demands a discreet, but not a servile observance: much judgment may be shewn in the time, as well as the mode, chosen for complying with her caprices. It is injudicious to adopt every new style immediately it appears; for many novelties in dress prove unsuccessful,—being abandoned even before the first faint impression they produce is worn off; and a lady can scarcely look much more absurd than in a departed fashion, which, even during its brief existence, never attained a moderate share of popularity. The wearer must, therefore, at once, relinquish the dress, or submit to the unpleasant result we have mentioned: so that, on the score of economy, as well as good taste, it is advisable not to be too eager in following the modes which whim or ingenuity create in such constant succession. On the other hand, it is

* For a full and striking account of the ceremony of crowning the Rosière, *vide* page 214 of the present volume of LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

unwise to linger so long as to suffer "Fashion's ever varying flower," to bud, blossom, and nearly "waste its sweetness," before we gather and wear it. Many persons are guilty of this error; they cautiously abstain from a too early adoption of novelty, and fall into the opposite fault of becoming its proselytes at the eleventh hour: they actually disburse as much in dress as those who keep pace with the march of mode, and are always some months behind those who are about them;—affording, in autumn, a post obit reminiscence to their acquaintance, of the fashions which were popular in the preceding spring. Such persons labour under the further disadvantage of falling into each succeeding mode when time and circumstances have deformed and degraded it from its "high and palmy state:" they do not copy it in its original purity, but with all the deteriorating additions which are heaped upon it subsequently to its invention. However beautiful it may be, a fashion rarely exists in its pristine state of excellence, long after it has become popular: its aberrations from the perfect are exaggerated at each remove; and if its form be in some measure preserved, it is displayed in unsuitable colours, or translated into inferior material, until the original design becomes so vulgarised as to disgust.

Again:—

General fashions should certainly be conformed to, when, as Goldsmith observes, they happen not to be repugnant to private beauty. They may often be so modified as to suit the persons of all; and, occasionally, be so managed as to seem to have been created expressly for the most advantageous display of many individuals' graces of form or delicacy of complexion. But alterations in modes must be made with considerable judgment, otherwise there is a risk of falling into absurdities: sometimes they are altogether intractable; it is impossible so to change a fashion, which has been especially invented for some tall and slender arbitress of taste, that it may at once retain much of its original character, and look becoming one whose form is either stout or petite. In this and similar cases, the attempt should be abandoned, with the consoling idea, that the next mode will, in all probability, be decidedly advantageous to those who are, for the time being, debarred by nature from appearing at once graceful and fashionable, and the "Cynthias of the Minute," in their turn, be thrown into the shade; for the authenticity of every new edict of Fashion is usually warranted by the fact of its being directly opposite, in letter and spirit, to its predecessor: thus, if one year she elevate the zone to its utmost possible height, she generally depresses it in an equally unreasonable degree the next; if she prescribe evergreens for the embellishment of the hair, in June, she commands "summer's glowing coronal," for the same purpose in December. Should high flounces be patronised, short ladies must abstain from adopting them, because they are becoming only to the tall; and if narrow dresses obtain pre-eminence, the slender must not sacrifice that fulness in the attire, for which, to them, the most exquisite display of fashion can never be a sufficient compensation.

We must not linger over the next head—Embroidery—which, for ingenuity and elaborateness of illustrative embellishment, exceeds, perhaps, every other. Suffice it to mention, that every variety of needlework, and every different stitch in each, is described and represented with astonishing minuteness and distinctness.

The Escrutoire contains every necessary information on the subject of epistolary correspondence, on the folding, sealing, and superscription of letters, &c.

Painting and Music also contain much that is excellent on their respective subjects; but one little excerpt, on the study of trees, is all that we can effect:—

We often hear young practitioners complain of the difficulty of drawing trees; they should be made the subject of separate studies; and the character of each species ought to be carefully distinguished. There is quite as much difference between two sorts of trees, as of animals: a tree, in the foreground of a picture, should never be so drawn as to leave the spectator in the dark as to whether it is intended to represent oak, ash, beech, or elm. Excellent prints, as examples, are to be had; and they should be taken out into the fields by the student, and compared with nature. The next lesson is to draw the tree from nature, without the assistance of the print, and to compare the drawing and print together afterwards. To those who spend much of their time in the country (and who else may hope to succeed in landscape?) we will point out an opportunity which they possess of acquainting themselves with the characters of trees:—There are many fine days, early in the year, when the weather is mild enough to admit of sketching from nature, before the groves are clad with their summer verdure; and if accurate drawings be made at this season, and kept till summer, they will greatly assist in studies for the same trees; indeed, it will be found a most pleasing as well as an instructive practice, to compare the sketches so made in spring, with the trees themselves in summer; and to account for the large masses of foliage, by tracing, with the assistance of the previous

sketch, the branches now hidden from the sight, from which they spring and still derive support.

Under the head Dancing, is included an Historical Sketch of that art, with descriptions of the different varieties practised, from the religious and war dances of the ancients to the modern waltz; Practical Observations and Exercises of the Arms and Hands, the Feet, the Bust, the Head, Positions, Battemens, and other Exercises, &c., illustrated by no fewer than seventeen graceful and well executed figures.

The Practical Observations on Archery are good; and the figures shewing the different uses, and modes of using the bow, are clear and intelligible.

Much space has been very successfully devoted to Riding; the treatise, as the editor with propriety terms it, laying down minute and comprehensive rules for the acquirement of the art; and it cannot fail to afford considerable advantage, not only to the novice, but to such ladies as, from a dislike to the ordeal of a riding-school, or other circumstances, may not have received the instruction of a master. Eighteen marginal wood-cuts assist the letterpress in its directions for mounting, dismounting, preserving the seat and balance, correcting the rearing and kicking of the horse, walking, trotting, cantering, stopping, leaping, &c. We cannot forbear mentioning here, the charmingly fanciful and graceful vignette tail-piece to this article—Titania on the Horse-fly.

The last subject is the Ornamental Artist, with directions for, and illustrations of, the mode of modelling, painting on glass and velvet, Chinese painting, oriental tinting, lithography; for the manufacture of fancy articles of pasteboard, glass, &c., and the endless variety of elegant ornaments which so agreeably occupy the leisure hours of our fair young friends.

The embellishments of the volume, of which we have yet to speak, consist, independently of those already noticed, of five-and-forty highly finished engravings on wood:—the Frontispiece, exhibiting the interior of a Lady's Boudoir; the Gathered Rose; the Visit to the Aviary; Belinda at her Toilet; an Al-fresco Fête; an Old English Baron, attended by his Dwarf, instructing his Daughters in the use of the Bow; and a Hawking Party—frontispieces, if we may so express ourselves, to different portions of the work. The remainder are vignettes, head and tail pieces, of an appropriate classical, historical, or poetic character, affixed to the respective departments. These constitute the most beautiful specimens of wood engraving we ever beheld. The emblematic title-page is a rich display of the art of gold printing; and the whole is handsomely bound in crimson watered silk. We had almost forgotten to notice the pretty and very accurate imitation of lace with which the covers are lined. The printing is highly creditable to the press of Vizetelly and Branston; and, altogether "The Young Lady's Book," for embellishment and general getting up, is one of the most elegant volumes of its kind. We cannot do better than close with the editor's "*Adieu!*"—

The veil is drawn upon the Muses' bower;
  Afar hath flown each Sylph's instructive pen;
Fair Science hath resigned her regal power,
  And Painting seeks her native skies again.

Unbent is Huntress Dian's shining bow;
  Music hath ceas'd to sound her magic shell,
Or gay Terpsichore her grace to shew;
  And grey-rob'd Wisdom totters to his cell.

But here their various treasures are enshrin'd,
  Or in the moral or the learned page;
And oft the reader, to improve her mind,
  May seek, by turns, the Muse, the Gnome, or Sage.

While he who thus (perchance but too unskilled,)
  Presumes to bring their golden gifts to view,—
Slave of the Lamp, his ministry fulfill'd,—
  Makes his Salaam, and tenders his Adieu!

So far, we believe—having been beguiled into a notice of unusual length respecting this beautiful volume—we have closed our labours for the present month. We certainly anticipated the extinction, this year, of some of the mob of annual pretenders: whether *The Keepsake* is amongst the dead and forgotten, we have not been informed; we only know we have not seen it: if gone—peace to its *manes!*

The Landscape Annual, about which so much fuss was made, has not yet appeared; and, for aught we know, will not be published at all.

CASTRUM MUNIFICUM:—A SKETCH OF 1171.

The rays of a rich sunset} were yet lingering on the lofty turrets of Castrum Munificum, the regal palace of Roderic O'Connor, the boast and wonder of Ireland—being the first stone castle that had proudly reared its head in Erin's isle—as Leinster's young and hapless prince grasped in passionate agony, the massive bars that framed the window of his desolate abode.—"Eve of beauty! orb of glory! dost thou still smile on me—the bereaved Fitz-Dermod, when deserted by all, save Heaven and innocence! Oh, my father!" he exclaimed, "and can it be, that I, who was wont to be called the hope, the pride, and staff of thy declining age, have been by thee consigned an unwilling sacrifice to grace the shrine of thy infatuated ambition—doomed to answer with my life, the breach of those treaties, which thou hast ventured openly to violate! And Roderic, the indignant monarch, who has condemned me, may he never feel the pang that strikes to the heart's core of him, who was to be his son, on dying a death of ignominy and reproach. In the battle's roar, in the service of my country, I would have embraced death with the energy of a hero—with the dignity of man. Oh, Roderic, Roderic, even in thy stern resolves, methinks, 'twould have been more consistent with a generous nature, to have blended the divine attribute of mercy, in permitting thy cherished daughter, my loved Lervilda, to take one last farewell of him who was her first, her only choice."

Since boyhood, not a tear had dimmed the proud eye of Fitz-Dermod; but the thought of Lervilda, and the distress she was fated to endure, when apprized of his unmerited doom, conspired to subdue his fortitude; and, sinking into momentary weakness, he wept. Dashing aside the tears, as unworthy the firmness with which he had resolved to die, he threw himself in one corner of the apartment; and, with the view of closing his mind to the remembrance of his sorrows, essayed to sleep. But sleep seldom visits the eyes of the unhappy; and Fitz-Dermod again rose, and once more placed himself at the barred window of his chamber. He now heard, or fancied he heard, a slight movement: he looked around, but nothing encountered his gaze, save the chequered beams of the rising moon. The sound was repeated. In breathless anxiety he again listened, and, to his astonishment, he beheld a pannel in the wall drawn gently aside, and the form of a young warrior, cased in armour, stepped forward.

Fitz-Dermod, in the first moments of his surprise, exclaimed "Who art thou? and what is the purport of thy visit?"

"A friend;" whispered the stranger, as, hastily stepping forward, he pressed the hand of the prince momentarily within his own. "Follow me," he added, "but forbear to question."

Happy in the opportunity of effecting his escape upon any terms, and looking upon the stranger as one of the brave English knights, who had accompanied his father from the British shore, and now sent by him, under some favourable occurrence, to procure his liberation, he, with a beating heart, promptly obeyed the silent wave of his guide's hand. They proceeded through a long and narrow passage, which conducted to a flight of stairs, so steep in their descent, that they were obliged to use extreme caution, lest a false step should precipitate them to the bottom. The curiosity of the prince was forcibly excited to ascertain by what means his companion could have gained such a thorough knowledge of the intricate passages that wound in every direction beneath the castle. However, to hold converse with the knight was impracticable; for with difficulty Fitz-Dermod was enabled to pursue the fleeting steps, the pale glimmering of the lamp forming his principal guidance. At length the stranger paused, as, pressing the visor still closer to his face, he laid his hand on an iron ring. A door now opened upon a wood, and Fitz-Dermod, to his extreme joy, discovered himself to be within a mile of the army of the allies.

"Let us not lose a moment—time is on

the wing," said the stranger; "speed to the enemy's frontiers, brave Fitz-Dermod, and may the God of us all protect and bless thee!"

The voice of the speaker faltered, as, extending his hand to the prince, he found it forcibly retained. "We part not thus," cried Fitz-Dermod; "I must know to whom I am indebted for life, for liberty, and—"

"This packet will reveal all; but hark! I hear the tramp of horses' feet; fly, Fitz-Dermod, fly, and leave me to my fate!"

"Never shall it be said that Fitz-Dermod quitted the side of his noble benefactor in the hour of danger; nor will he fly before the presence of his foes."

Escape was now impossible, for a troop of horse, headed by Cathan, king Roderic's son, had surrounded the fugitives, and was on the point of despatching the English knight, as they termed the stranger, when the voice of the prince withheld the blow; and Cathan, to his great astonishment, beheld, in Fitz-Dermod, his father's condemned hostage.

Morn's earliest dawn now witnessed the arraigning of the unhappy prince, in the presence of the haughty Roderic; but when the stranger knight was desired to reveal his name, he bent his knee, and, raising his helmet from which escaped a profusion of auburn ringlets, he laid it at the feet of the startled monarch. "Great Heaven!" exclaimed the distressed Roderic, "and is it on Lervilda thy malediction falls; yes, rash child, thy father has lived to curse thee!"

"Recal it, recal it, O my father! I implore thee, since 'twas unknowingly," cried Lervilda, in an energetic tone. "Let my death prove a sufficient atonement for having vainly essayed to preserve the life of him, who, with thy consent, was on this day to have been made ruler of my destiny."

"The decree of Roderic is unalterable—away then!" continued the king, as, covering his face with his hands, he sought to conceal the emotion which agitated his frame, even to agony; "for to death," he added, "have I condemned the child of my affection."

"Then be it so, my father and my king!" said the beautiful Lervilda, as, rising with heroic firmness, she turned towards the spot on which Fitz-Dermod stood. Vainly had he endeavoured, on recognition of Lervilda, to break from the chains that bound him; vainly, too, had he sued for her pardon, while imploring the wreaking of Roderic's vengeance on his own devoted head. But when the fate of that fair and innocent being was sealed with his, nature could hold no longer, and he sank with a piercing cry insensible on the ground.

Life and consciousness at length returned, and to the surprise of Fitz-Dermod, he beheld his loved Lervilda, her brother Cathan, and a priest, and himself lying in one of the state apartments of the castle. "What mockery of bliss is now in contemplation for the unhappy Fitz-Dermod?" he exclaimed, "what—"

"Something better than visionary happiness is now your portion, I firmly trust," interrupted Cathan, as he placed the hand of Lervilda within that of the prince. "Receive from me a gift which you will prize dearer than life; and know that the great Roderic, when he had signed your death warrant, consigned his prisoners to the care of Cathan, and with looks of pathetic feeling implored me to pour the balm of consolation into hearts that had bled on the decision of his stern decrees."

In speechless transport, Fitz-Dermod and Lervilda embraced the knees of the generous Cathan; and ere they again rose, the grateful prince had sworn never to wield an arm against Roderic or his kindred, to quit Ireland, and seek a home in some less distracted country.

The marital rite was performed; and in less than two days, Fitz-Dermod and his lovely bride were far beyond the reach of foe or danger, and landed in perfect safety in England.

A. S.

Original Poetry.

LINES,

SUGGESTED BY WALKING THROUGH AN ANCIENT GOTHIC CHURCH.

By Mrs. Bray, Author of "De Foix," "The White Hoods," "The Protestant," &c.

As I glide through this church with noiseless tread,
I think on the times now pass'd away,
And fancy dwells on the lordly dead,
On their pomp of life, their mouldering clay:
I think on them who raised this pile,
These clustering towers and vaultings low,
These cells of gloom, the cloister'd aisle,
And the "storied window's" solemn glow.

I can call up the monk, in my fancy's mood,
With his cowl and beads to walk again,
In that age when all was dark and rude,
When to Mary arose the choral strain,
Hymns like waters that gently steal
Sweet and low on the ear they beguile,
Till the swelling organ's mighty peal
In its world of sound shakes roof and aisle.

I can see before me the red-cross knight,
Round his patron saint while the tapers glare;
I can see him bend in his armour bright,
As he crosses his manly breast in prayer;
And near him I view a maid who kneels—
Her veil cannot hide the falling tear—
At that warrior bold a glance she steals,
And thinks, as she sighs, no saint so dear.

And lo! what a crowd comes on apace!
The mother leads fondly her babes by the hand,
Whose infant lisp asks heavenly grace,
Whilst yet untouched by sin they stand.
Sinks tottering age on its feeble knees,
In grateful praise for mercy given;
Childhood and age—God's care are these,
Since helpless, both have need of heaven.

Oh these are the visions my thoughts recal,
As I gaze on these walls with silent breath;
Another comes! 'tis the last of them all,
'Tis the last long line that waits on death.
The coffin, the pall, the sorrowing train,
Friends who weeping follow our dust;
Whilst the solemn dirge in funeral strain
Praises Him who gives and takes the just.

And as requiems sound and the cross is raised,
And holy water is sprinkled around,
My fancy still by death amazed,
Follows the dead below the ground.
I see him there forced from all to part,
From life, from power, from strength and might;
The cold worm lives in his lordly heart,
And the light of his eye lies quenched in night.

And as I think on this awful doom,
Through yon tall window the moon's pale gleam
Falls coldly on the silent tomb,
And awakes my soul from its saddening dream.
I turn and gaze on that lunar ray,
And conscience whispers in God to trust,
For I who muse on this mortal clay,
I am myself a thing of dust.

ON A FADED ROSE.

As rainbow colours in the sky,
Or shadowy dreams with morning fly,
So roses bloom—so roses die
Like this!

The morning sees the flower bloom,
And noon inhales its sweet perfume,
The night-blast brings its early doom,
And so fades earthly bliss!

THE SONG OF THE HOURS.

By Susanna Strickland.

Part II.

THE EVENING HOUR.

Like the herald hope of a fairer clime,
The brightest link in the chain of time,
The youngest and loveliest child of day,
I mingle and soften each glowing ray;
Weaving together a tissue bright,
Of the beams of day and the gems of night.
I pitch my tent in the sapphire west,
And receive the sun as he sinks to rest;
He flings in my lap his ruby crown,
And lays at my feet all his glory down.
But ere his burning eyelids close,
His farewell glance the day-king throws
On nature's face—till the twilight shrouds
The monarch's brow in a veil of clouds.
Oh, then, by the light of mine own fair star,
I unyoke the steeds from his beamy car:
Away—away!—with eyes of flame,
With hoofs of fire and flying mane,
Like meteors speeding on the wind,
They leave a glowing track behind,
Till the dark caverns of the night
Receive the heaven-born steeds of light!
While nature broods o'er the soft repose
Of the dewy mead and the half shut rose,

Does not that lovely hour give birth
To thoughts more allied to heaven than earth?
When the things that have been in perspective pass,
Like the sun's last rays, over memory's glass—
When life's cares are forgot—when its joys are our own—
And the mild beam of faith round the future is thrown;
When all that awakened remorse or regret,
Like a stormy morn has in splendour set;
When the sorrows of time, and the hopes of heaven,
Blend in the soul like the hues of even,
And the spirit looks back on this troubled scene
With a glance as bright as it ne'er had been!

NIGHT.

I come like oblivion to sweep away
The scattered beams from the car of day;
Gems which the evening has lavishly strewn,
To light up the lamps round my ebon throne.
Slowly I float through the realms of space,
Casting my mantle o'er Nature's face,
Weaving the stars in my raven hair,
As I sail through the shadowy fields of air.
All the wild fancies that thought can bring
Lie hid in the folds of my sable wing;
Terror is mine, with his frenzied crew,
Fear, with her cheek of marble hue;
And sorrow, that shuns the glance of light,
Pours out her plaint to the silent Night.
Oh! I am the type of that awful gloom
Which involves the cradle and wraps the tomb,
Chilling the soul with its mystical sway,
Chasing the day-dreams of beauty away,
Till man views the banner by night unfurled,
As the awful veil of the unknown world,
The emblem of all he fears beneath,
The solemn garb of the spoiler Death!

CHORUS OF HOURS.

Born with the sun—the fair children of Time,
We silently lead to a lovelier clime,
Where the day is undimmed by the shadows of night,
But eternally beams from the fountain of light;
Where the sorrows of life, and its cares, are unknown
By the beautiful forms that encircle the throne
Of the mighty Creator—the first and the last—
Who the wonderful frame of the universe cast,
And composed every link of the mystical chain
Of minutes and hours, which are numbered in vain
By the children of dust in their frantic career,
When the moments are wasted unthinkingly here;
Lavished on earth—which in mercy were given
To prepare the soul for the joys of heaven!

PHARSALIA.

The night before the battle of Pharsalia, which decided the fate of Rome, Pompey devoted in his tent to festivity: when Julius Cæsar visited it, after the battle, he was astonished at the magnificence which prevailed. —*Roman History.*

Many a crimson banner flung
Their folds around a gorgeous tent,
Where a thousand harps were strung
For a conqueror's merriment:
Many a bright, but fading flower,
Were round the golden wine-cups wreathed;
Mingling their odour with the shower
Of perfumes from the censers breathed.
The soft lute lent its silken strings,
The cymbal's loud and clashing sound,
Blent with the harp's low murmurings,
Dwelt in the moon-lit air around.

I gazed on that fair scene again—
'Twas misery and dark despair!
Ceased had the music's mellow strain,
Hushed were the silvery voices there;
All silent was the golden lute,
The harp's low tones had died away,
The lay from beauty breathed was mute,
Motionless all that fair array:
The soft still voice of love was gone—
The floweret's blooming glory o'er,
The flash of joyous wit was flown,
The wine-cup circled round no more:
As ere the storm hath sped its way
Though clouds be gathered in the sky;
The sun will sometimes fling one ray,
As though it were in mockery.
So did the diamond's brilliant light
Essay to pierce that dismal gloom;
But all in vain its lustre bright,
It could not pierce the lonely tomb!

Holloway. J. F.

IMPROMPTU:

WRITTEN AFTER READING "THE LOVES OF THE POETS."

By Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson.

Lady! I feel that praise so poor as mine
Can add no lustre to thy well-earned fame;
Yet fain would I one wreath of song entwine,
And "garland with sweet verse" thy gentle name!
To whom both bard and minstrel's lay is dear,
Whose graceful hands have rais'd a trophy o'er their bier.

I trace thy glowing page! the gentle theme,
Rehears'd by thee, becomes most eloquent!
It lives before me, like a beauteous dream
To which thy pen a magic spell hath lent!
A graceful shadow of departed years,
Blent with the rainbow's hues, thy charmed page appears.

Well hast thou gather'd in that classic page
  Each gem that time had scatter'd; and hast bound,
In one bright wreath, the bard of ev'ry age,
  Whoever, with the poet's bays were crown'd!
And from oblivion's wave hast snatch'd away
Full many a "child of song," fast sinking to decay!

Worthy thyself to be a "poet's love,"
  And realize on earth his heaven-lit dream,
Oh! gentle lady! thou thyself dost prove
  A living subject for poetic theme!
A vision fair, to wake the minstrel's song,
Since unto thee must all that poets prize belong.

Wit, sense, and elegance! and feeling deep,
  A heart by sentiment and taste refin'd,
Within whose gentle casket, safe may sleep
  Love's very self; but chasten'd and confin'd!
Ere yet one soil of earth hath touch'd his wing,
Such love as Klopstock felt, and did not blush to sing!

But ah! some hand less feeble far than mine
  Should weave for THEE the poet's wreath of praise!
Where sleep our modern bards, that none entwine,
  To crown thy brows, the myrtle and the bays?
I blush to think a WOMAN's hand must bring
Unto a sister's shrine this simple offering!

Woburn Place, Russell Square,
October, 1829.

THE SIGH.

By H. C. Deakin, Author of "Portraits of the Dead."

THOU herald both of life and death,
  Born of the bosom's pain;
Back, back into thy fountain breath,
  Back to thy bourn again.

Seize on the livery of the past,
  The garments of the dead,
So thou art not the thing thou wast,
  By passion—madness fed.

Sigh! ruffle not this lip of mine,
  Light spirit as thou art;
Thy home is of a proud man's shrine,
  I crush thee in my heart.

I am myself! pride, hope, desire,
  Derision, hate, and scorn,
At my soul's stern rebuke expire,
  Die on the breath they're borne.

"THERE'S NOT A JOY THE WORLD CAN GIVE LIKE THAT IT TAKES AWAY."

THOUGH many an eye is bright around,
  And many a laughing lip,
Unconscious of the morrow's fate,
  May still of pleasure sip;—
Though lightsome forms around may flit,
  Inspired by feelings gay,
"There's not a joy the world can give
  Like that it takes away."

It steals the heart's first tender bloom,
  And dead the chill it leaves
O'er each fine feeling that around
  The youthful bosom wreathes;
And those that most have trod its path,
  And yielded to its sway,
Own there is nothing it can give
  For all it takes away.

Its joys are heartless and untrue,
  And end in pain and care;
By it alone the brilliant eye
  Is sunken in despair,
The once red lip is pale and cold,
  The raven tress is grey;
And nothing, nothing it can give
  For that it takes away.

Oh trust not to the seeming smile
  That on the cheek may glow,
'Tis but a veil that seeks to hide
  A ruined heart below;
As mountain streams are coldest far
  On which the sun beams play:
"There's not a joy the world can give
  Like that it takes away."

E. M. P.

SONG.

By T. W. Kelly, Author of "Myrtle Leaves."

WHEN love's light wings by hope are fann'd,
They waft the soul to fairy land;
And there as fancy's spirits buoy,
We dream of endless light and joy;
  Nor feeling pain, nor fearing dread,
    But lightly bound
    To music's sound,
  And perfumes all around us shed.

Ah! would such moments last for aye,
Or never, never shed their ray
On passion's wild and artless flower;
For one delicious, lovely hour,
  But mocks the lover's after doom,
    As some sweet light
    That glimmers bright
  O'er the dark entrance of a tomb.



BALL DRESS. DINNER PARTY & CHILDS DRESS.

Published by G. B. Whittaker for La Belle Assemblée. Nº 60. New Series Decr. 1 1829.





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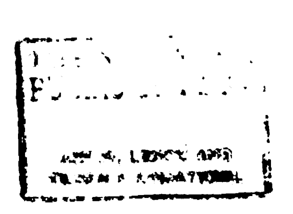


BALL DRESS. DINNER PARTY & CHILDS DRESS.

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CARRIAGE DRESS. MORNING [illegible]



Records of the Beau Monde.

FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER, 1829.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF THE FASHIONS.

Home Costume.

A dress of changeable silk; the colour either amber or fawn, shot with the lightest shade of straw-colour, or white. At the border of the skirt is a very broad hem, headed by two *rouleaux* of corn-flower-blue satin, set on separate, and the *rouleau* next the hem much wider than the upper one. The body is made plain, and fitting close to the shape, and partially low, with a narrow lace tucker of a Vandyke pattern. A pelerine tippet of lace, in double, full frills, is thrown over the shoulders, and left open in front of the bust, till the two ends unite at the sash, from whence they depend, but not low. On each shoulder is a small rosette of corn-flower-blue ribbon, edged with amber; and a full double ruff of lace, just below the throat, fastens in front with a smilar rosette. The sleeves are *à la Mameluke*, with double ruffles of lace at the wrists, turned back; and next the hand a broad bracelet of black velvet, fastened with an agate set in gold. The hair is beautifully and tastefully arranged in curls next the face, and three loops on the summit, forming open arches: a few light puffs of blue ribbon, edged with amber, are added. The shoes are of corn-flower-blue satin, tied *en sandales*. The ear-pendants are large, and of gold.

Morning Visiting Dress.

This costume, which, were it not made quite high at the throat, might by its elegance be fitted to the dinner party or the evening, is the proper kind of toilet for paying morning visits of ceremony, either to a newly-married lady, or on a first introduction to a female of rank. The dress is of garnet-coloured *gros de Naples*, with a very broad hem, at the head of which is painted or embroidered, in variety of colours, a splendid border of flowers, richly grouped together. The *corsage* is plain and quite high, with a notched collar, ornamented round with the same kind of flowers, in painting or embroidery, as those on the skirt. Next the face is a narrow frill of blond. The sleeves are *à la Donna Maria*, but are left open down the outside of the arm, and fastened together again by bows of garnet ribbon; the opening finished by white satin and narrow blue *rouleaux*. Over the sleeve, is a frill ornament of the same material as the dress, in variegated colours, to correspond with those of the flowers: the same variation is observed in the Spanish points at the wrists. The hat is of jonquil satin, slightly trimmed with ribbon of the same colour, and strings floating loose. A very beautiful plumage of white ostrich feathers depends gracefully over the crown and a part of the brim. The shoes are of black satin.

Carriage Dress.

A pelisse of Nile-water-green satin, with two narrow flounces of white, above a moderately broad hem; the flounces set at some distance from each other. The pelisse fastens down the front of the skirt by satin rosettes, and the body is made plain with *fichu*-robings, edged with white lace, a double ruff of which encircles the throat. The sleeves are *à l'imbécile*, with lace ruffles. The hat of white *gros de Naples*, ornamented with blond beneath and above the brim, and on the crown; with *bouquets* of pink exotic flowers, and their green foliage.

Morning Dress.

A large, wrapping, *peignoir*-pelisse over a dress made of a similar material of some woollen tissue of a very fine texture, such as Lyonese crape, or double Merino: the ground is of a yellow tint, approaching to that of *oiseau de paradis*, but not quite so bright, and is

figured over in a pattern of flowers, of various colours. A large pelerine cape of the same depends below the elbows; from whence appear sleeves of the dress underneath, fitting close to the arm, terminating at the wrists by a broad black velvet cuff. A pelerine cape of black velvet falls over the cape of the *peignoir*. The hair is arranged *à la Madonna*, with a cap of fine lace, in the cornette style, but not fastened under the chin.

Evening Dress.

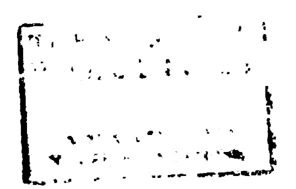
A dress of buff-coloured Indian taffety, with a broad Vandyked flounce round the border of the skirt; the points edged by green satin, brocaded with spots of scarlet. The body made plain, with a very wide paladin collar round the tucker part: from the front of this collar depend two points, fastening under the sash, and forming a kind of stomacher, the ends of which are concealed under a sash of Egyptian tartan, tied before, with a short bow and long ends. The sleeves are *à l'imbécile*, terminating at the wrist by a pointed cuff, edged by blond. The dress-hat is of the very lightest shade of celestial blue satin, spotted with scarlet; and is trimmed with white brocaded gauze ribbon, with a white *esprit* on each side.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHIONS AND DRESS.

Modern assemblies and evening dress parties, either in town or country, seem to prove that the splendours described in the "Arabian Nights" are no fable. Never before had dress attained to such a height of taste and magnificence as at the present day; nor ever were luxury and grandeur so overpowering, even in the palaces of the ancient Caliphs, as they are now in the saloons of European mansions belonging to the great ones of the fashionable world.

Novelty, alone, is not sufficient to charm the votaries of the changeful deity; the novelties must be of the most costly kind. The large wrapping shawl of real Cachemere, now so much in favour with the select few who can procure such an outdoor envelope, is of the most exquisite workmanship in the pattern of the border: this pattern is in large palm-leaves, formed of the most delicate little Cachemerian flowers of various colours; and the border is very broad, on a white ground. The shawl itself is of the most lovely shade of dove-colour, and the border has a white fringe all round of the Cachemere itself, in which is displayed the fine and silky texture of the beard of the goat of Thibet, which renders this expensive shawl truly valuable, and proves its intrinsic worth. We have dwelt long on the beauty of this elegant article, as we know well that it costs an immense sum, even in India. One of these shawls is now in the possession of a lady of high distinction in the fashionable world: though very rare of its kind, it cannot fail to render the shawls of Cachemere extremely prevalent for the carriage this winter. Cloaks are, however, by no means losing favour, cheap as some of them are, and consequently likely to become common. They prevail most in black levantine for the promenade, lined with ruby, blue, or some other conspicuous colour; but as they tie down the front with ribbon, like a pelisse, the lining is only very partially discovered. A large pelerine cape, of velvet, or of the same material as the cloak, finishes these envelopes —*comfortable* envelopes they may now be termed, since they have been made to tie down at the base of the waist, and the arm-holes have a drapery which covers the bend of the arm, always susceptible, previous to this improvement, of cold. As to pelisses, they are of silk, and but partially worn at present. Since the rage for wide sleeves, it has been next to an impossibility to wear them over any dress, except with great discomfort; the wearer, therefore, takes cold, if she pay a morning visit, of any length, in one. Having sat, perhaps, in one of these most useful of all walking dresses, for two or three hours, she quits the warm apartments of her friend, with no additional covering, and then repairs home to put on the thin, low dress, for dinner and evening costume.

Though November came in with severe cold, it has been far advanced without velvet bonnets becoming general: those which have appeared are much in the same style and shape that prevailed last winter. The dark silk bonnets, which came in at



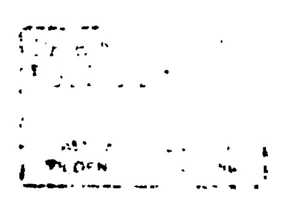


MORNING DRESS.

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MORNING VISITING DRESS.



the latter part of October, yet look fresh and new; and their retired colours do not render them at all unappropriate accompaniments to the tippets and muffs of fur, which made their appearance very early this year. The only novelty we find in the shape of the velvet hats is, that they are very wide in front; but this is compensated for by their being very short at the ears, which always renders a large bonnet becoming. Hats and bonnets of Scotch tartan velvet have been seen in carriages: these are generally lined with satin of the colour most conspicuous in the tartan.

Even the most intimate friends seldom meet now without being well and fashionably dressed; yet there certainly is some difference observed between the social friendly dinner-party and that of ceremony. At the former, dresses of *gros de Naples* are most prevalent; the bust only partially displayed, and the sleeves long, of the same material as the dress. A broad hem, headed by rows of full-wadded, narrow *rouleaux*, or two broad bias folds, stiffened, form the most approved borders to the skirts; the boddice either finished *à la Sévigné*, or ornamented with *chevrons*, in front, with sleeves immensely wide, with a broad gauntlet cuff, prevails most; the petticoats very short. The colour of these dresses varies, according to fancy; slate, cinnamon, brown, milk-chocolate, and green. For evening parties, that beautiful winter dress of black satin, trimmed with broad white blond, is much in favour. A ball dress lately finished for a young bride was of white crape, with a border beautifully painted in branches of myrtle. Some blond dresses, white over pink satin, have been much admired at evening parties, and for the ball-room for young persons. The sleeves are also of blond, lined with pink satin, and are very short and full. These dresses are very costly, being trimmed at the border with remarkably broad flounces of the most rich and valuable blond. Painted Indian taffeties, delicately executed, on a white ground, and also satins of the same oriental kind, prevail much at evening dress parties: these are often trimmed with blond, particularly those of taffety; which have also long sleeves of blond. Dresses of fine Merino continue to be worn as home costume, and also for the morning promenade. A broad hem, headed by narrow tucks, forms the border, the body made high, and the bust ornamented with *chevrons*; the sleeves wide, with a very broad gauntlet cuff. Morning dresses are of painted muslin, white jaconot, or chintz; they are made in the same manner, excepting the white dresses, which have a drawn boddice *à l'Enfant*; and the sleeves more than usually wide.

Dress hats are as often seen of pink or celestial blue crape, as of white; the feathers droop over one side of the white dress hats, and are either a plume formed of white and coloured feathers, or white feathers tipped with pink or blue. The caps of blond increase in size; a degree larger, and they will be monstrous; the turbans are the same as to their dimensions, and completely disguise the delicate face with small fractures. Caps of blond have that beautiful article disposed tier upon tier, and the tiers cannot be called borders, because they are erect from the face. Few ladies wear flowers as ornaments to these caps; but the richest and most expensive gauze ribbon is added to the blond, in tasteful puffs and bows; and as display seems the standing rule in these conspicuous head-dresses, flowers in themselves would form too prominent a feature, and draw off the admiration of the blond and ribbon, which are matchless as to richness and pattern. The turbans are chiefly of coloured gauze, richly brocaded, and beautifully variegated; the pattern as well as the ground, formed of all those colours, which appear best by candle-light; and these are so splendid that they require little ornament. It is now a general fashion, which we are sorry to see, to wear the hair *à la Madonna*; we are sorry, because curls are becoming to every visage, but straight bands of hair require a Madonna-like expression of countenance. The present mode, also, of thus arranging the hair is by no means an improvement; it is so short at the ears, that the bands do not come lower than the temples, leaving a shorn-like and unpleasant bareness over the cheeks, which, if full, produces an appearance far from attractive. It is certainly a neat fashion, and proves that the hair is natural; but that will not do; the features,

the form, and the expression of the physiognomy should be attended to. Ladies, however, who affect this simplicity, often place a full-blown damask rose on the left side of the bows which crown the summit of the head: and these bows are very charmlingly arranged, being formed of three loops, not much elevated, and so light that they are almost transparent: the only fault is in the disposal of the hair next the face. We have seen two or three pretty women quite disguised by adopting this *coiffeure;* when a few ringlets or light curls would have preserved their usual fascination, and still have given all the air of fashion they could wish. For the morning, caps of blond are preferred to those of thread lace; these are becoming, and rather small than large, of the cornette kind: they are trimmed with blue or pink satin ribbon, and strings of a moderate length, float over a part of the bust.

The favourite colours are Spanish fly-green, ethereal-blue, pink, slate-colour, milk-chocolate, scarlet, and cinnamon-brown.

Cabinet of Taste,

OR MONTHLY COMPENDIUM OF FOREIGN COSTUME.

By a Parisian Correspondent.

COSTUME OF PARIS.

If our pleasures are but short, they follow in quick succession, so that expectation does not languish for any length of time. We have had some *amateur* races of a very distinguished kind, at which, to make use of your newspaper phrase, much beauty and fashion were present. Some ladies wore pelisses of bright rose-colour, fastened on the shoulders by brooches. Some spencers also were seen, one of black velvet, with a coloured silk petticoat; others were of *gros de la Chine,* either green or blue, with a white petticoat. The bust was *à la Sévigné.* The new cloaks of kerseymere, or of Merino, have capes which descend as low as the elbow: they are trimmed with a broad fringe, with a head in net-work. When the cloaks are made of figured materials, the fringe is variegated to suit the colours in the pattern. With pelisses of *gros de la Chine* an apron is sometimes worn; this fashion began to take place the latter end of last month, and is now becoming more general, notwithstanding the singularity of its appearance; being embroidered in coloured silks. A pelisse has appeared on a lady of high rank, of satin, the colour *jaune-vapeur,* and was lined with white plush silk; the pelisse was left open, and discovered a muslin petticoat, very beautifully embroidered, above a broad hem which surrounded the border.

The hats are generally of satin, and are ornamented with a very large bow formed of a broad bias of satin: the two ends of this bow are trimmed with feather-fringe. Hats, even for *déshabille,* are of satin, plush, or velvet; they have no other trimming than the ribbon which crosses over the crown and forms the strings. Young persons wear hats of striped plush: very broad stripes of white on a rose-coloured ground, or of light colours on white. Black velvet bonnets are all finished at the edge, of the brim, by a black blond. On the brim of a great many hats of lilac, and other light-coloured satin, is placed a half-handkerchief of black satin, bordered by a *ruche;* the larger part is puckered round the crown of the hat, and the point descends on the brim. These hats are lined with black velvet, and trimmed at the edge with a *ruche;* they have also four or five bows of gauze ribbon with satin stripes. There are some hats named *Juliettes.* They are of silk in large patterns, and are ornamented with blond and flowers. Damask satin is a very brilliant and approved article for hats: they are *jaune-vapeur,* and are trimmed with large puffs of plain black velvet, with ends cut in bias; these ends are ornamented by fringe. Flowers grouped together, *en panaches,* are made of velvet, and represent half-open roses; they are placed on hats of white satin. The materials for hats are various, but the most admired is satin; there is great variety in the patterns, and that in zig-zag figures is deemed the most elegant. Some bonnets have appeared of Scotch tartan velvet, the checquers very large: the brim is finished by a demi-veil of blond. In several *Magasins des Modes* are hats displayed trimmed with bows of

ribbon, which are edged with a net formed of the barbs of ostrich feathers. There are many hats of white satin which are trimmed with a *ruche*, not only at the edge of the brim, but also at the edges of the long puffs of broad ribbon which ornament the crown; these *ruches* are of *tulle*.

A new kind of sleeve has appeared in a dress of white satin; the upper part, exceedingly full and much puffed out, was confined in the centre by a band, so that it seemed to form two short sleeves, one above the other. From this full part of the sleeve, which descended as low as the elbow, the other part sat close to the arm to the wrist.

Dress aprons are worn, of *gros de Naples*, or sarcenet, from the morning till the dinner-hour; they are trimmed with three rows of braiding, set on close together; they come but very little lower than the knees, and are generally of nut-brown, slate-colour, or olive green.

A new manner of trimming the front of dresses, has lately taken place: it is in triangles, of about the size of six or eight inches each, the points placed upwards. Another trimming down the front of a dress, from the sash to the feet, is composed of small rounded *languettes*, or *pattes*, fastened one to the other by rosettes of gold buttons, changeable silks, or those formerly termed shot silks, become every day more in favour. The fringe they are trimmed with always forms a mixture of the two colours in the dress. Satin dresses for evening costume, are much admired when figured in very small spots.

The hair is generally arranged, especially on the heads of young people, in plain bands, which cross the forehead, and are brought very low over the temples. A broad plat of hair is wound round the summit of the head, forming a diadem; above this diadem is a comb with a high gallery. Sometimes the hair is ornamented with bows of ribbon, feathers, flowers, or chains of gold, strings of pearls, &c. It is then arranged not quite in so simple a style as above described; there are, sometimes, several plats, but they are light, and almost transparent.

Bérets are often made entirely of blond; the caul of net-work formed of *rouleaux* of satin; and the *béret* ornamented with Japanese roses, or a wreath of various small flowers grouped together.

Mademoiselle Sontag has appeared in the character of *Mathilde de Shabran*, wearing a dress hat of white satin, ornamented with blue ribbons, and three blue feathers. This hat was worn very much over the left side of the head, and the right, in consequence, elevated; beneath the hat appeared a silver net. A *cordon* of diamonds passed over the top of the forehead, and seemed fixed on one of the ribbons, which served to fasten a feather: the other feathers were fastened on the brim, and the tip of one of them turned like a hook, underneath it.

The favourite colours are pink, blue, slate-colour, *jaune-vapeur*, lilac, and *ponçeau*.

Monthly View

OF

NEW PUBLICATIONS, MUSIC, THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN DRAMA, THE FINE ARTS, LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE, &c.

The study of the fine arts, in every branch, is so entirely accordant with the spirit of La Belle Assemblee, that, in justice to ourselves, to our readers, and to the author of a publication which we have just been perusing with more than usual interest, we cannot refrain from placing, at the head of our Monthly View, "*The Code of Terpsichore; or the Art of Dancing: comprising its Theory and Practice, and a History of its Rise and Progress, from the Earliest Times: intended as well for the Instruction of Amateurs, as the Use of Professional Persons; by C. Blasis, Principal Dancer at the King's Theatre, and Composer of Ballets, translated under the Author's*

immediate Inspection, • *by R. Barton.*" This very handsome volume, of between five and six hundred pages, and containing sixteen or seventeen plates, illustrating upwards of sixty positions, with a variety of original quadrilles, and waltzes, arranged for the piano-forte, is dedicated to the author's sister, "Virginie Blasis, first singer at the Royal Italian theatre, Paris." Convinced of the insufficiency and comparative inutility of all previous works on the powers and practice of the art of which Monsieur Blasis is himself a distinguished professor, that gentleman determined on the composition of his Code of Terpsichore, respecting the plan and execution of which he thus speaks in his preface:—

He has proposed ameliorations as he advanced, and offered a new method of instruction, which is more certain, as well as shorter, than those at present followed: he has endeavoured to give a greater latitude to Pantomime than the art has hitherto been allowed; to apply the rules and various styles of the regular drama to the composition of Pantomime; to shew that Ballets should not be mere *divertissements*, or dancing *spectacles*; that the art not only aspires to, but can even give evidence of, her rightful claim to a higher rank among her sisters, than many persons judging only from what they have seen, may be induced to imagine; that all the passions of the human heart, the comic and the serious, the terrible and the ludicrous, have been, and still may be, perfectly expressed by a skilful ballet-master and an accomplished mime.

The work is divided into Six Parts, of each of which we shall briefly speak in order.

Part the First, which treats of the Rise and Progress of Dancing, is somewhat *recherché*; but it contains much curious and instructive information. National dances, especially those of Spain, are enumerated and described to a considerable extent. In some passages, indeed, of a work like this, intended for popular and general use, we should rather have preferred the graceful silence of the author to the elaborate display which he has made.

Part the Second, or the Theory of Theatrical Dancing, is subdivided into nine chapters, with an appendix embracing a variety of points; General Instructions to Pupils—Study of the Legs, of the Body, of the Arms—Principal Positions, &c.—Pirouettes—the Serious Dancer, Demi-caractère, and Comic Dancer—New Method of Instruction—Explanation of Plates, &c. Here Mons. Blasis will be seen to possess a clear and perfect knowledge of the practice as well as of the theory of his art. An attentive study of this portion of the book cannot fail to prove of incalculable service to the pupil. Monsieur Blasis evidently feels and writes in the true spirit of an artist. In little more than a dozen lines we find a volume of instruction.

Imitate a painter in your manner of combining and arranging; let all the objects of your picture be in strict harmony one with another, the principal effect spirited, every tint (if the expression be allowed as relating to the modulations of steps, attitudes, &c.) flowing into each other, and the whole polished off with softness and taste. Keep a vigilant ear to the movements, rests, and cadences of the music, that your dancing may be in exact concert with its accompaniment. Every thing depends on this melodious union, and when really perfect, it is charming in the extreme. Not an eye can follow the performer without delight; not an ear, however unsusceptible of the impressions which music conveys, can listen without being worked upon by an assemblage so ravishing and harmonious.

Again, speaking of his new method of instruction, he says:—

Were I to form a dancing-school, I should immediately put in practice amongst my pupils the following method, which I believe would prove very useful, and which all masters might adopt without having any knowledge of drawing. I should compose a sort of alphabet of straight lines, comprising all the positions of the limbs in dancing, giving these lines and their respective combinations their proper geometrical appellations, *viz.* perpendiculars, horizontals, obliques, right, acute, and obtuse angles, &c.; a language which I deem almost indispensable in our lessons. These lines and figures drawn upon a large slate, and exposed to the view of a number of scholars, would be soon understood and imitated by them, and the master would not then be compelled to hold a long demonstrative discourse to each of them separately. The most diligent might take copies of these figures on small slates, and carry with them to study at home, in the same manner as a child, when he begins to spell, studies in his horn-book in the absence of the master.

This system is beautiful from its ex-

treme simplicity: unfortunately we cannot transcribe the diagrams or the figures referred to in the text. Mons. B. adds—

It is necessary that the pupil should study these geometrical lines and all their derivatives. If he subjects himself to this task, which I may venture to call mathematical, on account of its laboriousness, he is certain of holding himself correctly afterwards, and will shew that he received notions of a pure taste in the school at which he was educated.

And what immediately follows is of as much importance to actors in every department as to dancers:—

A teacher cannot too strongly recommend his scholars to have incessantly before them those master-pieces of painting and sculpture, which have been saved from the wreck of antiquity. Those immortal offsprings of genius, those enrapturing examples of the *beau idéal* of the fine arts, will considerably assist the cultivation of their taste.

Part the Third, on Pantomime and the Studies necessary for a Pantomimic Performer, consists of brief and general, but judicious observations.

Part the Fourth, on the Composition of Ballets, is arranged in twenty-four chapters, constituting, in the aggregate, a code of criticism, emanating from soundness of judgment and purity of taste.

The great painters present to persons who are composing for the stage, advantages not possessed by writers; for at the same moment that the former present the fable of a piece, they exhibit also the physical effect of the passions upon each actor in the scene. The imagination of young persons, while reading a dramatic piece, may indeed supply a representation of things described; but if they are not formed by study and nature, such imagery may be defective, and accordingly appear so at the theatre, by a flat and faulty style of performing. If, therefore, the best painters faithfully imitate the most beautiful parts of nature, let both the composer and performer of ballets make them their study and model. The effect produced on the person who beholds a fine picture is more universal and striking, than that on him who reads a piece of poetry; for our mind is more quickly and powerfully effected by impressions received through the sight, than by those conveyed through the ear and the memory.

Part the Fifth contains, with preliminary remarks, the programmes of twenty ballets composed by Mons. Blasis, and exhibiting examples of every variety. The perusal of almost any one of these programmes will sufficiently demonstrate the talent and capability of the writer.

Part the Sixth is devoted to Private Dancing, into which we find it unnecessary to enter, farther than by repeating the remark which we made upon the second part, that it cannot fail to prove of eminent service to the pupil.

From the "Conclusion" we shall content ourselves with transcribing one paragraph which, like one or two others which we have quoted, is of the utmost and of equal importance to actors, singers, dancers, and musicians.

All our gestures are purely automatal, and signify nothing if the face is dumb in expression instead of animating and vivifying them. An actor who only moves his body and limbs, is like a painter, who, while he carefully finishes the other parts of his picture, totally neglects the countenance, and thus produces the resemblance of a being deprived of all emotions, or like a poet who "builds the lofty rhyme," with words of majestic and harmonious sound, symmetrically placed, but totally devoid of idea. At the first glance the man of taste turns from such productions with contempt. The musician will meet with the same reception, if he attempt to compensate for the energetic expression of nature by a superfluity of modulations, a mob of far-fetched prettinesses, and by that musical trifling (*papillotage*) which disgusts and fatigues. "*Di tanti palpiti*" is worth the whole labyrinth of harmonic combinations of Beethoven; a single air of Paesiello is preferable to all the insignificant rhapsodies of Morlacchi; and the musical accent with which Madame Pasta sings "Ah! quante lagrime," is of more value than all the false brilliancy of Pisaroni; one of her eloquent and heart-touching gestures in *Desdemona*, when she is about to fall a victim to the Moor's blind jealousy, or in *Medea*, when going to bathe herself in the blood of her children, is worth all the multiplied action of Bassi and Belloc in the same characters. A singer for the stage should be an actor and not a mere automaton; he should play his part, and not simply come forward and prove that he is able to execute a difficult air. Without picturesque expression, the stage loses half of its interest and its charms.

To what we have already said, it cannot be necessary to add a single phrase in commendation of this able and useful performance.

A very useful companion to the different peerages, and more especially to Clark's "Introduction to Heraldry," (see page 83) presents, in a neat portable volume, entitled "*The Heraldry of Crests; containing upwards of Three Thousand Five Hundred different Crests, illustrative of those borne by at least Twenty Thousand Families, including those of all the Peers and Baronets, and of most of the distinguished Families of Great Britain; accompanied by Remarks, Historical and Explanatory, a Dictionary of Terms, and copious Indexes of the Bearers' Names, arranged in Alphabetical Order, in reference to their Crests.*" It is only necessary for us to add, that the promise of this descriptive title-page is respectably fulfilled in the body of the work.

In the country, at this season of the year, the billiard room, well aired and brilliantly lighted, is one of the most attractive apartments of the family mansion, as well as of the shooting box. The scene it presents is lively, exhilarating, and possessed of much interest. It is under this impression that we are induced to notice "*A New Guide and Companion to the Billiard Table, exhibiting in an intelligible and comprehensive manner, by means of a Synoptical Drawing, the Method of executing the most Difficult Strokes; Rules, Regulations, &c., the whole newly and completely arranged by an Amateur.*" We do not believe that any person ever learned to play a game well, much less with precision or elegance, by the aid of written instructions merely. Guides, however, when correct, are valuable assistants: they occasionally furnish useful hints; and they are serviceable as referees for the settlement of disputed points. But it is less for the sake of the rules prescribed in the portable little manual before us—of the accuracy of some of which we are extremely doubtful—than for the "Synoptical Table," mentioned in the title-page, that we commend it to notice. This table exhibits by diagrams, and very lucidly, in forty-four compartments, the manner of executing the principal strokes at billiards, according to the respective objects required. This, to the learner, will be found of much utility. We are not aware of any very intimate connexion between literary composition and the game of billiards; yet we think it might have been as well, had the introductory matter of this slight volume been written with some regard to propriety and neatness.

Two years have elapsed since we reviewed, at length, in the pages of *La Belle Assemblée* "The Romance of History," by the late amiable and lamented Henry Neele, consisting of tales founded on striking incidents recorded in the annals of our own country; and we have now before us a Second Series of that work, in three volumes, under the title of "*The Romance of History, Spain; by Don Telesfero de Trueba y Cosio.*" From the author's being a native of the country whose history he has illustrated, and consequently well acquainted with its manners and customs, such a task could scarcely have fallen into abler hands. Executed upon precisely the same plan as the First Series, we are assured, in the preface, and in the course of the work, that howsoever wildly romantic many of the tales may appear, they are all "founded on events admitted as authentic by Spanish historians." These volumes, containing twenty-four tales, commence with the fortunes of Roderick, the last king of the Gothic dynasty, A. D. 710, and embracing in their progress the lives and heroic deeds of Pelayo, Bernardo de Carpio, the Cid, and other worthies, carry us on to the close of the reign of the weak and unfortunate Charles the Second, A.D. 1700, the last Spanish monarch of the House of Austria. The Historical Summaries, eighteen in number, are drawn up with considerable skill; and though from the short space necessarily allotted to each, they can present but an outline of the successful dynasties and their more important events, that outline is clear and distinct. Considering the difficulty of the task, from "the multiplicity of small independent states into which Spain was divided after the Moorish invasion," and the impossibility of connecting their several histories, more has been effected in this respect than might reasonably have been expected. The romance of Spanish history is further illustrated by the insertion of appropriate extracts, from Mr. Lockhart's translations of the ancient ballads of that country. To the lovers of the romantic and marvellous, these volumes will afford

a high treat; they contain a vast mass of historical information, and the respective tales are executed with great spirit and fidelity. The nature of the work precludes all analysis of its contents, or extracts from them. It contains not a single tale sufficiently short to come within our limits, and an isolated passage would neither do justice to our author, nor gratify the reader. With one or two slight exceptions, the whole is written with a purity of style, and a knowledge of the English language rarely acquired by a foreigner.

With little originality of incident or display of character, the perusal of "*Tales of Four Nations*," in three volumes, may, nevertheless, afford a few hours' amusement to the lovers of light reading. They consist of five tales—The Hunter's Oak, a narrative partly historical, partly fictitious, founded on events in the War of the Roses, occupying the first volume and a half; The Bereaved, a tale of domestic interest, the scene of which lies in France;—The Palace of Chapultepec, a story of modern Mexico;—The Château near the Lake, a Prussian Nouvellette;—and the Ambuscade, the scene of which is the Cornish coast, and the principal actors a band of smugglers, and their brave and victorious opponents the officers and crew of a British frigate. With reference to the first of these—the Hunter's Oak—we would suggest to the author—of whom this work is evidently the first literary essay—that although "Fiction can claim unbounded rule," it is only in the realms of Fancy, and that her sway is unacknowledged over characters and events of historic record. We cannot, therefore, view with complacence, Clifford, "the Butcher," the murderer of the young Duke of Rutland, "on the side of the Yorkists"—a suitor for the hand of a daughter of the Earl of Warwick—a companion of, and fellow guest with, Edward the Fourth. The style is somewhat crude and diffuse; and in the event of the writer's again appearing before the public, we recommend to him, in all kindness of feeling, to be less minute in his details of costume, and subjects of even minor importance. These volumes are dedicated with much propriety, in terms of admiration and affectionate esteem, to Miss Jane Porter and Miss Anna Maria Porter.

"*Stories of a Bride; by the Author of 'The Mummy,'*" in three volumes, consist of three tales, The Mystic, The Rational, and The Treasure Seeker, strung together, if we may so express ourselves, by a lively and piquant narrative of the life and adventures of the Bride to whom we are indebted for their perusal. Our heroine, the Bride, is the daughter of an English nobleman, who, occupied in the drawing up of various plans of education for her benefit, suffers her to attain her tenth year in a state of perfect ignorance. She is then taken under the protection of an aunt, and her education commenced according to the rules of *bon ton*. In due time she becomes a wit and a beauty, and as an heiress, and a countess in her own right, has more offers of marriage than the once celebrated Harriet Byron. She is, however, insensible, and on her father's death, accompanies her aunt to Paris, Vienna, Brussels, &c., indulging us, *en route*, with characteristic sketches of the manners and customs of the inhabitants. At Vienna, weary of very happiness, she encounters Lord Seaford, also suffering the horrors of *ennui*. They meet at a pic-nic party, where each is attracted by the *yawns* of the other. The professed invulnerability of his lordship to the power of love, excites in our heroine a desire of conquest; and by dint of contradiction, she succeeds, and their mutual and well-affected coldness terminates in a marriage. After the ceremony they set out on a tour through Hungary; and on the second day of their journey, they meet a beggar, an Englishman, educated in one of the Universities, and intended for the church, but unable to restrain his travelling propensities, he had spent his life in wandering over the globe, and was reduced in old age, to destitution. In return for the liberal alms bestowed, he presents them with a bundle of manuscripts, embodying many of the strange adventures he had encountered. His lordship is speedily satisfied with the *délices à la Hongrie*, but our Bride having "heard that there was a town in Hungary where there were eight hundred boot-makers, only one bookseller, and no lawyer!" she determines on proceeding. English carriages, however, are not built for travelling over Hungarian roads, and

their career is speedily stopped by the splitting of the carriage asunder, and the breaking of his lordship's leg. To relieve the tedium of a protracted stay in a Hungarian hut, recourse is had to the beggar's manuscripts, which the Bride reads aloud to her invalid husband.

Into an analysis of these tales we cannot enter. The first—The Mystic—is a highly wrought narrative of the melancholy consequences of an over-excited imagination, as exemplified in the history of a young German student, a member of the *Bürschen*, a follower of the misunderstood doctrines of Kant, who becomes a tool of the Carbonari, and involves himself and family in one common ruin.

The Rational, is a lively sketch of a member of another class of German Philosophers, who, opposed to the Mystics, believe in nothing, value nothing that is not capable of mathematical demonstration. Our Rational is forced to acknowledge, through the artifices of a pretty cousin, that he could be influenced by things undreamt of in his philosophy.

The Treasure Seeker occupies the third volume. The scene lies partly in Vienna, partly amidst the Carpathian mountains, and is full of wild and romantic incident, lively and spirited sketches of character and scenery. One of the most prominent personages is Gyrwartz, the treasure seeker, one of a miserable set of wretches who believe in a legend, that " many of the followers of Alaric the Goth fled from Italy after his untimely death, laden with the gold and jewels which they had pillaged from Rome; and fearing to excite the avarice of their countrymen, by exhibiting their ill-gotten wealth, buried it in our mountains." Being slain in the wars of Lombardy and Spain, their treasures have remained undiscovered; and hundreds of wretches spend their lives in searching for them, subsisting on charity, and undergoing hardships which can scarcely be conceived. They believe farther, that when the followers of Alaric buried their treasures, they invoked the spirits of the mountains, with unholy rites, to take them into their charge; but that, at certain seasons of the year, when the moon comes in conjunction with some particular star, the spirits lose their power. Such is a prevalent belief in Hungary, acted upon by some through idleness or a thirst for gold, and by others as a cloak for violence and rapine.

These volumes are written with much spirit, and effect: the author is evidently familiar with the scenes which she describes, and presents them to the reader in all the freshness of vitality.

Mrs. Hofland has been long known to the public as the author of many valuable and deservedly popular works for the instruction and entertainment of the junior portion of the community; and we are now happy to announce the appearance of another production of her's, from which her young friends will derive no less gratification than from its predecessors. "*Beatrice, a Tale founded on Facts*," in three volumes, though of a highly romantic character, has, as we are assured in the notes at the close of the third volume, truth for its basis; the circumstances of the early life of Beatrice having been related to the writer by the wife of a respectable clergyman in Sussex, as of actual occurrence in that neighbourhood, at the commencement of the present century. The tale is of the eventful life of a child stolen from its parents, and then exposed to the mercy of strangers. She is adopted by a farmer, of whose protection she is deprived by death, encounters all the difficulties which usually spring up in the paths of heroines, is finally restored to her parents, who prove to be people of wealth, and united in marriage to a baronet, whose heart she had won by her virtues in the days of her obscurity and adversity. Involved in the story of Beatrice, is that of Elinor de Lester, also founded on fact, whose melancholy fate, as the wife of a profligate gamester, forms an awful lesson against the evils arising from the crime of gambling. As an example of the triumph of virtue and principle, the most beneficial effects cannot fail of resulting from the perusal of these volumes; the popularity of which, we doubt not, will prove as great as that which has attended the most successful of Mrs. Hofland's works.

With a praiseworthy attention to punctuality—which, after all, is of more importance to the proprietors of a work than it is to the public—a volume of the Waverley novels makes its appearance monthly. This, in fact, must be a very

important consideration with the proprietors when, as is reported to be the case in the present instance, there is a monthly rising demand for 32,000 copies.

The vignette title-page, to "*The Antiquary, Vol. II.,*" exhibits our worthy friend, Edie Ochiltree, upon the bench beside the window, where, as the author tells us, "he might have been taken by an artist as the model of an old philosopher of the Cynic school, musing upon the frivolity of mortal pursuits." The engraving is well executed by Mitchell, from a forcibly characteristic design, by Edwin Landseer.

With the frontispiece—Oldbuck's introduction of Lovel to his sister and niece at Monkbarns, from the following passage of the novel—we are not so entirely satisfied:—"You will find them but samples of woman-kind.—But here they be, Mr. Lovel. I present to you, in due order, my most discreet sister Griselda—and my most exquisite niece Maria, whose mother was called Mary, and sometimes Molly." We congratulate Mr. F. P. Stephanoff, on his most felicitous conception of that paragon of mawkishness, Sir Walter Scott's "walking gentleman," Lovel; and we award him due praise for the prim, and rigid, and obsolete Griselda, contrasting, as she does, with her pretty niece; but, in our eye, the antiquary himself is an utter failure: the old gentleman is as smooth and as sleek as a retired shop-keeper, and with a face altogether as innocent of all intellectual expression. Poor Oldbuck! we do not like to see him so libelled. Mr. Romney, too, we fear, has been somewhat hurried in the engraving: it does not possess that high and elaborate finish to which we have been accustomed in this work.

We rejoice to see the love of natural history increase; and we rejoice also, to see the study of the science illustrated and enforced by those who really understand and love it. One volume, in particular—but, we are glad to find that we are likely to receive others from the same source—has particularly interested and charmed us: it is entitled "*The British Naturalist; or, Sketches of the more interesting Productions of Britain and the surrounding Sea, in the Scenes which they inhabit; and with relation to the General Economy of Nature, and the Wisdom and Power of its Author.*" The plan of this work—a plan most happily adapted to ensure popularity—is altogether different from any that we have before seen. Hear the author:—

I do not want to hear the harangue of the exhibitor, I want to see the exhibition itself, and that he shall be quiet, and let me study and understand that in my own way. If I meet with any object that arrests my attention, I do not wish to run over the roll of all objects of a similar kind; I want to know something about the next one, and why they should be in juxtaposition. If, for instance, I meet with an eagle on a mountain cliff, I have no desire to be lectured about all the birds that have clutching talons and crooked beaks. That would take me from the book of nature, which is before me,—rob me of spectacle, and give me only the story of the exhibitor, which I have no wish either to hear or to remember. I want to know why the eagle is on that cliff, where there is not a thing for him to eat, rather than down in the plain where prey is abundant; I want also to know what good the mountain itself does,—that great lump of sterility and cold; and if I find out that the cliff is the very place from which the eagle can sally forth with the greatest ease and success, and that the mountain is the parent of all those streams that gladden the valleys and plains,—I am informed, nay, more, I see a purpose in it,—the working of a Power mightier than that of man—my thoughts ascend from mountains to masses wheeling freely in absolute space. I look for the boundary: I dare not even imagine it: I cannot resist the conclusion—"This is the building of God."

Accordingly we are informed that—

In the following pages the subjects have been viewed in those masses into which we find them grouped in nature; and the plant, or the animal, has been taken in conjunction with the scenery, and the general and particular use; and, when that arose naturally, the lesson of morality or natural religion.

This clever book, evidently the production of an observer and worshipper of nature, is divided into six chapters, besides the Introduction:—The Mountain—The Lake—The River—The Sea—The Moor—The Brook; each chapter forming a complete system or whole, as it were, by itself. For instance, here are the contents of the chapter on the Brook, which we select in illustration, merely because it is the shortest:—

Character of brooks — The advantages of change—Repose of brooks—Structure and habits of the mole cricket—The great water beetle —Land and water animals—Function of respiration—Its probable use—The solar microscope —Habits of the rail—of the swift—the death's-head moth—Structure of insects—Space and time not necessary elements of power and wisdom with God.

In manner, this volume is remarkable for freshness, freedom, and spirit; it abounds with passages of fine description, of fervid poetic feeling, of admirable moral and religious reflection. One brief passage we must venture to transcribe. Speaking of the brook, and of the inhabitants of its vicinity, the writer says—

The human heart is as warm there, and the feelings are as true, as where every sentence is "cut to model," and every attitude ordered by the posture master. The evening walks of lovers are as enchanting there as the evening medleys in the fashionable world; eyes are as bright, when the star of eye or the moon of night is their only rival, as when they have to contend with the glitter of jewels, and the glare of angular crystal and coloured glass. Neither is the music less fascinating, or less in melody with all around, that it comes without purchase from the feathered tribes, than if it warbled in all the wild meanders of German harmony. All are well in their own places; and the nuptial songs of the birds are just as much in accordance with the plans of those rustic youths and maidens, who have chiefly to consider how they shall best construct their nests and rear their broods, as the exhibitions of splendour are to those of whom splendour is the idol and the joy.

The author's description of the respective animals which fall under his notice—beasts, birds, fishes, and insects—are so graphic and vivid, as hardly to require the aid of the numerous capital wood-cuts by which they are accompanied. His anecdotes are equally forcible and illustrative; and our only regret is, that we have not half a dozen pages, instead of one, to devote to his labours. However, we are informed, in the preface, that materials are in preparation for extending the author's plan; "not only to a Series of Volumes of The British Naturalist, but to follow or alternate those with The Foreign Naturalist, as may be most accordant with the successful preparation of the work, and the wishes of the public." It is unnecessary for us to add, that we shall be happy to follow the series.

It is not often in the course of a year that we have the good fortune to meet with a little volume of so much practical utility, as one entitled "*The History and Treatment of the generally prevailing Affections usually denominated Colds, Coughs, &c., with Observations on the Local and General Influence of Climate over the Human Body, at all Seasons of the Year; an Epitome of Precepts on Diet, for Elderly People, &c., with Directions for the Management of Colds, Regulation of the Sick Room, the Selection and Use of Medicines, &c.; by J. Stevenson, M. D., Author of a 'Treatise on Nervous Affections and Disorders of the Stomach,' &c.*" Here we have, in ten chapters, each embracing a variety of sub-divisional topics—Influence of Climate, &c.—Theory and Treatment of the Affections usually denominated Colds—Directions to Strangers how to avoid catching Cold in London, &c.—Means of preserving Health and prolonging Life—Causes and Symptoms of Popular Diseases—Causes which aggravate Diseases, &c.—Symptoms, and Means proper to be used at the beginning of Diseases—The Sick Room—An Epitome of Dietetical Precepts—Selection and Use of Aperient Medicines.

We know nothing of Dr. Stevenson, excepting what we have learned from his book; and that has convinced us that he must be a man of excellent sense, and, disdaining the frippery of his profession, possessing an enlarged experience, and much sound practical information. An additional recommendation to his book is, that it may be slipped into a reticule or letter-case without inconvenience.

Two droll fellows at once stare us confidently in the face, as we take up "*The Epping Hunt, by Thomas Hood, Esq., Author of 'Whims and Oddities,' illustrated with Six Engravings on Wood, by Branston and Wright, Bonner, Slader, and T. Williams; after the Designs of George Cruikshank.*" "Striding in the steps of Strutt —the historian of the old English Sports," observes Mr. Hood, "the author of the following pages has endeavoured to record a yearly revel, already fast hastening to decay. The Easter Chase will soon be numbered with the pastimes of past

times: its dogs will have had their day, and its deer will be fallow. A few more seasons, and this City Common Hunt will become uncommon." Of Cruikshank's admirable and not over-strained illustrations, we can offer no specimen—in favour of the risible faculties of our readers, we wish we could; but the transcript of a few stanzas from the poem will serve to show the character of Mr. Hood's ludicrous bundle of versified puns. The hero of the tale—

John Huggins was as bold a man
As trade did ever know,
A warehouse good he had, that stood
Hard by the church of Bow.

The people bought Dutch cheeses round,
And single Glo'ster flat;
And English butter in a lump,
And Irish in a *pat*.

The said John Huggins, cheesemonger, &c., determines, by way of a day's pleasure, to participate in the Easter Hunt, in Epping Forest; and,

Alas! there was no warning voice
To whisper in his ear,
Thou art a fool in leaving *Cheap*
To go and hunt the *deer!*

No thought he had of twisted spine,
Or broken arms or legs;
Not *chicken-hearted* he, although
'Twas whispered of his *eggs!*

Accordingly, mounted upon a gallant grey, in which he and his neighbour Fig "went halves," Johnny, after much round-a-bout and zig-zag equestrian effort, reaches Woodford Wells, where he and other merry hunters are cordially greeted by the jovial old landlord, Tom Rounding.

"Now welcome, lads," quoth he, "and prads,
You're all in glorious luck;
Old Robin has a run to-day,
A noted forest buck.

Fair Mead's the place, where Bob and Tom
In red already ride;
'Tis but a *step*, and on a horse
You soon may go *a stride*."

So off they scampered, man and horse,
As time and temper press'd;
But Huggins, hitching on a tree,
Branched off from all the rest.

Howbeit he tumbled down in time
To join with Tom and Bob,
All in Fair Mead, which held that day
Its own fair meed of mob.

Idlers, to wit—no Guardians some
Of Tattlers in a squeeze;
Ramblers in heavy carts and vans,
Spectators up in trees.

Butchers on backs of butchers' hacks,
That shambled to and fro;
Bakers, intent upon a buck,
Neglectful of the *dough;*

'Change Alley Bears, to speculate,
As usual, for a fall;
And green and scarlet runners, such
As never climbed a wall!

'Twas strange to think what difference
A single creature made;
A single stag had caused a whole
*Stag*nation in their trade.

Now Huggins from his saddle rose,
And in the stirrups stood,
And lo! a little cart that came
Hard by a little wood,

In shape like half a hearse, though not
For corpses in the least;
For this cottained the *deer alive*,
And not the *dear deceased!*

Limited in our course, we cannot hunt this theme any further. Poor Johnny Huggins encounters as many disasters as did his equally dignified predecessor, Johnny Gilpin.

Thus Pleasure oft eludes our grasp
Just when we think to grip her;
And hunting after Happiness,
We only hunt a slipper.

NEW MUSIC.

***The Musical Bijou, or Album of Music, Poetry, and Prose, for* 1830.**

Messrs. Goulding and D'Almaine, the publishers of this work, have commenced its career in so spirited a manner, that they deserve all the success we can possibly wish them. The very respectable list of contributors we must pass over, as well as the general literary contents, as not connected with a musical critique; but we cannot refrain from calling our fair reader's notice to the "Confessions of a Suspicious Gentleman," by Lord Nugent; "The Heiress," by T. H. Bayly; and the "Farewell to Wales," by Mrs. Hemans, as equal to anything in the Annuals for the season. The embellishments cannot of

course pretend to vie with the splendid steel and copper engravings of some of its competitors, but present very pleasing specimens of the lithographic art. "The Parting" is characterized by all Haghe's freedom and breadth of style; and "The Exiled Knight" is very effective, though his casque somewhat reminds us of the love-sick frog.

We now turn to our proper task, a notice of the musical matter contained in the volume, which, as nearly a new feature in these publications, would, from all circumstances, be entitled to a more circumstantial notice. We will, therefore, give a catalogue *raisonnée* of the contents. "Poets Beware," ballad, adapted to an old air (French, we believe) by Mr. Rawlings; the arrangement preferable to the selection. "The Exiled Knight," Barnett. Mr. B. bestows an air of originality and freshness on his melodies, by the ingenuity of his accompaniment, without which they would frequently appear insipid. We do not mean to impute this fault exactly to the air before us, but certainly both in this instance and in the duet, "Ye Stars of Night," in the latter part of the volume, the richness of the harmonies produces a most delicious effect, and, to our ears, constitutes the principal beauty of the composition. "The Maid of Toro" is one of the best specimens we have seen of Mr. Parry's composition, and were it not for a common-place ending we should like it. We possess the same song, set by Mr. Horsley many years ago; but as the subject is treated in so different a manner, perhaps it would not be using Mr. Parry fairly to draw comparisons. "Stay, Time, stay," by Mr. Solis, is pretty, easy, and common-place. A Waltz, by Mr. Burrowes, is good sound harmony, but contains no new ideas. A "Persian Love Song," by Mr. Jolly, is an air *à la mélographe;* so many bars of one tune, so many of another, ingeniously concocted, but certainly not a composition: for instance, bars 15, 16, 17, 18, are Webbe's catch, "Neighbours come round," both harmony and melody, &c. There is a little inattention to the syllabic accent here and there, which is not generally customary with Mr. Jolly. "Polacca," by Henry Herz, is showy, and not too difficult. "Woman has nought to do with Fame," by Charles Smith, a very pleasing little ballad, set with particular attention to the words, and, consequently, capable of great effect. "Helm and Shield are stained with Rust," H. R. Bishop, very whimsical, but characteristic: perhaps more peculiar than beautiful. Divertimento, introducing a fairy march, by Kialmark, easy and rather pretty; but we should have chosen Weber rather than Rossini as our model for elfin pranks. "Ye Stars of Night," duet, by Barnett. The melody is not absolutely original, but, as we observed before, the author has given so new a colouring by his harmonic resources, that the defect is scarcely perceptible. The favourite romance, "Sombre Forests," from Rossini's Guillaume Tell. This, with the exception of an uncouth discord which occurs in the 3d and 7th bars of the melody, is a lovely composition, but requires a little study to unravel its intricacies: it differs very much in style from his former airs. Mr. Kalkbrenner has contributed a very effective little movement for the pianoforte, à quatre mains: and Mr. Valentine an air, à l'Espagnol in his usual easy style.—"Rest ye, rest ye, rapid Streams," by Mr. Rodwell, though called a round, is, properly, a trio—it is necessary to constitute a Rota Round, or canone in the unison, that each of the parts should have a smooth flowing melody; it is not sufficient that an air be alternately sung by one voice, with a mere accompaniment for the others, otherwise all trios would become rounds, by merely alternating the voices; we wish Mr. R. would attend to the distinction. Having now passed through the contents, we have only again to express our pleasure at meeting with so many beauties, and so few blemishes in the work; nothing is decidedly bad, and many compositions possess extreme beauty.

VOCAL.

Divertimento, with "Hark, the Bonny Christ Church Bells," by Mrs. Miles.

Recollections of Switzerland, by T. Valentine.

These two works are of a lower, but extremely popular class, particularly useful to young ladies at boarding-school—*et hoc genus omne*—who have neither leisure nor inclination to conquer the necessary difficulties of good music, and seldom taste enough to enjoy it, but require their ears to be titillated with some popular melody, as a stimulus to the very small degree of exertion they can venture to bestow. Such productions are a species of necessary evil; but, being allowed necessary, we must grant the two composers the merit of having executed their task in a pleasing manner. Mr. Valentine's composition consists of the "Swiss Boy," with easy variations, and an introduction.

THEATRICALS.

DRURY LANE.

A clever two-act drama, called *Snakes in the Grass*, has no inconsiderable portion of the spirit of comedy in it, mixed up with some farcical incident and whim. Its principal events arise out of the meddling and mischievous dispositions of *Mr. and Mrs. Janus*, who take up their abode in a peaceable village for no other purpose than that of perplexing and plaguing its inhabitants. The dissensions and cross-purposes thus

produced are amusingly conceived, and amazingly heightened in effect by the acting of Liston and Mrs. Glover, who exerted themselves with complete success in the production of discord and confusion. This production has afforded us an opportunity of seeing the new actress, Miss Mordaunt, who has appeared with success in several of the higher parts of comedy. We recollect this lady (it is some time since) performing the heroines of tragedy in a style that reminded us of the precocious talent of Clara Fisher. In the course of a season or two, we expect she will prove an acquisition to the theatre.

The *Greek Family*, a melo-drama of merit, a version of which had been seen at one of the minor theatres, admitted of some clever melo-dramatic acting, by Mrs. W. Barrymore and Mr. Grimaldi.

A more recent drama, and one which reflects considerable credit on all engaged in its production, is entitled *The Brigand*. It comprises the adventures of *Alessandro Massaroni*, a brigand chieftain (Wallack), a man of many noble qualities and of a chivalric spirit—protecting the needy and plundering the rich—and who among other exploits seizes on the persons of two students of the French Academy of Painting, for whose ransom he requires a large sum of money. To this demand he adds an intimation that he will attend at night at the seat of his deadly enemy, *Prince Bianchi* (Farren) to receive the expected sum. Here he recognizes the portrait of his mother—his father, he is ignorant of; but in the midst of his hopes that some light, by means of the picture, will dawn upon the secret of his birth, his disguise is discovered; he is shot at and mortally wounded. The prince then finds that he is his son—the offspring of a peasant-girl, whose wrongs he had long lamented. Wallack displayed alternately a fervid and generous feeling, an energetic and intellectual demeanour, and a spirit of light and courtly satire. Farren played with his customary force and acuteness. Webster, as an old steward, with considerable comic humour. Mr. J. Vining, and Mr. H. Wallack (who has recently made his appearance) represented the two students with elegance and propriety. The music of this piece is excellent, particularly a chorus at the end of the first act. The scenery is also beautiful—a view from the summit of Mount Guadagnola, with the Mediterranean in the distance; and one or two other scenes, must rank amongst the finest efforts of the brilliant pencil of Stanfield.

COVENT GARDEN.

This Theatre continues to be filled, at an early hour, on every night appropriated to Miss Kemble's performances, and the delight (we should call it the enthusiasm) of the audience continues unabated. She is shortly to make her appearance in a new character—*Belvidera;* a part which will be found more adapted (if we are not mistaken) to the nature of her genius even than *Juliet*. Beautiful as that performance is, there is a spirit pervading it that, when her mind and powers are expanded and matured, will lead her to a range of characters more majestic than the love-wrecked maiden of Mantua.

One of the novelties of the past month is entitled *Shakspeare's Early Days*. Its novelty, however, though not quite its only merit, constitutes its chief claim to popularity: as the drama stands, we think it is a subject spoiled; nor will a promised *finale* to it, embracing the events of the latter days of the unrivalled poet, and of which a somewhat curious specimen has been submitted to the public, atone for the loss of an opportunity of presenting a simple, brief, and lively sketch of the person and companions of the bard in an hour of leisure and conviviality. One conversational scene, with such a subject, would be worth a world of pageantry; but then—what has conversation to do with Covent Garden, where it is almost impossible to hear it? The piece has, however, particularly the first act, an antique air, a tone that speaks of the golden days, a spirit of almost Shaksperian revelry and interest, that takes the sense captive, and calls up a very delightful illusion. It is, to be sure, "swift as a shadow, short as any dream." The incidents of the poet's life are detailed, commencing with his exploits at Sir Thomas Lucy's, and terminating with the courtly favour which was extended to him by "the fair vestal throned by the west." Some of his contemporaries are introduced—*Burbage* being personated by Mr. Warde, *Tarleton* by Wrench, and *Lord Southampton* by Abbott. To no person but to Mr. Kemble could the character of the great poet have been entrusted with any prospect of success; and he seemed, indeed, to feel pleasure in the personation. It was, certainly, a delicate and a difficult task to encounter our preconceptions and prejudices on such a point; and to offer us a living representation, when no record or resemblance of the bard has ever afforded us the slightest shadow of the human face divine, illumined by the intellect of Shakspeare. Mr. Kemble does all that could be done; in every scene he displayed an elegant taste, and a refined and literary feeling. Miss Lacy was sufficiently queen-like for *Elizabeth;* and *Oberon*, *Titania*, and the rest of the spirits that crowd about the visions of the poet, are as airy and musical as mortal eyes and ears can desire.

A gentleman, named Balls, has made a most successful appearance as *Tristram Fickle:* he

possesses a decidedly original style of comic talent.

ADELPHI.

New pieces are here become quite matters of course; they crowd before us as in constant succession, affording due atonement to the lovers of change, for the system formerly practised at this theatre, of running one piece through an entire season, and thus making the public almost repent of the favour with which they received it at first.

Particularly we notice a whimsical extravaganza, entitled *Billy Taylor*, founded on a ballad of that name, attributed (we suspect erroneously) to Sheridan. We offer no description of the structure and incidents of this piece, for several reasons—the first of which is, that it would be an absolute impossibility. The spirit of rhapsody and burlesque is here quite triumphant; they run away with poor common sense in the most edifying manner imaginable, and to the perfect satisfaction of the audience. Mr. Reeve, in particular, abandons himself to the humour of the occasion, and gives the reins to laughter without ceremony. He is full of

> "Midnight shout and revelry,
> Tipsy dance and jollity."

His parodies on several popular airs are inimitable; his voice floats about like a jocund spirit in the air; it is music run mad. His hornpipe, too (in imitation of that of Mr. T. P. Cooke, so celebrated at this theatre) is a thing which Saturn would have laughed at; of course the mere mortals of the Adelphi were not grave upon the occasion. The whole performance, to those who admire this style of humour, offers entertainment "rich and rare." Shall we forget Mrs. Fitzwilliam, who represents, according to the advertisement, "a lady fair and free, afterwards *Lieut. Carr*?" We shall not do her justice if we do not recollect her songs and sighs for many days to come.

This extravaganza is, we believe, the production of Mr. Buckstone; so also is the *Sisters of Albano*. A piece, founded on the same story, was produced last season at the English Opera House. The new version, by Mr. Buckstone, differs widely from its predecessor, and is, in many respects, judiciously altered. There is less of that morbid and preternatural feeling which too frequently characterizes pieces of this cast, and which is insufferably tedious, except where it happens to be borne out by the display of some extraordinary excellence on the part of the performer. That which rivets us to the seat, in the hands of Miss Kelly, would drive us from the theatre if entrusted to a meaner actress. There is no medium in these matters—it must be either sublime or ridiculous. Mr. B. was, therefore, right in dividing the interest of the piece—in adding, in short, to the pleasurable by taking from the painful. One of the principal attractions of the piece is his own performance of the Stable-boy, *Pippo*, whose affections are most amusingly divided between his horses and a village damsel; the latter of whom, not appreciating this philosophical division, is in love with somebody else—a youth whom destiny has selected to be sent with a variety of others against the brigands. *Pippo*, being determined to win the good opinion of his mistress, summons to his aid as much magnanimity as can be compressed into a melo-drama, and ultimately joins the expedition as a substitute for his rival, rewarded only by the professions of esteem and gratitude which are lavished upon him from the lips of his fair. This little sketch, Mr. Buckstone makes highly entertaining, by a quaintness quite his own, and by a lightness and pleasantry that are never idle. Yates plays a nondescript officer—an accomplished military man with a delicate set of nerves; the lively satire of which was rendered very amusing by the actor. Mrs. Fitzwilliam, as *Ninnette*, was the same pleasant, provoking little damsel that we have so often found her. The favoured suitor was played by Mr. Hemmings, who gave interest to a very trifling part. This is a gentlemanly and intelligent actor. In the more serious parts which, as we have hinted, have undergone considerable modifications, Mrs. Yates is again to be noticed for the feeling and taste which she displayed. But we have more particularly to thank Mr. O. Smith for the great delight which his performance of the *Brigand* afforded us. We hardly recollect to have seen this gentleman in any thing below the dignity of a demon, and little expected that he could so well adapt himself to the suavities and graces of society. His first scenes went off with a light comedy air, and his deep dead voice seemed to have vanished with the watchmen, of whom it has so often reminded us; it was really musical. The energetic parts were also cleverly acted—we mean as far as regards the dialogue; for the terms which we should apply to the pantomime of these scenes are of a more animated order. It formed one of the most picturesque and impressive exhibitions that we have ever seen; nor can we conceive the possibility of any thing finer than his action and expression, when, overcome with fatigue and want of food, he receives the succour which the generous *Nina* has brought to him at the hazard of her own life; he fell, not like a theatrical hero, but like a fainting and famished man. His classic features and commanding figure, aided by a costume at once correct and beautiful, afforded a study that no painter should miss seeing. It

was to us a performance of uncommon interest, and would have convinced us, if we wanted such conviction, that Mr. Smith is a man of genius.

FINE ARTS' PUBLICATIONS, &c.

Britton's Picturesque Antiquities.—We are happy again to meet our old and indefatigable friend, Mr. Britton, of whom it was justly observed, some time since, by the Quarterly Review, that the task which Browne Willis left imperfect had been undertaken by him who had contributed more than any other person, to the illustration of our Architectural Antiquities. In the Third Number of Mr. Britton's Picturesque Antiquities of the English cities, we find nine engravings, all of them executed in a very able, bold, and spirited style.—1. and 2. Fishmongers' Hall and Old London Bridge, in the city of London;—3. Broad Street, Bristol;—4. a View of the City of Bath from the South east;—5. a View of the City of Worcester, from the North-East;—6. the Interior of the Gateway of Edgar's Tower, at Worcester;—7. a View of Salisbury Cathedral, &c. from the High Street; 8 and 9, Views of Lincoln Cathedral, from the South and West. Exclusively of these, we have six admirable wood-cuts—one in Lincoln, four in Peterborough, and one in Canterbury—all equally beautiful, all equally entitled as the plates to the epithet *picturesque*. With this number, too, "is published the concluding portion of Gloucester Cathedral, including an extended Essay on the History, Architecture, and Monuments of that interesting Cathedral; also, an Original Essay on the Rites, Privileges, and Customs of the Monks of St. Peter's Abbey."

It is only since the practice of engraving upon steel has been introduced, that it has been found practicable to publish illustrated works upon topography, architecture, &c., at a moderate price. We love to encourage the production of such works, for they tend greatly to diffuse a knowledge and a love of history, and of the arts. They suit the pockets of the middle, and even of the more humble classes; but, after all, it is to such productions as those of Mr. Britton, that the scholar and the collector, the connoisseur and the man of fortune, must look for pre-eminent gratification.

By his projected volume on "The History and Antiquities of the Cathedral Church of Bristol, illustrated by a Series of Engravings of Views, Elevations, Plans, and Architectural Details of that Edifice, including a History of the Abbey and See, an Architectural Description of the Church, Biographical Anecdotes of the Bishops, and of other eminent persons, connected with the Cathedral," Mr. Britton will confer an additional obligation on the public: we heartily wish him success in the prosecution and completion of so arduous an undertaking. Of this, however, judging of his list of subscribers already published, there can be little doubt.

Howard's Spirit of the Plays of Shakespeare.—The earlier numbers of this interesting production have been summarily noticed in a preceding page (179) of the present volume. No. XV. contains eighteen plates, from Henry the Fourth, Parts I. and II.; and if there be a difference between this number and its predecessors, the difference is in favour of the one before us. The subjects from the First Part of Henry the Fourth are: Hotspur after the battle of Holmedon—Hotspur defending himself before the king, against the charge of having denied the prisoners;—Worcester banished from the Presence—Falstaff, &c. assailed by Prince Henry and Poins in disguise—Hotspur and Lady Percy—Falstaff relating his Adventures to Prince Henry and Poins—Falstaff playing the part of the King—Hotspur, Glendower, and Mortimer dividing the Kingdom—Death of Hotspur (two plates). From the Second Part of Henry the Fourth, the subjects are: Northumberland, Lady Northumberland, and Lady Percy—Falstaff and Doll Tearsheet—Falstaff misusing the King's Press—the Arrest of Hastings, Mowbray, and the Archbishop of York—King Henry receiving Intelligence of the Overthrow of his Enemies—Prince Henry watching his Father while asleep—The King missing his Crown from his Pillow—Henry the Fifth, &c., and the Chief Justice—Henry the Fifth returning from his Coronation, and banishing Falstaff and his Companions.

These plates, it should be borne in mind, are all of a poetic and historic, rather than of a theatric character. Independently of their poetic and pictorial merit, they are specially valuable as illustrations of history, of biography, and of costume. Thus, in the first part of the play, "the fop is taken from a representation of Narcissus, done at the time;" and Henry the Fourth, the Princes Henry and John, and the Earl of Westmorland, are portraits. In the Second Part, the Earl of Warwick and the Lord Chief Justice are also portraits.

Each of the subjects here mentioned affords abundant scope for an extent of criticism far beyond the space which we are enabled to allot to our notice of the entire Number: as, therefore, without entering into detail, we cannot assign cause for preference—and in so many designs, the degree of merit must necessarily be various—we shall content ourselves, and request our readers to be contented, with a general and very warm commendation of the originality, spirit, and artist-like feeling which Mr. Howard has, throughout, displayed.

Melanges of the Month.

Varieties in High Life, &c.

NOTWITHSTANDING the preparations which had been made at Brighton, it is now understood that His Majesty, who is in excellent health, will spend his Christmas at Windsor.

The preparations for the *fêtes* on the King of Spain's marriage have been interrupted by the sudden death of the young Infanta, Maria Theresa Caroline, fourth daughter of the Infant, Don Francis da Paula.

It is said that the economy of the late Lord Harrington has enriched his successor to the amount of £20,000 per annum.

There have been grand *fêtes* at Brussels, in honour of the betrothal of Her Royal Highness, the Princess Marianne, to Prince Albert of Prussia. It is said that a few days after the ceremony of contracting the Prince and the Princess, the former will return to Berlin, and then proceed on a journey to St. Petersburgh; immediately after which the marriage is to take place at the Hague.

The Marquess of Hertford intends to winter in Italy; and to return thence, in June next, to his villa in the Regent's Park.

Lord Cowley is expected to arrive in England early in January.

It is said that Beau Brummel, who has been long rusticating in Paris, is to be appointed British Consul at Ostend.

The Family of Buonaparte.

The following is given as the present "where about" of the Buonaparte family:—Maria Letitia (Napoleon's mother) spends the winter at Rome, and the summer at Albano; she lives in a very retired manner, and sees scarcely any one, except Cardinal Fesch. The latter is so straightened in his finances as to be occasionally obliged to part with some of the pictures of his gallery. Count Survilliers (Joseph) rusticates in the United States since 1814; his wife resides at Florence. Count Saint Leu (Louis) alternately resides at Florence and at Rome, where Hortense Beauharnois passes the winter likewise. Prince Canino (Lucian) whose financial speculations have impaired his fortune, has sold his palace and retired to the vicinity of Ancona. Prince de Montfort (Jerome) spends the summer in the same part of the country. The Princess Borghese resides at Bologna. As to the Countess de Lipano (Madame Murat), political matters retain her still in Austria.

Modern Philosophy.

The surface of the earth, adorned with its verdure, is the inexaustible and common fund from which man and animals draw their subsistence. Every thing in nature that has life, is nourished by that which vegetates, and vegetables, in turn, exist on the spoil of every thing that has lived or vegetated. To live, it is necessary to destroy; and it is only by the destruction of beings that animals can themselves live and multiply. In creating the first individuals of each species of animals and vegetables, God not only gave form to the dust of the earth, but also bestowed on it animation, by enclosing in each individual a greater or less quantity of active principles, organs, living molecules, incapable of being destroyed, and common to all organised beings. The molecules pass from body to body, and are equally the causes of life, and the continuation of it, and are requisite to the nourishment and growth of each individual. After the dissolution of the body, and its reduction to ashes, these organic molecules, over which death has no power, survive, circulate in the universe, pass into other beings, and produce life and nourishment. Every production, every renovation or increase, by generation, by nutrition, or by growth, implies a preceding destruction, a conversion of substance, a translation of these organic molecules, which never multiply, but which, always existing in an equal number, render nature always equally alive, and ever equally resplendent with the primitive glory of Him who created it. Like all other subordinate powers, death attacks only individuals, strikes only the surface, and destroys the form, but can have no power over matter, and can do no harm to nature, which thereby only appears to more advantage. She does not permit him to destroy the species, but leaves individuals to his power, to shew herself independent both of death and time—to exercise every instant her own power, which is always active—to manifest her plenitude by her fertility—and to make the universe, in producing and renewing its beings, a theatre always filled, and a spectacle always new.—*Illustrations of Natural History.*

Lady Lyndhurst's Memento Mori.

All the world knows that Lady Lyndhurst is a beauty and a wit—"beautifully blue," or as she expresses it, "a belle among blues, and a blue among belles." Her ladyship has put forth a pun that would do honour to Fox himself. Being asked by Mori, the violist and music seller, to accept the dedication of a new song, she replied, "Willingly, Mr. Mori, and it will be the prettiest and most agreeable 'Memento Mori' I ever received."

Ratafia of Grapes without Sugar.

Take the sweetest grapes, and put them into a bottle, without the stalks, with good French brandy. Cork the bottle, and leave them to infuse during a fortnight. At the expiration of this time pour out the grapes and the brandy into a dish; bruise the grapes, and pass the whole through a close cloth. Put the liquor into a glass bottle corked, adding a little cinnamon and some peach-kernels, and leave it for another fortnight, when it is to be poured clean off, or clarified in the usual way.—*Journal des Connaissances Usuelles.*

Music in Italy.

There are three theatres at Florence, of which the Pergola, intended for the performance of operas and ballets, is the largest. The price of admission is low, as in all Italian theatres, not exceeding two shillings to the pit; which, like

that of the Opera-house, in London, is the usual place of resort for gentlemen. Some of the boxes are spacious, but the greater part of them are private. In some of the scenes which represent streets and buildings, I observed a want of correct perspective, unpardonable in this land of the arts, where one would expect to find greater attention paid to minute and apparently trivial details. Although there were no first-rate singers engaged, the music was admirable. In point of orchestral strength, England must yield the palm to Germany and Italy; for, even in the minor theatres of these nations, she is excelled. They have always an imposing host of performers, scarcely inferior to our Lindleys and Nicholsons, from amongst whom they make their selections. Even German sovereigns are sometimes, seen presiding in the orchestra of their opera-houses. When at Darmstadt, I was told that the Grand Duke is so excellent a performer, that he occasionally appears in public, superintending the fiddlers; and it is said the maintenance of his dramatic corps costs more than his whole army in time of peace! We generally find in the larger theatres, that unless the voice happens to be extremely powerful it is quite lost, so seldom is the construction of the edifice free from defect. The Cocomero, however, is a small but excellent theatre, chiefly for the opera buffa; and there is attached to it a very good *corps de ballet*, among whom are many beautiful females.—*An Autumn in Italy.*

Approach of the Millenium.

Joseph Wolff, the self-appointed missionary to the Jews, has recently issued a circular "to the Church of Christ in Great Britain and Ireland," dated Mount Calvary, April 20, in which he says—"the Son of Man will come in the year 1847, in the clouds of heaven, and gather all the tribes of Israel, and govern in person, as man and God, in the literal city of Jerusalem, with his saints, and be adored in the temple, which will be rebuilt, and thus he shall govern one thousand years; and I, Joseph Wolff, shall see with mine own eyes, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, in their bodies, in their glorified bodies; and I shall see thee, Elijah! and thee, Isaiah! and thee, David! whose songs have guided me to Jesus of Nazareth! I shall see you all here at Jerusalem, where I am now writing these lines."!!!

Jelly from Grapes.

Take the ripest grapes and spread them on clean straw; at the end of a fortnight pluck them from the stalks, and boil them for five or six minutes, in order to be able to extract the juice with ease: after passing the juice through a sieve, add a quarter of a pound of white sugar to each pound of juice, and boil for half an hour. Then set to cool; and in twenty-four hours there will be a fine jelly, the properties of which are excellent for invalids.—*Journal des Connaissances Usuelles.*

American Advertisement for a Wife.

Wanted immediately, a young lady of the following description, as a wife:—"With about two thousand dollars as a patrimony, sweet temper, spend little, be a good housewife, and born in America; and, as I am not more than twenty-five years of age, I hope it will not be difficult to find a good wife.—N.B. I take my dwelling in South Second-street, No. 273. Anybody that answers the above description will please to leave her card."—*New York Paper.*

The Turkish Divan.

Four is the favourite and sacred number of Orientalists. The *four* viziers are the *four* props of the imperial administration in Turkey; the Koran gives *four* angels as bearers of the throne; there are *four* cardinal virtues among the Asiatics as well as the Greeks; and the prophet formed, after the model of the *four* evangelists, his *four* immediate apostles, the first caliphs of Islamism. This deep-rooted prejudice was Mahomet the Second's motive for appointing *four* pillars or props to support his dominion, in the persons of viziers, kadiaskeres, defterdars, and nishandshis, whom he equally appointed to form the four pillars of the imperial divan, or more properly *diwan*. The latter word is the plural of *diw*, a devil: and the appellation is said, by a Persian lexicographer, to have been first bestowed by a Persian sovereign, who, upon observing his crafty counsellors assembled in high conclave, exclaimed, "*Inan diwan end;*" those men are devils! "*Mutato nomine, de te fabulo narratur,*" may be pertinently applied, in this instance, to the counsels of more sovereigns than those of Ispahan.

Shakspeare, Milton, and Buonaparte.

The last wills and testaments of the three greatest men of modern ages are tied up in one sheet of foolscap, and may be seen together at Doctors'-commons. In the will of the bard of Avon is an interlineation in his own handwriting. "I give unto my wife my brown best bed with the furniture." It is proved by William Byrde, 22d July, 1616. The will of the minstrel of Paradise is a nuncupative one, taken by his daughter, the great poet being blind. The will of Napoleon is signed in a bold style of hand-writing; the codicil, on the contrary, written shortly before his death, exhibits the then weak state of his body.

Deaf and Dumb.

The state of the deaf and dumb has of late become a subject of more interest than formerly, and has now assumed that degree of importance it is entitled to among the numerous efforts in which science, benevolence, and liberality, are exerted to improve the condition of the unfortunate portion of the community. An opinion had long prevailed that this kind of affliction was of comparatively rare occurrence, and it was not until public sympathy was more recently excited by the promulgation of statements shewing the large proportion of persons in the United Kingdom labouring under partial or total deprivation of hearing and speech, that the subject has attached to itself sufficient importance. There are many public institutions appointed for their reception and maintenance, but these Asylums are insufficient to make the deaf and dumb fit for general intercourse with society. Many of these institutions have also this inconvenience, that no sufferer can be admitted before the age of nine years; and according to the Report of the London Deaf and Dumb Asylum,

it will be seen, that in seventeen families, containing 136 children, there are no fewer than 78 deaf and dumb. From this fact, I am induced to conceive that many of these cases, if early attended to, admit of cure, for Nature we find rarely errs in the perfection of her works, and it is only in a few insulated cases that a real structural deficiency occurs; but the misfortune is that no attempts are in general made for the relief of the sufferer until the disease is established. By an abstract of a Report, made by M. Husson to the Royal Academy of Medicine at Paris (on the method adopted by M. Itard for the cure of the deaf and dumb) it appears that M. Itard has presented to the Minister of the Interior three memoirs. The first relating to the various methods employed up to this time for the cure of congenital deafness, and including those employed by the author himself during the course of a long practice. The second giving an account of experimental treatment adopted in nearly 200 cases, with the view of determining the advantages and disadvantages of injections through the Eustachian Tubes into the internal ear, a method which a recent Report of the Institution would seem to recommend to public confidence. The third, in which, after combatting the above process, M. Itard recommends, as exclusively deserving of confidence, a medico-physiological method, calculated, according to his statement, to relieve a great many cases of congenital deafness. It is to the last of these alone that the present memoir refers, for, according to M. Itard, absolute deafness is extremely rare—he admits not more than one-fifth to be so. Every endeavour should be made to relieve any curable defect or obstruction rather than abandon a case as hopeless; for, let it be recollected, it is much more satisfactory to restore to society one who accidentally suffers, and to render him useful by the scientific development of his natural powers, than to breed him up in the indirect and exclusive forms of an artificial and symbolical education, however necessary and desirable this may be in desperate cases. Notwithstanding the general advancement of medicine and surgery, and the improved methods of cure for various diseases, it is to be regretted that those of the ear are attended with more inconvenience than any other. In considering the chief obstacles that present themselves, it is to be observed in the first place, that the structure of the ear is extremely complicated, the parts that compose it principally internal, and the diseases that assail it chiefly concealed from view; hence the uncertainty of diagnosis and the difficulty of adopting a proper course of practice. In the second place is to be noticed the extraordinary prejudice which, ascribing all congenital deafness to malformation of the organ of hearing, denounces the disease as incurable, and depreciates all attempts at relief as at once nugatory and fallacious, or, at least, painfully uncertain. A third objection which has been often urged is the difficulty of applying remedies immediately to the parts affected; yet means may be used without inconvenience and often with success. Congenital deafness, and that which is observable soon after birth, frequently depends upon casual circumstances only. In the ear, as in every other organ of the body, cases of defective formation may present themselves, and in these instances deafness is incurable; but happily such cases form not the majority of those which usually present themselves to our notice. The necessity of the treatment I propose in early infancy, before the disease is permanently confirmed by time and habit, will be more apparent from the fact that it not unfrequently happens that there are three, four, five, and, in some instances, seven children in one family suffering from deafness and dumbness.—(*From Mr. Curtis's Essay on the Deaf and Dumb.*)

Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

Wilkie has nearly completed an historical painting on the visit of George IV. to the palace of Holyrood.

Dr. Vimont, the phrenologist, originally a dissentient from the Doctrine of Dr. Gall, has, in the course of nine years devoted to the science, collected 3,500 heads of animals, and modelled 300 brains in wax.

A late English ambassador at Paris has challenged the French whist players to play a hundred rubbers, at £100 a rubber and £50,000 extra on the greatest number of rubbers. The parties challenged failed in raising the stake required.

A steam boat was expected to leave Bombay for Suez about the middle of November, and to reach England in eight weeks.

The fare by the steam boats from New York to Albany is only half a dollar—less than a farthing per mile.

The foreign chemists have discovered in the use of *variolaria*, a substitute for quinine. This species of lichen grows in abundance on the bark of the beech tree in mountainous districts; and, from experiments tried by M. Cassebeer, it is proved to have the same febrifuge qualities as the Peruvian bark.

In Italy, a simple but radical cure of the gout, rheumatism, &c., is said to have been discovered. The recipe consists in administering to the patient forty-eight doses of very warm water, each dose to weigh eight ounces, and to be taken every quarter of an hour during the paroxysm of the disorder. This potion excites perspiration, at the tenth or eleventh, and somesimes at the first dose. Although it may occasion nausea, the doses should not be diminished.

Reynolds's comedy of "The Dramatist" has been translated into Spanish, by Don Telesforo de Trueba, and played fifty nights at Madrid.

A new college or university is about to be founded at Bristol.

Majendie, the celebrated anatomist, has been presented with the Order of the Legion of Honour.

John Austin, whose curious little menagerie has often attracted our attention on the Waterloo and Southwark bridges, has been taken under the patronage of the Zoological Society, in the gardens of which his collection may now be seen.

The Paris Diorama has recently opened with a representation of the Deluge by Mons. Daguerre.

Works in the Press, &c.

Nearly ready, The Life of Herman Cortes, comprising the History of the Conquest of Mexico; by Don Telesforo de Trueba, Author of The Castilian, The Romance of History, second series, &c.

Vandenburg, a Tale, by Grenville Fletcher, Author of Rosalviva, or the Demon Dwarf.

The Fourteenth Volume of The Annual Biography and Obituary (for 1830) will contain Memoirs of Sir Wm. Hoste, the Countess of Derby, Lieut.-Col. Denham, Sir H. Davy, Wm. Shield, Esq., Sir Ed. West, Earl of Harrington, T. Harrison (Architect), Sir Brent Spencer, Lord Colchester, Dr. Geo. Pearson, Mr. Terry, Sir David Baird, Wm. Stevenson, Esq., Earl of Buchan, Mr. T. Bewick, Sir James Atholl Wood, Archibald Fletcher, Esq., Dr. Wollaston, John Reeves, Esq., Lord Harris, Mr. Baron Hullock, William Thomas Fitzgerald, Esq., Earl of Huntingdon, &c.

A History of the Court of Chancery, its Abuses, and Reforms, by Mr. W. Long Wellesley.

The Lives of the Italian Poets, by the Rev. Henry Stebbing, M. A.

Dedicated, by permission, to the Hon. Mrs. Augustus Legge, embellished with an elegant frontispiece, in one vol. fcap., Ringstead Abbey, or the Stranger's Grave, with other Tales, by an Englishwoman, Author of Letters, The Ring, &c.

A Family Classical Library, or English Translations of the most valuable Greek and Latin Classics, in monthly volumes, with a Biographical Sketch of each Author, and illustrative notes.

A Second Edition of Lectures on English Poetry, with Historical Tales and Miscellaneous Poems, being the Literary Remains of the late Henry Neele.

By the Author of the Revolt of the Bees, a Poem entitled The Reproof of Brutus.

By Robert Montgomery, another Poem of a religious character, entitled, Satan.

Notices of the Brazils in 1828-9, by the Rev. R. Walsh, LL.D.

A Poem, entitled, 1829, by the Author of the Opening of the Sixth Seal.

The Life of Sir Humphry Davy, by Dr. Paris.—A Vision, written during his last illness, in the style of Salmonia, was left by Sir Humphry to his executors, for publication.

By the Rev. H. F. Burder, a new Edition of Mental Discipline, with Additions.

A Life of Dr. Wollaston, by Mr. Warburton, M.P.

In numbers, a New Topographical Dictionary of Great Britain and Ireland, by J. Gorton, Editor of the General Biographical Dictionary, &c. To each number will be annexed a quarto map.

By Miss E. E. Kendrick, a little work, entitled, Conversations on Miniature Painting.

The Panorama of the Thames from London to Richmond, on a scale of sixty feet in length.

The Memoirs of Bolivar.

A Series of Tales, entitled, the Country Curate, by the Author of the Subaltern.

The long-announced Novel of The Exclusives is nearly ready.

The Adventures of an Irish Gentleman.

By Major Leith Hay, a Memoir of the Peninsular War, compiled from the *memoranda* of six years' service.

Tales of an Indian Chief, by J. A. Jones, Esq.

Trials Past By, by the Author of the O'Hara Tales.

By Mr. W. Rhind, a Member of the Royal Medical and Physical Societies of Edinburgh, Studies in Natural History, exhibiting a popular view of the most striking and interesting objects of the material world: illustrated by engravings.

The Anabasis of Xenophon, with English Notes, Questions, &c., by F. C. Belfour, M.A.

The Antigone of Sophocles, with English Notes, Questions, &c., by the Rev. J. Brasse, D.D.

A Novel, by the Author of Caleb Williams.

Letters of Locke to Mr. Furley, Mr. Clarke of Chiptey, and Sir Hans Sloane; and also some Original Letters of Algernon Sydney, of Lord Shaftesbury, &c.

Stories of Travels in Turkey, and of the Manners and Customs of the Inhabitants of Constantinople, with a Sketch of the History and Geography of the Empire, with plates.

The Heiress of Bruges, by Mr. Grattan.

A Historical and Topographical Atlas of England and Wales, exhibiting its Geographical Features during the Roman, Saxon, Danish, and Norman, Governments, by Thomas Allen, Author of the Histories of York, Surrey, Sussex, &c.

Delineations of the North Western Division of the County of Somerset, with a Descriptive Account of the Antediluvian Bone Caverns in the Mendip Hills, and a Geological Sketch of the District, by John Rutter.

The Lady's Almanac and Annual Miscellany, for the Year 1830, embellished with Views of British and Foreign Scenery, in a handsome embossed case.

The Englishman's Almanack, or Daily Calendar of General Information for the United Kingdom, for 1830.

The Tradesman's and Mechanic's Almanack, for 1830.

We understand that a Posthumous Volume, by the late Mr. Alexander Balfour, Author of Campbell, Contemplation and other Poems, Characters omitted in Crabbe's Parish Register, &c. &c., is in the press, and will be published early in December. It is to be entitled Weeds and Wildflowers, and prefaced by a Biographical Sketch of the Author, with Selections from his Correspondence, and Original Letters from Sir Walter Scott, Dr. Robert Anderson, Delta, Mr. Pringle, Mr. Mudie, Dr. Brewster, &c. &c. The whole free profits of the publication are intended for the Author's family. It will form a handsome post 8vo.

Evening Amusements, or the Beauties of the Heavens Displayed, for the Year 1830.

The Treasury of Knowledge, in two parts, by S. Maunder.

The Civil and Ecclesiastical History of England, from the Invasion of the Romans to the Passing of the Catholic Relief Bill in 1829, by C. St. George, 2 vols.

A School Edition of the Omnipresence of the Deity, intended as a Poetical Class Book.

BIRTHS.—MARRIAGES.—DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

At Laugenburg, Oct. 25, Her Serene Highness Princess Anna Feodora Augusta Charlotte Wilhelmina, of Hohenlohe Laugenburg, daughter of the Duchess of Kent, of a son, who has been baptized by the name of Charles Lewis William Leopold.

The lady of the Hon. Charles A. Murray, of twins, a son and a daughter.

Of Sons.—The Duchess of Richmond.—The lady of Lieut. Col. Hogge.—The lady of Lieut. Col. Clements.—Lady Charlotte Calthorpe.—The lady of Thomas Green, Esq. M.P.—The Countess Dunraven.—Lady M. Ross.—Lady Carnegie.—The Countess Howe.—Lady Sarah Murray.—The Hon. Mrs. Best.

Of Daughters.—The lady of the Rev. J. H. Bradney, Vicar of Charlton (twins).—Lady Douglas.—The Hon. Mrs. Langton.—The lady of G. A. Sloper, Esq.—The Hon. Mrs. Vesey.—Lady Julia Hobhouse.—The lady of the Hon. Lieut. Gen. Annesley.—The lady of Lieut. Col. Wallace.— Lady Prevost.—The Hon. Mrs. Charles Heneage.—The lady of Lieut. Col. Elphinstone.—The Hon. Mrs. Neville Reid.—The lady of the Hon. Justice Torrens.—Lady Hardinge.—The Hon. Mrs. Shaw.—The lady of Lieut. Col. King.

MARRIAGES.

George Harrison Rogers-Harrison, of Devonshire Street, Queen Square, Esq., eldest son of D. C. Rogers-Harrison, of Brook House, Cheshunt, Herts, Esq., and great-nephew of the late George Harrison, Esq., Clarencieux King of Arms, to Helen, youngest daughter of George Willsher, of Finchingfield, Essex, Esq.

At Cheekley, C. W. Martin, son of the late Rev. G. Martin, and nephew to the Duke of Athol, to Sarah, eldest daughter of the Rev. C. B. Charlewood, of Oak Hill, Staffordshire.

At Chetwynd, Shropshire, the Rev. John Nanney, to Ann Fleming, eldest daughter of Robert Fisher, Esq., of Chetwynd Lodge.

At St. George's, Hanover Square, David Baillie, Esq., to Miss Stewart, only daughter of Lady Stewart, and niece of the Countess of Aberdeen.

The Rev. E. S. Whitbread, of Boyton Rectory, Wiltshire, to Charlotte Matilda, eldest daughter of John Josselyn, Esq., of Sproughton House, Suffolk.

The Rev. R. A. Roberts, Vicar of Christ Church, and of Nash, Monmouthshire, to Frances Anne, daughter of J. Breynton, Esq., of Haunch Hall, Staffordshire.

John William Fane, Esq., M.P., to Ellen Catherine, third daughter of the Hon. Thomas Parker, brother to the Earl of Macclesfield, Ensham Hall, Oxfordshire.

At Edinburgh, Lieut. Gen. Sir John Oswald, K.C.B., to Amelia Jane Murray, third daughter of the late Lord Henry Murray, and granddaughter of the late John, Duke of Athol.

At Talacre, Charles Stanley, Esq., brother of Sir Thomas Stanley Massey Stanley, Bart., to Miss Mostyn, eldest daughter of Sir Edward Mostyn, Bart.

Thomas Lee, Esq., to Mrs. Bowdich, relict of Thomas Edward Bowdich, Esq., the celebrated traveller.

At the house of the Earl of Rosslyn, St. James's Square, Bethell Walrond, Esq., M.P., to the Right Hon. Lady Janet St. Clair, only daughter of the Earl of Rosslyn.

At Bombay, Lieut. Col. H. Smith, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the Hon. Sir P. Grant, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Bombay.

At Barbados, the Rev. C. Layton, to Mary Christian, only daughter of the Hon. G. Maynard.

At Dawlish, the Rev. W. Blencowe, M.A., to Maynard Anna, eldest daughter of Colonel Rochfort, M.P.

At Ganton, R. Alexander, Esq., to Matilda, eldest daughter of Sir T. Legard, Bart.

The Rev. R. V. Law, third son of the Bishop of Bath and Wells, to Sidney Dorothea, daughter of the late Colonel Davison.

DEATHS.

At Coburg, aged 78, Her Serene Highness Princess Caroline Amelia, of Saxe Coburg Gotha, Superior of the Chapter of Gandershelm.

At Milan, aged 70, Stephen Dumont, of Geneva, an eminent author.

At Boulogne, John Brougham, Esq., of Edinburgh.

At High Park, Worcestershire, Mrs. Gresley, relict of Philip Gresley, Esq.

At Kensington, Horatio Nelson Head, Esq., R.N.

At Edinburgh, aged 79, John Horner, Esq.

At Northwick Terrace, Henrietta Ann, wife of the Hon. James Stewart.

At Cheltenham, the Right Hon. Lord Frederick Lennox, son of the late and brother of the present Duke of Richmond.

At New Cross, Robert Edmonds, Esq., one of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the county of Kent.

At the Château of Averbach, the Grand Duchesse of Hesse Darmstadt.

At Kedleston, Hon. Augustus Curzon, son of Lord Scarsdale.

At Lausanne, aged 72, the Right Hon. Thomss Taylour, Marquess of Headfort, Earl of Bective, &c.

At Sierra Leone, John William Bannister, Esq., Chief Justice and Judge of the Court of Admiralty in that colony.

At Edinburgh, the Right Hon. Lady Jane Stuart, widow of the Hon. Sir John Stuart, of Fettercairn, Bart.

In Paris, aged 80, Anne, Baroness de Robeck.

At Tunbridge Wells, aged 72, Lady Hawley, relict of Sir H. Hawley, Bart., of Leybourne Grange, Kent.

In Hart Street, Bloomsbury, Eugenius Roche, Esq.

In Rome, Betelini, a celebrated engraver.

SUPPLEMENT

TO

La Belle Assemblée,

OR

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. X.

SKETCH
OF THE PROGRESS AND STATE OF LITERATURE,
FOR THE LAST SIX MONTHS.

The literary productions of the half year which has elapsed since the appearance of our last periodical *Sketch*, have been numerous, and, in certain departments, of considerable interest. Such as have unavoidably escaped notice in our general *Monthly Views*, we shall now point out, and endeavour, as briefly as possible, to characterise; commencing as usual with

HISTORY.

The first volume of a "*History of the War in the Peninsula and in the South of France, from the Year* 1807 *to the Year* 1814, *by W. F. P. Napier, C.B.*," introduced to the readers of La Belle Assemblee a year and a half ago,* brought down the narrative of events to the death of Sir John Moore, at Corunna; and, in the second volume of the Colonel's work, now before us, the history is carried forward from that period, embracing, in its course, the Siege of Zaragoza, the subsequent operations in Catalonia and Arragon, the proceedings of Marshal Beresford, the second arrival of Sir Arthur Wellesley, and the splendid career of that victorious general in Spain, until his return to the frontiers of Portugal.

Colonel Napier's second volume is written in the same bold, fearless, uncompromising spirit as the former: it betrays the same strong and violent political prejudices, the same recklessness of the feeling and fame of others; and it is distinguished by equal research, equal accuracy and distinctness of detail, equal vigour and perspicuity of style. With all its faults, it is one of those productions which will be found indispensable to every military and historic library.

Constituting an eminently valuable sequel to the "Memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole," by the same venerable and reverend author, the historic treasures of our country have been increased by two quarto volumes of "*Memoirs of the Administration of the Right Hon. Henry Pelham, &c. &c., by the late Rev. Archdeacon Coxe, M.A. Rector of Bemerton.*" These Memoirs, though arranged under the disadvantage of blindness, and the infirmities of age, display all the accustomed ability of the writer; they afford abundant proof of his having had access to family papers and other secret sources; and they shed new and extraordinary light upon the

* *Vide* vol. vii. page 277.

characters of Mr. Pelham, the Duke of Newcastle, Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, &c. As materials for history, they are highly important.

All who take an interest in Indian history, will be gratified and delighted in an extraordinary degree by the perusal of the first volume, in royal quarto, of "*Annals and Antiquities of Rajast'han, or the Central and Western Rajpoot States of India, by Lieutenant Colonel Tod, late Political Agent to the Western Rajpoot States.*" The literary contents of this volume are exceedingly curious; its value is enhanced by a capital map from the actual surveys of Colonel Tod himself; and its views of scenery, public buildings, &c. are of a most beautiful and splendid character.

Another very curious and very amusing work relating to the East, is a "*History of the Rise of the Mahomedan Power in India, till the Year A.D.* 1612; *translated from the original Persian of Mahomed Kasim Ferishta; by Lieut. Col. Briggs, M.R. A.S.*" in four volumes octavo. Many extraordinary facts are referred to in these volumes, one or two of which we must cite. It appears that, as early as the year 1325, of the Christian era, in the reign of Mahomed Toghluk, of Delhi, a paper currency was afloat in that state. "The king, unfortunately for his people," observes our Persian historian, "adopted his ideas upon currency from a Chinese custom of using paper, on the Emperor's credit, with the royal seal appended, in lieu of ready money." It should be observed that Kasim Ferishta, the author of this work, is supposed to have been born about the year 1570.

Fire-arms are shewn to have been in use by the Hindoos as early as 1368, only about fifty years later than the time at which gunpowder is generally thought to have been invented.

A convent of Russian missionaries was established in Thibet in the year 1556, if not before. These Russians are described by the historian as an agricultural people, employing themselves either in the sowing of grain, or the planting of fruit-trees, as living in a society by themselves, and as not marrying.

The light in which the English were regarded, on their first establishment in India, is shewn in the subjoined brief passage:—

In the year 1611, the Emperor of Dehly, Jehangeer, the son of Akbur Padshah, granted a spot for the English to build a factory in the city of Surat, in the province of Guzerat, which is the first settlement that people made on the shores of Hindostan. The persuasion of this nation is different from that of other Europeans, particularly the Portuguese, with whom they are in a state of constant warfare. They assert that Jesus was a mortal, and the prophet of God; that there is only one God, and that he is without equal, and has no wife nor son, according to the belief of the Portuguese. The English have a separate King, independent of the King of Portugal, to whom they owe no allegiance; but on the contrary, these two nations put each other to death, wheresoever they meet. At present, in consequence of the interference of Jehangeer Padshah, they are at peace with each other, though God only knows how long they will consent both to have factories in the same town, and to live on terms of amity and friendship.

It is remarkable that, notwithstanding the extensive researches made of late years in Spanish literature, there should not have been, till the present time, any distinct and well-authenticated narrative of the memorable war of Grenada—a war which commenced in the year 1478, and terminated in 1481, by the capitulation of the city of Grenada, and the consequent extinction of the Moorish dynasty in that kingdom. It is remarkable, too, that the *desideratum* now supplied should be from the pen, not of an Englishman, but of an American. When Ferdinand's ambassador, Don Juan de Vera, entered the magnificent hall of the Alhambra, and demanded tribute from Muley Aben Hassan, the Moorish King, he received this stern and dignified answer:—"Tell your sovereign that the Kings of Grenada, who used to pay tribute to the Castilian crown, are dead. Our mint now coins nothing but blades of scimitars and heads of lances." Alas! Aben Hassan's proud and high-minded refusal, the precursor of a brief but sanguinary and exterminating war, harmonized ill with the disastrous close of his regal and military career.

We have been led to these remarks by the appearance, in two octavo volumes, of "*A Chronicle of the Conquest of Grenada, from the MSS. of Fray Antonio Agapida; by Washington Irving.*" Little

appears to be known of Agapida, but that he was one of the many indefatigable writers who "filled the libraries of the convents and cathedrals of Spain, with their tomes, without ever dreaming of bringing their labours to the press." During the late convulsions in Spain, his MSS. were dispersed, and they are now to be met with only in certain disjointed fragments, which are carefully preserved in the library of the Escurial. Mr. Irving states that, in his narrative, the MSS. of Agapida are adopted whenever they exist entire; but that they are "filled up, extended, illustrated, and corroborated by citations from various authors, both Spanish and Arabian, who have treated of the subject." It is no more than justice to Mr. Irving to say that the work, in the form which it now presents, is arranged in all the ease and gracefulness of style for which his pen has been long admired. We must submit to our readers one curious and striking little excerpt. Whilst King Ferdinand was mustering his host at Cordova, there appeared in his camp many adventurous cavaliers from France, Germany, and other regions; and amongst them, as the most conspicuous, was the Lord Scales, Earl of Rivers, related to the Queen of England, wife of Henry VII. He had distinguished himself in the preceding year at the battle of Bosworth Field. He had taken with him to Spain "a hundred archers, all dextrous with the long bow and the cloth-yard arrow; also two hundred yeomen, armed *cap-à-pie*, who fought with pike and battle-axe; men robust of frame, and of prodigious strength." Agapida, with much acuteness and accuracy of perception, thus describes the stranger knight and his followers:—

This cavalier was from the island of England, and brought with him a train of his vassals; men who had been hardened in certain civil wars which had raged in their country. They were a comely race of men, but too fair and fresh for warriors; not having the sunburnt martial hue of our old Castilian soldiery. They were huge feeders, also, and deep carousers; and could not accommodate themselves to the sober diet of our troops, but must fain eat and drink after the manner of their own country. They were often noisy and unruly, also, in their wassail; and their quarter of the camp was prone to be the scene of loud revel and sudden brawl. They were withal of great pride; yet it was not like our inflammable Spanish pride: they stood not much upon the *pundonor* and high punctilio, and rarely drew the stiletto in their disputes; but their pride was silent and contumelious. Though from a remote and somewhat barbarous island, they yet believed themselves the most perfect men upon earth; and magnified their chieftain, the Lord Scales, beyond the greatest of our grandees. With all this it must be said of them, that they were marvellous good men in the field, dextrous archers, and powerful with the battle axe. In their great pride and self will, they always sought to press in the advance, and take the post of danger, trying to outvie our Spanish chivalry. They did not rush forward fiercely, or make a brilliant onset, like the Moorish and Spanish troops, but they went into the fight deliberately, and persisted obstinately, and were slow to find out when they were beaten. Withal, they were much esteemed, yet little liked, by our soldiery, who considered them staunch companions in the field, yet coveted but little fellowship with them in the camp. Their commander, the Lord Scales, was an accomplished cavalier, of gracious and noble presence, and fair speech. It was a marvel to see so much courtesy in a knight brought up so far from our Castilian court. He was much honoured by the King and Queen, and found great favour with the fair dames about the court, who, indeed, are rather prone to be pleased with foreign cavaliers. He went always in costly state, attended by pages and esquires, and accompanied by noble young cavaliers of his country, who had enrolled themselves under his banner, to learn the gentle exercise of arms. In all pageants and festivals, the eyes of the populace were attracted by the singular bearing and rich array of the English Earl and his train, who prided themselves in always appearing in the garb and manner of their country; and were, indeed, something very magnificent, delectable, and strange to behold.

BIOGRAPHY.

A quarto volume of more than 400 pages, has put us in possession of "*The Life of John Locke, with Extracts from his Correspondence, Journals, and Common-Place Books; by Lord King.*" By this publication the noble lord has rendered an important service to the literary and philosophical world. Not, indeed, that he has given us any new or leading facts; for, in the narrative portion of the volume, his Lordship has chiefly followed the labours of Le Clerc and Dugald Stewart, availing himself occasionally of other

scattered information; not that he has favoured us with any profound remarks, dissertations, or illustrations of his own: nothing whatever of this nature, possessing the slightest intrinsic value, is offered: it is by enabling Locke, that master of the human mind, to become his own biographer, that Lord King has conferred so great an obligation on society. Sir Peter King, the Chancellor, and first Lord King, was Locke's nephew: he was also the ancestor of the present Lord King; and thus, by inheritance, the commonplace books, correspondence, *memoranda*, &c., of the philosopher, to a voluminous extent, fell into the hands of his Lordship. He has nobly and generously given them to the world; and, hereafter, the true character of Locke must be sought in the volume before us.

In an elegantly written narrative, full of research and originality, Lord Mahon (son of the Earl of Stanhope) has brought forward, in a full-sized octavo, a new "*Life of Belisarius*;" in which his Lordship considers that the mendicity and loss of sight of that distinguished general, which every writer, for the last century and a half, has treated as a fable, may be established on firm historical grounds. The facts adduced are strong, and his Lordship's reasonings are acute and conclusive. On many other points, also, his Lordship has thrown much new light; his volume forming, altogether, an agreeable and valuable addition to the biography of the ancients.

As studies of human nature, here are two volumes full of curiosity, and of most exquisite amusement:—"*The Diary and Correspondence of Philip Doddridge, D.D., Illustrative of various Particulars in his Life hitherto unknown, with Notices of many of his Contemporaries, &c.; edited from the Original MSS., by his Great Grandson, J. Doddridge Humphreys, Esq.*" Were we to devote an entire No. of La Belle Assemblee to an analysis of, and to extracts from, we should utterly fail in our attempt to convey to the reader an adequate idea of this truly extraordinary publication. Here are observations and letters written upon all sorts of subjects, the most heterogeneous that were ever brought together. It is, however, in his amatory epistles that Dr. Doddridge—a mild, amiable, cheerful, well-disposed man, no doubt—cuts the most conspicuous figure. All love-letters are, proverbially, said to be nonsensical. The justice of this sweeping condemnation—though we certainly have on opinion of our own upon the subject—we do not feel ourselves called upon to discuss. We recollect the memorable love-letters of the old Duke of Cumberland, that were exhibited in a court of justice;—we remember, too, the scarcely less equally celebrated epistles of a noble and royal relative of his;—and now we have before us an immense mass of the love-letters of the late worthy and pious Dr. Doddridge, to whom, if we mistake not, the public has been long indebted for one of the most edifying and veracious ghost stories in the English language. However, it is quite clear—as far at least as our own little experience goes—that the love-letters of the past age were very different affairs from those of the present. We should like vastly to know whether the difference in favour—if it be in favour—of the present is to be ascribed, amongst innumerable other wonders, to that glorious "March of Intellect," by which the nineteenth century is so pre-eminently distinguished. Amidst our admiration of the worthy Doctor's voluminous correspondence, relating to affairs of the heart, how deep is our regret that we cannot find room for one of his letters to the actual object of his most fervent adoration, Miss Kitty Freeman. However, as a specimen of his epistolary style, we shall venture to transcribe a portion of one of his communications to his "Mamma"—the pet denomination of one of his fair friends, respecting the Psyche, for which his fond fluttering heart panted. After talking about his blushes and confusion, and the impossibility of his answering a letter he had received from his said dear "Mamma," which he had opened with trembling eagerness, he proceeds as follows:—

My mamma has assigned me a more agreeable task, when she commands me to send her an account of that pretty *butterfly* that was so happy as to be mentioned in my last; that gay wanton creature that every moment flutters around my heart. You know the fondness of a lover, and how easily we prattle of those trifles we pursue.

Oh, how I repent that I am not now writing upon a sheet of royal paper, that I might draw her character at large; and though it be not yet seven o'clock, and the dews of the morning are not yet exhaled, yet, methinks, when I am talking of that lovely charmer, I could run on to the setting of the sun—provided you would allow me one hour for my dinner—without which I am afraid both my wit and my passion would be in some danger of languishing, for *sine Cerere et Baccho, friget Venus*. But I will endeavour to confine myself within some decent limit. You are to know, then, most honoured Madam, that though, in compliance with an ancient custom, I call Theodosia a butterfly, yet you will do her a great deal of wrong if you form your conception of her from that simile alone. The briskness of her motions, and the beauty of her complexion, are the only instances in which she resembles that sportive insect; and if I were to give you an idea of her in one word, I should perhaps call her an incarnate angel. Perhaps you may think that a little too extravagant, as I must confess, upon second thoughts, I do myself. Well then, I will seriously say that she is, like my dear mamma, a most agreeable woman; which, of all human characters, certainly approaches nearest to the angelic. In short, Madam, I am confident that I am not mistaken in her, for I have known her several years. I have lived several months in the same house with her, and can seriously affirm that, after the most diligent inquiry, and the most curious observation, even in her unguarded moments, the more intimately I have known her, the more I have admired and loved her. Rational esteem and friendship has by gentle degrees improved into love, under the approbation of reason; and, if you will permit me to be grave for a moment, I hope I may add of religion too. In short, Madam, when I am speaking of Theodosia, it is but a trifle to say that (in my judgment, and at a little distance) she is very pretty. But it is most undoubtedly certain that she is prudent, generous, good-natured, cheerful, genteel, and, above all, has been remarkably religious from her earliest years. I think she has a good genius for politeness; and, though it has not met with great opportunities for improvement in the obscure village where she was brought up, yet I assure you she has made the best of the advantages she enjoyed. I have an opportunity of conversing very familiarly with her, and therefore consider that her education is now in some measure in my own hands; and hope that, in a few years' time, I shall form her style more completely in unison with that honourable station for which I intend her.

Further on:—

I know there is one question which you will be ready to ask me, and which is certainly of too great importance to be omitted; and that is, whether this butterfly's wings are spotted with *gold;* or, in plainer terms, whether she has a good fortune? All that I can at present say to this sage interrogation is, that she has a great deal more than I can reasonably demand; that her good management will make a little go a great way; and that we are both persons of so much prudence and good sense as not to think of setting out for the East Indies without taking some provisions for the voyage.

Notwithstanding all this, the pretty Psyche flew off, and found another Cupid, or Adonis, or something of the sort; the inference from which is, that she had either no heart in her bosom, or that the young clergyman was unable effectively to touch it. However, though a lover, Dr. Doddridge was also a philosopher; witness the subjoined letter which he dispatched to his brother upon this heart-rending occasion:—

March 10, *A.D.* 1726.

Restoration! Peace!! and Liberty!!!

Dear Brother—These few lines come to let you know that I am well; and that I lost my mistress yesterday about twenty minutes after four in the afternoon; and that I am

Your very affectionate brother and servant,

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

And, to another male friend, he thus writes:—

And now, Sir, I have seriously to look back upon an amour of about twenty-eight months; and I find that, at the expense of a great many anxious days and restless nights, fond transports, passionate expostulations, weak submissions, and a long train of other extravagences, which I should be ready to call impertinent, if they were not too injurious to admit of so soft a name, I have only purchased a more lively conviction that all is vanity!

Ladies, ladies, beware how you trifle!

It heightens the curiosity of these volumes not a little that Dr. Doddridge, whom the religious world have been accustomed to regard as an oracle on matters of piety and faith, should have held his amatory correspondence in such exalted estimation as to preserve it in short-hand for the benefit of posterity.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Intrinsic merit and fortuitous attraction are distinct and generally separate from each other: occasionally, however,

they are found united; and seldom, perhaps, in a higher degree than in a work entitled "*Constantinople in 1828; a Residence of Six Months in the Turkish Capital and Provinces, with an Account of the present State of the Naval and Military Power, and of the Resources of the Ottoman Empire; by Charles Macfarlane, Esq.*" Within a very brief term the quarto impression of this work was exhausted, and it has just been republished in three volumes octavo, with extensive additions, With reference to the contest between the Turks and Greeks, and the in part consequent war between the Russians and Turks, which, we presume, is now closed, for a season at least, Captain Macfarlane's work is, for extent, solidity, and accuracy of information, one of the most important that has appeared. It is well and sensibly written, and in a spirit of liberal impartiality. Of the character of Mahmoud the Second, the reigning monarch of the Osmanli people, Captain Macfarlane has furnished very striking illustrations. Superior as is that prince in intellectual attainment, military talent, and general energy, his superiority appears to be rather comparative than positive: he is still a Turk; he is still deeply imbued with the passions, and prejudices, and superstitions of his race. Thus, although astrology is denounced by the Koran as a crime inferior only to idolatry, Mahmoud, like his predecessors, retains a chief astrologer near his person; and it has been said that, in circumstances of extraordinary hazard and difficulty, he has also had recourse to more humble seers and conjurors. Our author does not vouch for the authenticity of the following story; but he gives it as it was in the mouths of all the Turks, and as a specimen of Osmanli ingenuity:—

The Sultan sent for a conjuror of repute, to learn from him what would be the result of the war in which he was already engaged with Russia, and of the prospective difficulties with England and France. The conjuror brought into his presence four cocks. Each of these cocks he selected to represent a nation; thus, one was England, another France, one Russia, and one Turkey. He placked Turkey in the centre of the Kiosk, and then threw England, France, and Russia upon him. But the three cocks, instead of falling upon Turkey, presently began to fight amongst themselves; the combat was indeed general, but in pairs. Turkey had most bottom, he fought the longest, and remained conqueror of the field; while Russia was severely treated, and had one of his wings broken. The inference was plain: the Sultan was to be more confident of success than ever, his army must beat the Muscovites, and the French and English would cry out, *Aivalà!**

With the *verification* of this ridiculous display *we* have nothing to do.

Connected with this subject, in two octavo volumes, are "*Travels to and from Constantinople, in the years* 1827 *and* 1828: *or Personal Narrative of a Journey from Vienna, through Hungary, Transylvania, Wallachia, Bulgaria, and Roumelia, to Constantinople; and from that City to the Capital of Austria, by the Dardanelles, Tenedos, the Plains of Troy, Smyrna, Napoli di Romania, Athens, Ægina, Poros, Cyprus, Syria, Alexandria, Malta, Sicily, Italy, Istria, Carniolia, and Styria; by Captain Charles Colville Frankland, R.N.*" The contents of these volumes are of a lighter nature, consisting more of description, anecdote, and chit-chat, very amusing, yet instructive withal, and well deserving of attention. We shall copy from them a bird's eye view of the city of Constantinople:—

Perhaps in no city in the world such strong contrasts between splendour and squalor, magnificence and meanness, meet the eye of the traveller as in Constantinople. The swelling domes and lofty minarets of the mosques, with their marble fountain and brazen portals, are strangely opposed to miserable tenements of painted wood, through which the daylight penetrates in all directions, and many of which are supported by a crumbling-looking post, or shoared up by a crooked and tottering pole, or branch of a tree, looking as if indeed it were the protecting power of Mahomet that alone held it up. The streets are full of filth, and heaps of carrion; from time to time the stranger lights upon some marble palace or mausoleum, surrounded by the black and miserable remains of whole districts destroyed by those continual fires, which, lighted either by the rage of conflicting parties, or by the carelessness of predestinarian Mussulmans, so frequently lay waste the capital of Constantine. At one moment he will find himself amid groups of wretched and disgusting paupers and hungry curs, and at another he will perhaps meet with

* *Aivalà!* a common Turkish exclamation, equivalent to Bravo! bravo!

some magnificent-looking emir, in green robe and turban, mounted upon his spirited and richly-caparisoned barb, preceded by beautiful led horses, and followed by richly-dressed and embroidered chäoushes and slaves.

Almost the only buildings of stone in Constantinople, are the Seraglio, Eski Seraï (or old palace), the palace of the Porte or Divan, the great khans or bazaars, the mosques, mausoleums, and, perhaps, a few palaces of the great officers of state; the rest of this immense city is built of wood; and I must say, that however beautiful and picturesque it is from a distance, it is, in its interior, one of the meanest and most filthily disagreeable cities I ever beheld. Its population is very variously estimated; but I believe, from all that I could learn from persons who had been many years resident at Pera, that four hundred thousand is about the number of its inhabitants, including those of the fauxbourgs of Pera, Galata, and Tophana.

Still somewhat upon the same route, we next find two volumes of "*Travels in Turkey, Egypt, Nubia, and Palestine, in* 1824, 1825, 1826, *and* 1827; *by R. R. Madden, Esq., M.R.C.S.*" This is another charmingly gossiping fasciculus, in the epistolary form. The author's interview with Lady Hester Stanhope (who was visited also by Captain Frankland) is quite a picture—quite a dramatic scene. Her Ladyship's opinions respecting our late sovereign, the Duke of York, Mr. Canning, Lord Castlereagh, Sir Francis Burdett, &c., are exceedingly piquant, and will be read with very lively interest. We are sorry that we can do little more than announce the appearance of such a publication.

We find two editions—one in a single quarto volume, the other in two volumes octavo—of "*Travels in Arabia, comprehending an Account of those Territories in Hedjaz, which the Mahomedans regard as sacred; by the late John Lewis Burckhardt, published by Authority of the Association for Promoting the Discovery of the Interior of Africa.*" The unfortunate Burckhardt, whose brief existence was suddenly terminated at Cairo, some twelve or fourteen years since, when he had attained little more than the age of thirty, is well known by his travels in Nubia and Syria. Subsequently to the publication of those, there remained, of the manuscripts that he left behind him, sufficient to fill two quarto volumes. One of these, the contents of which are now before the public, was to "consist of his Travels in Arabia, which were confined to the Hedjaz, or Holy Land of the Muselmans, the part least accessible to Christians;" the other, for which we shall probably be indebted at a future period to Mr. Colburn, "will contain very copious remarks on the Arabs of the Desert, and particularly the Wahabys." Sir William Jones remarks that "the manners of the Hejazi Arabs have continued from the time of Solomon to the present age;" and "our notions of Mecca must be drawn," observes Gibbon, "from the Arabians. As no unbeliever is permitted to enter the city, our travellers are silent, and the short hints of Thevenot are taken from the suspicious mouth of an African renegado." All that was requisite may now be considered as supplied; for, as it is stated by Sir William Ouseley, the learned editor of the present publication, Burckhardt's "knowledge of the Arabic language, and of Mahomedan manners, had enabled him to assume the Musselman character with such success, that he resided at Mekka during the whole time of the pilgrimage, and passed through the various ceremonies of the occasion, without the smallest suspicion having arisen as to his real character."

It is hardly necessary for us to remark upon the admirable execution of this division of Burckhardt's labours. Burckkardt wrote not for the sake of making a display of authorship, but that he might place the reader in possession of important facts and details; of this, his main and almost sole object, he never loses sight; consequently, all extraneous matter is carefully excluded from his work. At Medina, he visited the mosque in which the celebrated tomb of Mahomet is preserved. Ascertaining that nothing of real importance could be seen, and not desirous of attracting unnecessary notice, he did not enter the sacred enclosure of the tomb itself. Of its exterior, he gives a close and minute description, which, however, our limits do not permit us to copy. We have, therefore, only to add that, in addition to an excellent map, drawn by Mr. Sydney Hall, the book contains plans of Mekka, Medina, and some other places, with numerous references and copious explanations. Unquestionably this is the

only work we possess upon which, with reference to the subjects it treats of, implicit reliance can be placed.

"*Travels in Chaldæa, including a Journey from Bussorah to Bagdad, Hillah, and Babylon; performed on Foot in* 1827; *with Observatious on the Sites and Remains of Babel, Seleucia, and Ctesiphon; by Captain Robert Mignan, H. E. I. C. Service*," occupy a moderate-sized octavo volume, which, if not remarkably profound in its details, is distinguished by much originality, liveliness, and vivacity of interest. Of the poverty, filth, and wretchedness of the people of Mosul, and also of those above Bussorah, Captain Mignan exhibits most frightful pictures. "The fine, honourable, hospitable character generally attributed to the Desert Arabs," he observes, "is at present a fiction; it once may have been their just right; but alas! is now 'Hyperion to a satyr.' For this change many reasons might be given; one will suffice—the great intercourse they are at present constantly enjoying with town and cities."

Captain M. informs us that he dug into the sides and bases of many of the mounds which occupy the site of Ctesiphon; and that those foundations were entirely composed of the fire-burnt brick, while the sun-burnt brick formed the exterior or higher mass of each heap. He "had the satisfaction of discovering a silver coin of one of the Parthian kings, a brass coin of Seleucus Nicator, and three talismanic perforated cylinders, which differ in no respect from the Babylonian." Captain M. further observes—

There is no doubt that the natives often pick up coins of gold, silver, and copper; for which they always find a ready sale in Bagdad. Indeed, some of the wealthy Turks and Armenians, who are collecting for several French and German consuls, hire people to go in search of coins, medals, and antique gems: and I am assured they never return to their employers empty-handed. The riches contained within the venerable pile I have just described, appear to have been immense. The sack of the palace, by the Saracens, as related by Gibbon, took place in the A.D. 637. "The capital was taken by assault, and the tumultuous resistance of the people gave a keener edge to the sabres of the Moslems, who shouted with religious transport, 'This is the white palace of Chosroes! this is the promise of the apostle of God!'" The poor robbers of the desert were suddenly enriched beyond the measure of their hope or knowledge. Each chamber revealed a new treasure, secreted with art, or ostentatiously displayed. The gold and silver, the various wardrobes and costly furniture, surpassed (says Albulfeda) the estimate of fancy or numbers. One of the apartments of the palace was decorated with a carpet of silk, sixty cubits in length, and as many in breadth, a paradise, or garden, was depictured on the ground; the flowers, fruits, and shrubs, were imitated by the figures of the gold embroidery, and the colours of the precious stones; and the ample square was encircled by a variegated and verdant border.

Twelve months since,* we noticed, at considerable length Mr. Crawfurd's Journal of an embassy to the Courts of Siam and Cochin-China; and we have now the pleasure of announcing the publication of a valuable companion to that work in a quarto volume of more than 600 pages, and bearing the title of a "*Journal of an Embassy from the Governor-General of India to the Court of Ava, in the year* 1827; *by John Crawfurd, Esq., F.R.S., &c., late Envoy; with an Appendix, containing a Description of Fossil Remains, by Professor Buckland and Mr. Clift.*" The object of the mission was to negociate a treaty of commerce between the Burmese Government and the East India Company; and, in this record of his proceedings and observations, Mr. Crawfurd has thrown much new and curious light upon the national character, manners, and customs of a great and formidable people, the very existence of which has been but recently known. The volume is illustrated by several coloured plates, an excellent map of the Burmese dominions, and numerous vignettes of the temples and idols of the country.

"*Travels in North America, in the years* 1827 *and* 1828; *by Captain Basil Hall, R.N.*," in three volumes 12mo, we regard as the fullest and most accurate picture of the country and people—their habits, manners, opinions, institutions, laws, &c. of the United States, that has yet appeared. The first volume, however, is appropriated to Canada and the other British possessions in North America. Excellent maps enhance the general value of the work; and, as an appendix, in quarto, a series of forty etchings, from

* *Vide* LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE, vol. viii. page 291.

sketches with the *camera lucida*, is published.

Of the utmost importance to emigrants, we strenuously recommend a most intelligent publication, entitled "*Three Years in Canada: an Account of the Actual State of the Country in* 1826–7–8; *by John Mactaggart, Civil Engineer, in the Service of the British Government.*" The author's local and geographical knowledge is extensive, and his moral views are eminently just. As far as manners are concerned, the following passages, from one of the writer's letters to a friend, are exceedingly *naïve*:—

I have been through all the Canadian cities, towns, and villages, worth speaking about—Quebec, Montreal, Kingston, York, &c. The inhabitants are tolerably civil. In a common tavern, your food and bed will ease your pocket of a dollar a day; if in an hotel, half as much more, exclusive of wines, which are so so—no great shakes, a dollar a bottle—and grogs in proportion. The fashionable young fellows follow a good deal the manners of the Americans—drink gin sling, sangaree, and lemonade, smoke cigars, and in the morning take bitters, cocktail, and soda-water. The theatres are not open very often, unless some of your stars get erratic, and come over the water. I have seen Kean at his old Richard here: he is ruffed much, and I dare say deserves it; as for me, I never ruff any-body, but keep quiet. They have their parties, and their scandal through all the towns, the same as at home. You are well off who are not bothered with these things in London; it is the only place in Britain where pride and presumption dare never shew themselves, and where scandal can never thrive. The ladies dress very well, and seem to have a considerable quantity of conceit; their dresses here are not so plain and so elegant as with you; they have too great a profusion of flounces, feathers, and ruffles; few of them are to be met with very good-looking; the climate robs their complexions of all the beautiful colours, leaving behind the sallow dun and yellow: no pure red and white in Canada, and dimples and smiles are rare. I endeavoured to fall in love once or twice, and flung my old heart quite open to the little archer; but the frost, or something or other, would not allow the arrows to penetrate. I have met with girls from my own old Scotland, that I liked to spend the day with very much, but they had no pretensions to beauty: we could talk of witches, and quote Burns together. * * * Those who have wives here seem to kill them with kindness. You would fancy that the ladies in Britain receive more attention from the lords of creation than in any other country; but let me tell you and them, that there is an error in the ballad. What must not be said before ladies here on any account whatever, may be said before them, with you, without any notice at all; and I am sure you are as great judges of delicacy as they are. * * * I have seen a counter-jumper, *alias* a shopman, assume the office of reforming the manners of the age; nay, I am certain, that even if the celebrated Beau Brummel had been with me—he who caught cold from a damp man entering a room in which he was—he would have met with many who would have beggared him at the affectation of delicacy. * * * At their weddings they have what are called Shireverees, a parading kind of a show—with sleighs, if in winter, or a two-wheeled kind of gig, if in summer. Round the towns they fly—what a set out!—fiddles playing, pistols firing—altogether composing lots of fun: a true Canadian *spree* is worth the looking at. In Montreal the snow accumulates to a great depth in the streets during winter, rendering the walking very precarious. People wear a kind of crampon on their feet, called creepers, and the ladies move about with stockings drawn over their boots. The Scotch brogue here is not only conceived vulgar, but highly offensive. How they turn up their noses when they hear me speak! To please them, I have set to work to study the English lisp, and I dare say time will make a beau of my grannie. How polite I find myself getting! Soon I shall not know where to look for Scotland on a map of the world; and as to Sir Walter's writings, his Scotch characters do indeed—(*O yes!*)—disgust me.

Of the numerous works relating to Mexico, which have come before the public within the last five or six years, we are not aware of any that is more attractive in its contents than one very recently published—"*Travels in the Interior of Mexico, in* 1825, 6, 7, *and* 8; *by Lieut. R. W. H. Hardy, R.N.*" It is true the information here presented is loose and desultory in form; but — sufficient to cover a million of sins—it possesses the grand charm of originality. Disdaining to avail himself of the labours of others, Lieutenant Hardy has given us, in all their freshness, the result of his own observations. His own personal adventures—the incidents and anecdotes which he recounts—are, numbers of them, of the most romantic and exciting description. Yet, romantic and exciting as they are, we have no reason to question the narrator's veracity.—Lieutenant H., it appears,

went to Mexico on a mission from the General Pearl and Coral Fishery Association of London; a service for which, by his own desperate exploits in diving, as well as in other respects, he has shewn himself admirably qualified. His attention, however, was not confined to the special objects of his mission; and, on one point, in particular, should his relation be verified by subsequent experiment in this and in other countries, he will be justly regarded as a benefactor of the human species. We allude to his alleged discovery of a cure for that tremendous calamity, hitherto the opprobrium of medicine, hydrophobia. The statements are given upon the authority of Don Victores Aguilar, who had seen the medicine administered in the last paroxysms of the disease, in which it was never known to fail. As too extensive a publicity cannot be given to the relation, we quote the particulars of one of these cases:—

One of the patients was tied up to a post with strong cords, and a priest was administering the last offices of religion. At the approach of a paroxysm, the unfortunate sufferer, with infuriated looks, desired the priest to get out of the way, for that he felt a desire to bite every body he could catch hold of. An old woman who was present, said she would undertake his cure; and although there were none who believed it possible that she could effect it, yet the hope that she might do so, and the certainty of the patient's death if nothing were attempted, bore down all opposition, and her services were accepted. She poured a powder into half a glass of water, mixed it well, and in the intervals between the paroxysms she forced the mixture down his throat. The effects were exactly such as she had predicted; namely, that he would almost instantly lose all power over his bodily and mental faculties, and that a death-like stupor would prevail, without any symptoms of animation, for either twenty-four or forty-eight hours, according to the strength of his constitution; that at the end of this period, the effects of the mixture would arouse the patient, and its violent operation, as emetic and cathartic, would last about ten or fifteen minutes, after which he would be able to get upon his legs, and would feel nothing but the debility which had been produced by the combined effects of the disease and the medicine. She mentioned also, that the fluid to be discharged from the stomach would be as black as charcoal, and offensive to the smell.

All this literally took place at the end of about twenty-six hours; and the patient was liberated from one of the most horrible and affecting deaths to which mortality is subject. She had her own way of accounting for the effects of this disease. She termed it a local complaint attacking the mouth, which by degrees it irritates and inflames; this ripens the virus, which is conveyed to the brain by means of the nerves, and is received also into the stomach with the saliva. The poison thus matured in the mouth, and at the root of the tongue, converts the whole of the fluids of the stomach into a poisonous bile, which, if it be not quickly removed, communicates with the blood and shortly destroys life.

From Don Victores Lieutenant Hardy received a copy of the recipe for the cure of hydrophobia, as follows:

The person under the influence of this disease must be well secured, that he may do no mischief either to himself or others.

Soak a rennet in a little more than half a tumbler of water (for about five minutes). When this has been done, add of pulverized sevadilla* as much as may be taken up by the thumb and three fingers. Mix it thoroughly, and give it to the patient (that is, force it down his throat in an interval between the paroxysms). The patient is then to be put into the sun if possible (or placed near the fire), and well warmed. If the first dose tranquillize him, after a short interval, no more is to be given, but if he continue furious, another dose must be administered, which will infallibly quiet him. A profound sleep will succeed, which will last twenty-four or forty-eight hours (according to the strength of the patient's constitution), at the expiration of which time, he will be attacked [in the manner alluded to], and the attack will continue till the poison be entirely ejected. He will then be restored to his senses, will ask for food, and be perfectly cured.

In accomplishing his aim of becoming an expert diver, Lieutenant Hardy's adventures were of a most daring nature—not to term them inconceivably rash—and his sufferings were dreadfully acute.

* Lieutenant Hardy considers the *sevadilla*, here mentioned, to be a species of *veratrum*, or helebore, and we find he is correct. On turning to Forsyth's Medical and Surgical Dictionary, we find the plant thus noticed:—"Cevadilla (Dim. of *ceveda*, barley, Spanish) *Cevadilla Hispanorum. Sevadilla. Sabadilla. Hordeum causticum. Canis interfector.* Indian caustic barley. The plant whose seeds are thus denominated, is a species of *veratrum*; they are powerfully caustic, and are administered with very great success as a vermifuge." They are also emetic, &c.

From this portion of his interesting work, our limits permit us not to quote; but we can just find room for the following account of one of the subaqueous excursions of his friend, Don Pablo Ochou, a superintendant of the fishery—

The Placer de la Piédra negada, which is near Loréto, was supposed to have very large pearl oysters round it—a supposition which was at once confirmed by the great difficulty of finding this sunken rock. Don Pablo, however, succeeded in sounding it, and, in search of specimens of the largest and oldest shells, dived down in eleven fathoms water. The rock is not above one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards in circumference; and our adventurer swam round and examined it in all directions, but without meeting any inducement to prolong his stay. Accordingly, being satisfied that there were no oysters, he thought of ascending to the surface of the water; but first he cast a look upwards, as all divers are obliged to do, who hope to avoid the hungry jaws of a monster. If the *coast* is clear, they may then rise without apprehension.

Don Pablo, however, when he cast a hasty glance upwards, found that a tinteréro had taken a station about three or four yards immediately above him, and, most probably, had been watching during the whole time that he had been down. A double-pointed stick is a useless weapon against a tinteréro, as its mouth is of such enormous dimensions that both man and stick would be swallowed together. He, therefore, felt himself rather *nervous*, as his retreat was now completely intercepted. But, under water, time is too great an object to be spent in reflection; and, therefore, he swam round to another part of the rock, hoping by this means to avoid the vigilance of his persecutor. What was his dismay, when he again looked up, to find the pertinacious tinteréro still hovering over him, as a hawk would follow a bird. He described him as having large, round, and inflamed eyes, apparently just ready to dart from their sockets with eagerness, and a mouth (at the recollection of which he still shuddered) that was continually opening and shutting, as if the monster was already, in imagination, devouring his victim, or, at least, that the contemplation of his prey imparted a foretaste of the goût.

Two alternatives now presented themselves to the mind of Don Pablo: one to suffer himself to be drowned, the other to be eaten. He had already been under water so considerable a time, that he found it impossible any longer to retain his breath, and was on the point of giving himself up for lost, with as much philosophy as he possessed. But what is dearer than life? The invention of man is seldom at a loss to find expedients for its preservation in cases of great extremity. On a sudden he recollected, that on one side of the rock he had observed a sandy spot; and to this he swam with all imaginable speed—his *attentive* friend still watching his movements, and keeping a measured pace with him.

As soon as he reached the spot, he commenced stirring it with his pointed stick, in such a way that the fine particles rose, and rendered the water perfectly turbid, so that he could not see the monster, or the monster him. Availing himself of the *cloud*, by which himself and the tinteréro were enveloped, he swam very far out in a transvertical direction, and reached the surface in safety, although completely exhausted. Fortunately, he rose close to one of the boats; and those who were within, seeing him in such a state, and knowing that an enemy must have been persecuting him, and that, by some artifice, he had saved his life, jumped overboard, as is their common practice in such cases, to frighten the creature away by splashing in the water; and Don Pablo was taken into the boat more dead than alive.

The subjoined statement is also curious.

I remember, upon one occasion, that as we sat after dinner discussing the merits of the Yáqui war, our host introduced the subject of diving for pearls, an occupation carried on solely by the tribe now under arms. He was speaking of an extraordinary man, whom he had formerly known, the son of an Englishman, and his mother a Yáqui, who had invented a way of descending into the ocean, where he could remain for a length of time, *hear a conversation above water*, and rise to the surface, when called, without the aid of a diving bell, but with merely a leathern bag containing *certain herbs, which furnished an atmosphere for respiration*, enclosing his head, and tied under the arms; he had likewise stone weights to keep him at the bottom. With this apparatus he could walk about the bottom of the sea, without the slightest inconvenience, and with the perfect use of his mental and physical faculties. He stated that the fact was well known, and had been attested by certificates from the Jesuits, who witnessed the *extraordinary* operation of the invention, and who had offered him 2,000 dollars to disclose it. His reply, whenever a proposal of this sort was made to him was, "If I disclose this secret to you, I know that you will yourselves publish it to the King of Spain, and reap a profit and reward for the invention, which you will assert is your own. But if you will send *me* to Spain, and present *me* to his Majesty, I will then make the disclosure to him in the presence of his whole court, and I shall be sure that the king

will acknowledge me as the author of the discovery, and will recompense me accordingly." Don Antonio added that he was a sad drunken fellow; and having ultimately died, the secret descended with him into the grave.

We have now only room sufficient left to record the publication of a "*Journal of a Passage from the Pacific to the Atlantic, crossing the Andes in the Northern Provinces of Peru, and descending the River Maranon or Amazon; by H. Lister Maw, Lieut. R.N.*" This work, from which we regret our inability to offer a single extract, is full of general and extensively varied information.

POETS.

Still, still there is a dearth of verse—not indeed of measured lines, as our numerous annuals most abundantly testify—but of sterling poetry, the fervid offspring of inspiration. All that we have to notice under this head is another little volume by G. P. R. James, Esq., the author, if we mistake not, of the very clever historic romance of Richlieu, published a few months since, and crowned with its due meed of praise in LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE's Monthly View for August.* The present effort is entitled "*Adra, or the Peruvians:*" it is a South American Tale, very sweetly versified, and containing many charming passages; one of which, as a specimen of manner—Night in the Andes—we shall venture to transcribe.

——————— Pale night, above the world,
To darkness bowed, her banner black unfurled;
Silence and shadow, chill companions, stood
And stretched their icy arms o'er land and flood;
Nature was voiceless, sightless; over all
Obscurity had fallen; and in her pall
Of death-like gloom envelop'd each vast limb
Of giant Andes, figureless and dim.
Nights are there in the world that gorgeous day
Can never equal with his brightest ray,
So grandly sweet, so tranquilly sublime,
It seems as if the earth were done with time;
And o'er man's busy memories were brought
A calm eternity of placid thought.
And there are nights that seem the reign of death,
So full of shadow, and so void of breath;
So solid in their gloom, so black in dye,
So unresponsive to the heart and eye.

* *Vide* page 78.

NOVELISTS.

Amongst the few—the very few—novels and romances which, through lack of space, or from other circumstances, we have been compelled to pass over in their regular course, stands "*The New Forest, by the Author of Brambletye House, &c.*" These three volumes present a less antiquated aspect than Mr. Smith's former productions: in fact, the story is one of our own time; the scenes are of persons and things that "come like shadows, so depart." Thus, we have a retired tradesman converted into a geologist—a philosophical and argumentative disciple of that profound metaphysician, and great political economist, Malthus—a utilitarian from the United States—a negro, who, whenever he thinks he has said a good thing, exclaims, "Ah, Massa, dere is de hiccory nut for you to crack"—a sentimental, high-minded, and romantic Southampton smuggler—a husband, who submits to the tyranny of petticoat government, that he may enjoy the satisfaction of drawing out his wife's character—a captain in the army, notorious for his ignorance of English, and for his possessing a qualification regarded as the antipodes of bravery, &c. The performance is so light, so airy, so amusing, that we hope few, if any of our rusticating or water-drinking friends have missed its perusal.

But, alack and a-well-a-day! here is a romance in five volumes!—"*The Freebooter's Bride; or the Black Pirate of the Mediterranean; including the Mystery of the Morescoes.*" This is an affair of the old school, full of dungeons, and mysteries, and supernaturalisms. The *matériel*, however, is admirable in its way; and, had it fallen into skilful hands, a magnificent and imposing structure would have been the result.

Ascribed, but we think erroneously, to Lady Morgan, "*The Davenels; or, a Campaign of Fashion in Dublin,*" in two volumes, present a lively and spirited picture of high life in Ireland. They afford unquestionable evidence of emanating from the pen of a lady moving in the scene of elevated society.

"*Foscarini, or the Patrician of Venice,*" is a tale in two volumes, conceived and

executed in the wildest, most exciting spirit of poetic romance. With incidents of a striking description, it combines much forcible originality of character.

Of a highly imaginative description, too, is "*Waldegrave*," a novel in three volumes. The story is full of love, and tenderness, and beauty, sketched with a graceful, intelligent, and enthusiastic pen. All, however, that our limits permit, is to exhibit the following animated little picture of a night in Italy:—

He who has never visited a southern clime in summer can form little idea of the magic of its nights. The cool temperature which succeeds to the noon-day heat, calls into new existence the animal and spiritual nature of every being. The liquid beauty of the sky, and the delicious freshness of the breeze, excite that capacity for happiness so largely bestowed on an Italian's heart. As the sun's sinking rays decline in power, and increase in magnificence, the joyous populace, like birds escaped from a cage, rush forth to disport themselves in the free air of heaven. Through the long day, every sunbeam is carefully excluded from the marble rooms; the many doors of each department are set open to circulate every breath of air; few sounds are heard, and a general stillness prevails. When the sun sets, in a moment every shutter flies open; a simultaneous impulse unites the gay spirits of this gay land: instantaneously the deserted walks are crowded, sounds of music and merriment are heard on every side. There may be seen all ages and classes, the women wearing no other head-dress but the graceful mezzara. Every being seems to inhale the power of rejoicing in life, as if that very life were bliss, independent of its ties and contingencies, so warm in that sunny land are the souls of its sons.

Illustrated with plates, finely engraved by E. Finden, from drawings by G. Pickering, and with vignettes in wood by Williams and Branston, from designs by Frank Howard, a work, somewhat novel in character, presents itself in two royal octavos, under the title of "*Traditions of Lancashire, by J. Roby, M.R.S.L.*" The author, a native of Lancashire, and having resided there during the greater part of his life, has collected a mass of local traditions now fast dying from the memories of the inhabitants, and, upon those traditions, arranged in chronological order, and slightly sketched in outline, he has constructed no fewer than twenty tales, most of which will afford to the reader a fair portion of very pleasant recreation. To speak alliteratively, the lovers of legendary lore will find this book an agreeable and even valuable acquisition.

MISCELLANEOUS.

We do not often meet with a better parlour-window book than "*Personal and Literary Memorials, by the author* [*Mr. Best*] *of 'Four Years in France,' 'Italy as it is,' &c.*" We could willingly luxuriate through it for a page or two, were it not that it has been mercilessly ransacked by the newspapers, which have appropriated all the good things it contains, and a great many of the bad ones. Mr. Best, it will be recollected, has long been a convert from the Protestant to the Roman Catholic Faith. He is a gentleman, a scholar, and, evidently, a very amiable man: on all points, but that of religion, he is as liberal, as bland, and as benevolent as possible; but, on that particular point—the difference between the two churches—he is very tender, very sore, and, some have affirmed, not quite sane. On many accounts, however, his book is well entitled to a glance: with some originality of thought and imagination, it abounds with anecdote, teems with college jokes—some of them not the most refined in the world—and contains "lots of puns," some passably good, others intolerably bad. For the reason already assigned, we shall confine ourselves to the quotation of an anecdote, not new, perhaps, but very striking and curious in its nature, and to one or two other scraps:—

While the late Edmund Burke was making preparation for the indictment before the House of Lords, of Warren Hastings, governor general of India, he was told that a person, who had long resided in the East Indies, but who was then an inmate of Bedlam, could supply him with much useful information. Burke went accordingly to Bedlam, was taken to the cell of the maniac, and received from him, in a long, rational, and well-conducted conversation, the results of much and various knowledge and experience in Indian affairs, and much instruction for the process then intended. On leaving the cell, Burke told the keeper who attended him, that the poor man he had just visited, was most iniquitously practised upon; for that he was as much in his senses as man could be. The keeper assured him that

there was sufficient warranty and very good cause for his confinement. Burke, with what a man in office once called "Irish impetuosity," known to be one of Burke's characteristics, insisted that it was an infamous affair, threatened to make the matter public, or even bring it before parliament. The keeper then said, "Sir, I should be sorry for you to leave this house under a false impression: before you do so, be pleased to step back to the poor gentleman's cell, and ask him what he had for breakfast." Burke could not refuse compliance with a request so reasonable and easily performed. "Pray, Sir," says he, to his Indian counsellor, "be so obliging as to tell me what you had for breakfast?" The other, immediately putting on the wild stare of the maniac, cried out "Hob-nails, Sir! It is shameful to think how they treat us! They give us nothing but hob-nails!" and went on with a "descant wild" on the horrors of the cookery of Bethlehem Hospital. Burke staid no longer than that his departure might not seem abrupt; and, on the advantage of the first pause in the talk, was glad to make his escape.

* * * * *

The Abbé Denais, an emigrant priest from Anjou, talked English better than any foreigner I ever knew. He pronounced *th* perfectly well; he observed to me, moreover, "You have two *ths*; you have *th* in *this*, *that*, and you have *th* in *thick*, *thin*. I shall tell you how I surmounted the difficulty of pronouncing them, and distinguishing between them." Taking a letter out of his pocket, he tore off a very little bit of paper, and laying it on the back of his hand, and placing it horizontally in a line with his lips, said distinctly,—*this*, *that*. He bade me remark that the bit of paper did not stir. Then, in like manner, emitting the words,—*thick*, *thin*, he exclaimed, "*Regardez comme le morceau de papier s'envole*;" and was quite delighted with the success of his experiment.

In another department of La Belle Assemblee, we have noticed at considerable length that grand national work, now in the course of publication, Griffith's edition of Cuvier's Animal Kingdom; a performance which, more than any other, must at once stimulate and gratify our increasing love of zoological research. Favouring this spirit, too, the establishments of the Zoological Society in the Regent's Park and at Kingston, must prove of essential advantage. We have before us, also, two publications, which are likely to excite much attention in the scientific world: the first is a quarto volume of three hundred pages, with very fine engravings, entitled "*Fauna Boreali-Americana; or, the Zoology of the Northern Parts of British America; by John Richardson, M.D., F.R.S., F.L.S., &c.*;" the second is "*Zoological Researches and Illustrations; or, Natural History of Nondescript or imperfectly known Animals; by John Thompson, Esq., F.L.S., Surgeon to the Forces; Parts I. and II.*" Dr. Richardson's work, in which the writer has been ably assisted by Mr. Kirby and Mr. Swainson, constitutes a most interesting illustration of the zoology of such parts of British America as were explored by Captain Franklin's expedition, to which, it will be recollected, the Dr. was attached, We regret our inability to do more than point it out to the notice of our readers.

Mr. Thompson's work is one of a more extensive range—that of the whole animal kingdom. At present, however, his attention is bestowed chiefly upon the hitherto little and imperfectly known marine invertebrate animals. The plates, drawn and etched by Mr. Thompson himself, embrace much variety and minuteness of detail, and possess great interest.

To botanists, &c., Loudon's "*Encyclopedia of Plants; comprising the Description, Specific Character, Culture, History, Application in the Arts, and every other desirable Particular respecting all the Plants indigenous, cultivated in, or introduced to Britain.*" must prove invaluable. This octavo volume of 1,159 pages, combines all the advantages of a Linnæan and Jussieuan Species Plantarum, an Historia Plantarum, a Grammar of Botany, and a Dictionary of Botany and Vegetable Culture. The whole is in English; with the synonymes of the more common plants in the different European and other languages. The scientific names are accentuated, and their etymologies are explained; and the classes, orders, and botanical terms, are illustrated by engravings. Figures of nearly ten thousand species exemplify several individuals belonging to every genus included in the work. The engravings are from drawings made by Mr. Sowerby; and the specific characters, &c., are by Mr. Lindley. Altogether, this is one of the most compact, most comprehensive volumes we ever saw.

Select Necrology.

SIR HUMPHREY DAVY, BART., LL.D.; F.R.S., M.R.S.A., &c.

Of all the practical sciences, chemistry has, within the last half century, made the greatest advances, and its discoveries have been of the greatest importance to mankind. The names of Black, Cavendish, Priestley, Lavoisier, Galvani, Romford, Davy, Brande, &c., form a galaxy, as it were, unequalled in splendour. The late eminent professor, Sir Humphrey Davy, unquestionably possessed a genius for chemistry as clear and distinct as that of Shakspeare or Milton for poetry—Raphael, Rembrandt, or Claude for painting—Handel, Haydn, or Mozart for music: it burst forth and displayed itself at times and in places when and where it could not have been reasonably expected or sought for; and, ultimately, it triumphed over every obstacle, took a new and brilliant course of its own, and unveiled to the wonder and admiration of man many of the profoundest secrets of nature.

Of an old and respectable family, believed to be of Norman descent, Humphrey Davy was born at Penzance, in Cornwall, where his parents had long resided, on the 17th of December, 1779. His intellectual powers were elicited to a considerable extent even in infancy. He wrote verses at the early age of nine; and, as may be seen by the Annual Anthology, his boyish offerings to the muses were continued up to his fifteenth or sixteenth year. Amongst other pieces, he wrote a poem on the Land's End, in which he powerfully describes the magnificence of its convulsed scenery, the ceaseless roar of the ocean, the wild shrieks of the cormorant, and those "caves, where sleep the haggard spirits of the storm." The rudiments of his classical education young Davy received under Dr. Cardew, of Truro; after which he was placed with a respectable well-meaning man, a Mr. Tonkin, or Tompkins, an intimate friend of his maternal grandfather, at Penzance, that he might acquire a knowledge of the profession of a surgeon and apothecary. From his earliest youth he appears to have indulged in lofty aspirations. It was not in this station, however, that the boy's faculties were to be called forth. It is said that instead of attending to the duties of the surgery, he would be found rambling along the sea-shore, and often, like Demosthenes, declaiming against the winds and waves, in the hope of overcoming a defect in his voice, which, though only slightly perceptible, in mature age, produced in his youth an extremely discordant effect. At other times, instead of compounding the medicines for his master's patients, he would be making experiments in the garret; and, upon one occasion, he accidentally produced an explosion which excited no slight degree of alarm in the family. The consequence of all this was, that he was regarded as idle and mischievous. "This boy Humphrey is incorrigible," exclaimed his master, "I plainly foresee that no good awaits him: idleness is the root of all evil." The final result was a separation, and this "incorrigible" boy was then placed as a pupil with Mr. Borlaes, a descendant from the celebrated Cornish antiquary of that name.* Under the care of this gentleman, who was an excellent surgeon, and a man of sound, general, and extensive information, it was intended that he should prepare himself for graduating at Edinburgh. At this time Mr. Davy was only fifteen. In addition to the regular studies of his profession, he was fond of natural history; and, residing in a part of the island exceedingly favourable to such pursuits, he collected many fine mineralogical and geological specimens. Alluding to this period of his life, Sir Humphrey once exclaimed to a friend, on his shewing him a view of Botallack Mine, "How often, when a boy, have I wandered about those rocks, in

* The Rev. William Borlaes, LL.D, and F.R.S., Rector of St. Just. He was one of the friends of Pope, whose grotto he adorned with spars; and a benefactor to the university of Oxford, to which he presented many fine specimens of fossils. He wrote a Natural History of the County of Cornwall, an Essay on Cornish Crystals, Observations on the Scilly Islands, &c.

search after new minerals, and when tired, sat down upon those crags, and exercised my fancy in anticipations of scientific renown."

Young Davy was a philosopher, or at least thought himself so, in more senses of the term than one. That he was a boy of decision and courage must be allowed from the fact of his having, on receiving a bite from a dog, taken his pocket-knife, and, without the slightest hesitation, cut out the part on the spot. He had frequently declared his disbelief in the existence of pain, if the energies of the mind were directed to counteract it. Not unlike this, is a notion we have heard ascribed to Godwin and his disciples—that to live for ever, man has only to call forth his powers of volition. However, it is not every hero that is a hero at all times, and under all circumstances. Young Davy, notwithstanding the courage and fortitude which he had displayed, after the attack upon him by one of the canine species, was soon afterwards, when bitten by a fish, heard to roar out most lustily!

At what period the characteristic anecdote which we are about to relate occurred has not been recorded; but, from the nature of the incident upon which it is founded, it must have been soon after, if not before, the commencement of Mr. Davy's connection with Mr. Tonkin. A French vessel having been wrecked near the Land's End, the surgeon landed, became acquainted with Humphrey, and, in return for some kind offices, presented him with his case of surgical instruments. The respective articles were eagerly turned out and examined; not, however, with any professional view to their utility, but to ascertain how far they might be convertible to philosophical purposes. A certain old-fashioned and clumsy apparatus, comprising a pipe, &c., was discovered with exultation and seized with avidity, and, in the course of an hour, the long neglected and unobtrusive machine, emerging from its obscurity and insignificance, was metamorphosed into a very important member of a pneumatic engine. Indeed, the general range of his chemical appliances was at first of the humblest description, manufactured by himself out of the motley materials—pots and pans, phials and gallipots, &c., which fell in his way.

Mr. Davy was no longer "idle" or "incorrigible." Under the auspices of Mr. Borlaes, he began to extend his views to the various combinations, decompositions, and re-combinations of nature—to examine the different systems of philosophers, ancient and modern—and to form theories of his own. In this activity of mind, he laid down for himself a course of study, which he followed with such perseverance, that, by the time he was eighteen, he was master of the leading principles of botany, anatomy, and physiology, the simple mathematics, metaphysics, and chemistry—his grand and leading favourite.

The names and discoveries of all the great chemists of Europe were now constantly ringing in his ears. In particular, Lavoisier's new nomenclature of the science attracted his notice, and stimulated him to exertion. His first original experiment is said to have been for the purpose of ascertaining the nature of the air contained in the bladders of sea-weed; and he found it to be of a quality which enabled the weed to perform the same part in the purification of water, that vegetables perform with respect to atmospheric air. This fact he communicated to Dr. Beddoes, of Bristol, who had then projected the publication of a series of philosophical contributions from the West of England, and who was also endeavouring to establish an institution, the main object of which was by dephlogisticated air, or oxygen gas, to cure, or at least to alleviate the horrors of phthisical disease. For the accomplishment of the latter object, not only an extensive apparatus, but an able practitioner for its superintendance and management was required. A correspondence ensued, the result of which was, that Mr. Davy, who was then only nineteen, agreed, on condition that he should have the entire conduct of the experiments, to suspend his intention of going to Edinburgh, and to assist Dr. Beddoes in the prosecution of his scheme. He accordingly removed to Bristol, where he resided for some time at the Pneumatic Institution, at Dowry Square. It was long before this, however, that his acquaintance with Dr. Beddoes commenced. If we mistake not, it originated in the presentation of an ingenious essay by

Mr. Davy, in which was propounded a new theory of light and heat.

His introduction also to Mr. Davies Giddy, now Davies Gilbert, Esq., the successor of Sir Humphrey, as President of the Royal Society, took place at an early period of his life. We have seen it thus related:—"Mr. Gilbert's attention was, from some trivial cause, attracted to the young chemist, as he was carelessly lounging over the gate of his father's house. A person in the company of Mr. Gilbert observed, that the boy in question was young Davy, who was much attached to chemistry. 'To chemistry!' said Mr. Gilbert; 'if that be the case, I must have some conversation with him.' Mr. Gilbert, possessing a strong perception of character, soon discovered ample proofs of genius in the youth, and therefore offered him the use of his library, or any other assistance that he might require for the pursuit of his studies. Other circumstances occurred, which afterwards contributed to introduce young Davy to notice. Mr. Gregory Watt, who had long been an invalid, was recommended by his physicians to reside in the west of England; and he accordingly went to Penzance, and lodged with Mrs. Davy. A close acquaintance and friendship ensued. Before the formation of the Geological Society in London, geologists were divided into two great parts—Neptunists and Plutonists; the one affirming that the globe was indebted for its form and arrangement to the agency of water, the other to that of fire. The Professors of Oxford and Cambridge ranged themselves under opposite banners; Dr. Beddoes was a violent and uncompromising Plutonist, while Professor Hailstone was as decided a Neptunist. The rocks of Cornwall were appealed to as affording support to either theory; and the two Professors, who, although adverse in opinion, were united in friendship, determined to proceed together to the field of dispute, each hoping that he might thus convict the other of his error. The geological combatants arrived at Penzance, and Davy became known to them through the medium of Mr. Gilbert. Mr. Watt was also enthusiastic in his praise."

At Bristol, Mr. Davy pursued his chemical studies with unremitting assiduity. Occasionally assisted by his friend, Mr. W. Clayfield, he discovered the respirability of the nitrous oxide. To Mr. Clayfield, Mr. Davy was indebted for the invention of a mercurial air-holder, by which he was enabled to collect and measure the various gases submitted to examination. The result of his experiments was given in a volume entitled "Researches, Chemical and Philosophical, chiefly concerning Nitrous Oxide and its Respiration; by Humphrey Davy, Superintendant of the Medical Pneumatic Institution." By this time, Davy was considered a very extraordinary young man. The work just mentioned introduced him to the notice of Count Rumford, who had lately returned to England, and become one of the patrons and promoters of the new school of experimental philosophy. This was an important event for him; as, through the interest of the Count, he was elected Professor of Chemistry in the Royal Institution. Dr. Young, the nephew of Dr. Brocklesby, was his predecessor in that office.

Mr. Davy thus found himself suddenly transported into a new world; he was in the focus of philosophical information and resources of all kinds; at the Institution he possessed more extensive means of electrical and chemical experiment than, perhaps, had ever before been collected under one roof; and, as it has been justly observed, he was "surrounded by an aristocracy of intellect as well as of rank; by the flowers of genius, the *élite* of fashion, and the beauty of England, whose very respirations were suspended in their eagerness to catch his novel and satisfactory elucidations of the mysteries of nature! We admit that his vanity was excited by such extraordinary demonstrations of devotion; that he lost that simplicity which constituted the charm of his character, and assumed the garb and airs of a man of fashion. Can we wonder if, under such circumstances, the robe should not have always fallen in graceful draperies? But the charms of the ball-room did not allure him from the pursuits of the laboratory. He had a capacity for both, and his devotions to Terpsichore did not interfere with the rights of Minerva. So popular did he become, under the auspices of the Duchess of Gordon, and

other leaders of fashion, that their *soirées* were considered incomplete without his presence; and yet the crowds that repaired to the Institution in the morning were, day after day, gratified by newly-devised and instructive experiments, performed with the utmost address, and explained in language at once the most intelligible and the most eloquent. He brought down science from those heights which were before only accessible to a few, and placed it within the reach of all. He divested the goddess of all her severity of aspect, and represented her as attired by the Graces. It may be said, and indeed it has been alluded to by some modern Zoilus, who has sought only to discover the defects of Davy, that his style was too florid and imaginative for communicating the plain lessons of truth. We admit that Minerva, like the statue of a Lysippus, may be spoiled by gilding; but circumstances must be allowed to modify the acceptation of all such general propositions. Let us consider the class of persons to whom Davy addressed himself. Were they students, prepared to toil with systematic precision in order to obtain knowledge, as a matter of necessity? No, they were composed of the gay and the idle, who could only be tempted to admit instruction by the prospect of receiving pleasure. It has been well observed, that necessity alone can urge the traveller over barren tracks and snow-topt mountains, while he treads with rapture along the fertile vales of those happier climes where every breeze is perfume and every scene a picture. But in speaking of Davy's lectures, as mere specimens of happy oratory, we do injustice to the philosopher; had he merely added the festoon and the Corinthian foliage to a temple built by other hands, he might not have merited any other eulogium; but the edifice was his own—he brought the stone from the quarry, formed it into a regular pile, and then with his masterly chisel added to its strength beauty, and to its utility grace."

About two years after his fortunate and happy introduction to the Royal Institution, Mr. Davy was elected Professor of Chemistry to the Board of Agriculture. In the year 1802, he delivered a course of lectures before that body, shewing the dependence of agriculture on chemistry. These lectures he continued to deliver every successive session for ten years, modifying and extending their views from time to time, as the progress of chemical discovery might require. At the request of the President and Members of the Board, these discourses were given to the world in the year 1813; and they are universally regarded as the only complete work we possess on the subject of agricultural chemistry. Such, however, has been the astonishing advancement of chemical science, that, were a new edition of these lectures to be called for, much fresh and important matter might be either incorporated wlth the text, or appended in the form of notes.

Mr. Davy, now in habits of intimacy with most of his scientific and literary countrymen, and in correspondence with the principal chemists in every part of Europe, was, in 1803, elected a member of the Royal Society; in 1805, a member of the Royal Irish Academy; and, in 1806, he was appointed to the office of Secretary of the Royal Society.

For some years, he had been diligently employed in making experiments with the galvanic battery; and, in 1806, when he delivered his first Bakerian Lecture* to the Royal Society, he began to communicate the result of his labours. This lecture related to certain newly-discovered chemical agencies of electricity. Justly considered as a model for philosophical research, it was followed by another in 1807, the subject of which was "Some New Phenomena of Chemical Changes produced by Electricity, particularly the Decomposition of the Fixed Alkalies, and the Exhibition of New Substances, which constitute their Bases, and on the General Nature of Alkaline Bodies." Here it was shewn, for the first time by experiment, that the fixed alkalies are compounds of oxygen and metallic bases.

* This lecture was founded by Henry Baker, a native of London, and originally a bookseller. He married a daughter of the celebrated Daniel Defoe. Devoted to literature and science, he was the author of several able and useful works. He obtained from the Royal Society a gold medal in 1740; and died in 1744, at the age of seventy, having bequeathed £100. for an anatomical or chemical lecture.

For the invention of a eudiometer, the prize of the French Institute was, in 1810, awarded to Mr. Davy; and, four years afterwards, he was elected a Corresponding Member of that body.

In 1812, Mr. Davy—the first person on whom His Royal Highness conferred that dignity—had the honour of being knighted by our present sovereign, then Prince Regent. A few days afterwards, Sir Humphrey married a lady of large fortune,—Jane, daughter and heiress of Charles Kerr, Esq., and relict of Shuckburgh A. Apreece, Esq., eldest son of Thomas Apreece, Bart.

In 1814, Sir Humphrey Davy was elected a Vice-President of the Royal Institution. His next discovery was of far more importance to humanity than any that he had previously made. The loss of life, from the explosion of fire-damp in mines, had long been a source of melancholy reflection. A committee was formed at Sunderland, in 1815, to investigate and ascertain the cause of explosion, and, if possible, to insure its prevention. Sir Humphrey's assistance having been requested, he explored the principal collieries in the north of England, undertook a series of experiments on the nature of the explosive gas, and ultimately succeeded in producing the safety-lamp. This the coal-owners of the Tyne and Wear considered to be an invention of immense advantage to the preservation of life, and consequently presented Sir Humphrey with a service of plate, worth £2,000. By more recent discoveries, the efficacy of the safety-lamp has since, from time to time, been much increased; yet, very lately, we have seen its merits grossly impugned.

In 1817, Sir Humphrey was elected one of the Associates of the Royal Academy. In 1818 and 1819, he visited Italy, where he analyzed the colours used by the ancients, and examined the Herculaneum manuscripts; respecting which he expressed his opinion that they were not completely carbonised, but only cemented together by a substance chemically formed in the course of years. For that substance, he invented a solvent; but out of nearly thirteen hundred manuscripts, not more than from thirty to a hundred offered any probability of success in the attempt to unrol them.

On the 20th of October, 1818, during his continental sojourn, Sir Humphrey Davy was, in consideration of his scientific searches and discoveries, created a Baronet. Further honours awaited him upon his return to England, in 1820. By the death of Sir Joseph Banks, on the 19th of June, in that year, the chair of President of the Royal Academy had become vacant. Sir Humphrey Davy and Dr. Wollaston were regarded as the persons most proper to fill it; but Dr. Wollaston refused to oppose his friend; and, though an attempt was made in favour of Lord Colchester, Sir Humphrey was elected by a majority of nearly 200 to 13.

During a period of five-and-twenty years, Sir Humphrey Davy was an able contributor to the "Transactions" of the Royal Society; and, until about two years and a half since, he continued to fill the high and honourable office of President of that Institution. Finding a change of scene and climate necessary for his health, he then resigned; and, after the Chair had been some time vacant, Davies Gilbert, Esq., M.P., was first provisionally, and afterwards permanently, elected as his successor.

Accompanied by his lady, Sir Humphrey Davy remained abroad until the period of his decease, which occurred at Geneva, on the morning of the 30th of May, 1829. His health had never permanently improved; but, though he was in a state of great suffering on his arrival at Geneva, only the day before the fatal event occurred, he was not thought to be in immediate danger. It was by an attack of apoplexy, that his valuable life was suddenly terminated. From the most distinguished individuals of the place, Lady Davy received every possible attention that her afflicted state demanded. Mons. Condolle, the eminent botanist, took charge of all the details of the interment; and the remains of Sir Humphrey were accompanied to the burying-ground by the Government of the Canton, the Academy of Geneva, the Consistory of the Genevan Church, the Societies of Arts, Natural Philosophy, and History, and nearly all the English residents in the city. The English service was performed by the Rev. John Magees, of Queen's College, and the Rev. Mr. Burgess.

LADY BARHAM.

Died, on the 4th of last October, at Barham Court*, in Kent, Arabella, the beloved wife of the Right Honourable Lord Barham. This exemplary and much lamented lady was the daughter of Sir James Hamlyn Williams†, of Clovelly, North Devon; being one of a family, of whom it may well be said, that "the sons were right noble, and the daughters virtuous as fair!" Thus honouring, in the most essential point of resemblance, the parents from whom they sprung—a father, living amongst his tenantry in the good old fashioned style; making his patrimonial hall his home; and dispersing the kindly influence of just and liberal landlord, throughout an extensive neighbourhood—a mother, whose well-remembered graces in brilliant society have been long eclipsed by the genuine lustre of her domestic virtues. Of such parents the late Lady Barham received the bias of her exemplary character. The race began rightly; continued so, with a partner worthy of her; and we shall not say too much, if we add, in Christian hope, that no doubt can be entertained of her having won the prize—the Christian's crown!

Young and lovely, she was what the inspired page describes as the perfection of the female character—"Her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband can safely trust her. She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household; and eateth not the bread of vanity. Her children arise up, and call her blessed; and her husband also, he shall praise her. Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all!"

No one could enter Barham Court, where she was mistress, without feeling "it is good for me to be in this place." Simple piety, and unostentatious charity to every creature that needed pity or assistance, reigned there without a cloud. She presided over all, with her whole soul in every benevolent action; in every duty to her lord; in every maternal tenderness to her children; in her gentle rule over her servants; in her social kindnesses to her friends and guests. The smile of a happy, heaven-directed grateful heart, ever dwelt upon her lips; for in her, religion wore no gloom; it was indeed "the beauty of holiness!" While, sweetly meek, she seemed to consider herself rather the handmaid, than, as she really was, the reverenced mistress of every surrounding bosom. Such was the late Lady Barham. Such, indeed, she is to the minds of all who knew her; existing still to them in the power of her example; and her memory, must ever stand her own bright monument, before the future descendants of her family.

* This beautiful family seat (which is situated within a few miles of Maidstone, in Kent) has long been celebrated on account of the worthies who have possessed it, and of others who assembled there. Under its roof, the first plan for the Abolition of the Slave Trade was laid; and other schemes for spreading the cause of benevolence, and the glory of England, to the most distant shores. Lord Barham (the ever-revered First Lord of the Admiralty of that name) was grandfather to the present Lord Barham; and has bequeathed the same dispositions to his house. Lord Barham is brother to three ornaments, and, it may be said, able supporters of the Christian church; namely, the Hon. and Rev. Gerard Noel; the Hon. and Rev. Francis Noel; and the Hon. and Rev. Berkeley Noel.

† The worthy baronet derives his double name from two noble properties; that of Hamlyn, from his patrimony of Clovelly, in North Devon; and that of Williams, from his subsequent inheritance of Edwinsford, in Carmarthenshire, South Wales. His lady was one of three co-heiresses; the eldest being the present Countess of Stradbroke; the second married Sir Thomas Gooch, Bart.; and the third, as said above, became the wife of Sir James Hamlyn Williams. All these ladies have large families; and the eldest daughter of the last is the lamented subject of the present notice.

THE EARL OF HARRINGTON.

The Right Honourable Charles Stanhope, Earl of Harrington, Viscount Petersham, and Baron Harrington—Captain, Governor, and Constable of Windsor Castle—a General in the Army, and Colonel of the First Regiment of Life Guards, G. C. H.—descended from Sir John Stanhope, of Elvaston, in the county of Derby, half brother of Philip, first Earl of Chesterfield. Of William Stanhope, first Earl of Harrington (so created

in 1742) great grandson of Sir John Stanhope, the Rev. Archdeacon Coxe, in his Memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole (Vol. I. page 380) has given a full and very interesting account. His Lordship's son, William, the second Earl, married, in 1746, the Lady Caroline Fitzroy, eldest daughter of Charles, second Duke of Grafton, by whom he had a family of seven children. Of these, Charles, the subject of the present memoir, was the fifth.

His Lordship was born on the 20th of March, 1753, and for nearly half a century he may be said to have indefatigably and honourably exerted himself in the service of his country, and to have enjoyed, for an equal period, the most gratifying marks of favour from the late and the present King, and from other branches of the royal family.

Educated for the profession of arms, his Lordship, then Viscount Petersham, obtained an Ensigncy, with the rank of Lieutenant, in the Coldstream Regiment of Guards, on the 3d of November, 1769; and, on the 20th of July, 1773, he was promoted to a company in the 29th Regiment of Foot. Early in 1776, he exchanged his light company for the grenadier company of the same regiment. In the month of February, he embarked in his regiment at Chatham, for Quebec; he served the campaigns of 1776 and 1777, in America; and was present in the different engagements with the northern army, particularly at the battle of Bunker's Hill. During the active campaign of 1777, his Lordship acted as an aide-de-camp to General Burgoyne, by whom his services, in that arduous capacity, were noticed in terms of high praise. Lord Petersham, indeed, was on the most intimate footing with all the general and other officers, particularly General Brigadier Fraser, who often declared that he would be one of the first officers in the British army. After the disastrous issue of the campaign, his Lordship was sent to England with General Burgoyne's dispatches, by the way of New York; and, subsequently, he underwent a long examination before the House of Commons, respecting the surrender of the army at Saratoga.

On the 16th of January, 1778, soon after his arrival in London, Lord Petersham was appointed Lieut.-Colonel in the third regiment of Foot Guards.

His Lordship's father dying on the 1st of April, 1779, he succeeded to the family title and estates; and, on the 22d of May following, he married Jane, daughter and co-heiress (with her sister Seymour, relict of Sir Philip Worsley, Bart.) of Sir John Fleming, of Brompton Park, in the county of Middlesex, Bart.*

In 1780, when our West Indian possessions were menaced by an attack from the French, the Earl of Harrington raised the 85th Regiment of Infantry, to which he was appointed Lieut.-Colonel Commandant, on the 30th of August, in that year. He embarked with his regiment for Jamaica, and was soon afterwards promoted to the provisional rank of Brigadier General, with the command of the flank companies of all the regiments on the island.

The 85th Regiment, one of the finest corps ever landed on any of our tropical islands, had suffered so much from the climate, as, in twelve months, to be totally inefficient; and his Lordship's health, from his great military exertions, being impaired, he returned to England, accompanied by Lady Harrington, who had insisted on sharing the fortunes of her husband amidst the dangers of the sea, the perils of war, and the unhealthfulness of the West Indies. The remains, or skeleton of the 85th Regiment were embarked on board the crippled ships taken by Lord Rodney in his memorable action

* By this lady, who died on the 3d of February, 1824, the Earl of Harrington had ten children:—1. Charles, his successor, a Colonel in the army, born in 1781;—2. Lincoln Edward Robert, C.B., Lieut.-Colonel in the army, and Lieut.-Colonel of the 17th Regiment of Dragoons, born in 1782;—3. Anna Maria, born in 1783, married, in 1808, Francis, Marquess of Tavistock, eldest son of John, Duke of Bedford; —4. Lester Fitzgerald Charles, a Lieut.-Colonel in the army, born in 1784;—5. Fitzroy Henry Richard, in holy orders, Rector of Catton, in the county of York, born in 1787, married, in 1808, Caroline, daughter of the Hon. Charles Wyndham;—6. Francis Charles, born in 1788, married Hannah, daughter of —— Wilson, of College Green, Dublin, Esq.;—7. Henry William, born in 1790;—8. Caroline Anne, born in 1791; —9. Charlotte Augusta, born in 1792, married, in 1818, Augustus Frederick, Duke of Leinster; —10. Augustus, born in 1794.

of the 12th of April, 1782, and many of them perished.

On his Lordship's return to England, he was honoured by a most gracious reception from his late Majesty, who was pleased to nominate him one of his Aides-de-camp; an appointment which gave him (November 22, 1782) the rank of Colonel in the army. In consequence of the death of Lieut.-Gen. Calcraft, of the 65th foot, the command of that regiment was presented to that gentleman, on the 12th of March, 1783. His Lordship immediately embarked with it for Ireland, his amiable consort still accompanying him. At Dublin, where he enjoyed the full confidence of the Duke of Rutland, then Lord Lieutenant, he had the command of the garrison.

It was about this period that Lieut.-Gen. David Dundas, then Adjutant-General of the Irish army, was desirous of bringing forward the system of tactics, which a few years afterwards was, by his Majesty's orders, implicitly adopted by every regiment in the service. By Lord Harrington, whose knowledge of the military art was inferior to none of his standing, it was highly approved; and immediately, with the Duke of Rutland's sanction, it was most successfully tried with the 65th.

In 1785, that regiment being ordered to America, the Earl of Harrington obtained his Majesty's permission to return to England, where, for the first time, since the commencement of his military career, he was allowed to enjoy the tranquillity of leisure and the sweets of a domestic life. He passed a few months of the winter in London, but spent the greatest portion of his time at Elvaston, where, possessing one of the most valuable military libraries in the kingdom, he was enabled to pursue the study of his profession.

During his Lordshp's retirement, a circumstance, highly flattering to his character, occurred. On the death of Lieut. Gen. Evelyn, Colonel of the 29th Regiment, the Earl of Harrington had expressed a wish to succeed to the Colonelcy of that regiment. The appointment, however, had been previously given to Lieut.-Gen. Tryon. The death of that officer having occasioned a second vacancy, an express was immediately sent by the Secretary at War to Lord Harrington, at Elvaston, notifying, that his Majesty, bearing in recollection the former wish of his Lordship, had appointed him to the regiment. A few weeks after his appointment, which took place on the 28th of January, 1788, the Earl went down to Worcester to see his regiment, then lately returned from America. The joyful meeting between him and his old friends was eminently gratifying and honourable to all parties.

While Lord Harrington enjoyed the command of this regiment, the nation was happily in a state of peace. Many opportunities, however, occurred, in which his Lordship's talents and exertions were advantageously displayed. For its steady discipline, and regular conduct, at Cheltenham and at Windsor, where it was stationed during the King's residence at those places, his regiment was honoured by the peculiar commendation of his Majesty. At Windsor the 29th was continued in garrison for three years; a circumstance of note, as no regiment had ever remained so long on that duty.

On the 5th of December, 1792, his Majesty was pleased to confer an additional mark of his regard upon Lord Harrington, by appointing him Colonel of the 1st Regiment of Life Guards, with the gold stick. At the promotion of general officers, on the 12th of October, 1793, his Lordship was made a Major-General. During his active campaigns on the continent, his Lordship applied to the King for permission to serve with his regiment under His Royal Highness the Duke of York; but, his appointment of gold-stick rendered a compliance with this wish impracticable. He was dispatched to the Duke, however, on a private mission of some importance.

On the 1st of January, 1798, the Earl of Harrington was promoted to the rank of Lieut.-General; and, on the 25th of September, 1803, to that of General. Whilst Lieut.-General, he was, for a short time, on the staff of Great Britain; subsequently, he had a command in the London district; and, in 1807, he was sent for a time to Ireland as Commander-in-chief.

In the year 1806, the Earl of Harrington was sent to Berlin, for the purpose

of arranging a treaty with the King of Prussia; but the object of his mission was defeated by the battle of Austerlitz.

His Lordship, who had previously been made a Privy Councillor, was, on the 11th of April, 1812, appointed Governor and Constable of Windsor Castle.

The Earl of Harrington was honoured with the particular friendship of the late Duke of York, who, it has been confidently said, paid great deference to his opinion in military affairs. The sword, adopted by the Royal Duke in the Coldstream Guards, and afterwards, by His Majesty's orders, in all regiments, was first introduced by Lord Harrington, who, with reference to dress, appointments, and all the general economy of a regiment, stood unrivalled.

Lord Harrington was honoured with the cordial partiality of all the Royal Family; and, with his Countess—who was many years Lady of the Bedchamber to the late Queen Charlotte, and in great favour with her Majesty—he was constantly at all the private parties at the Queen's house. In private life Lord and Lady Harrington presented a noble instance of domestic happiness—examples of conjugal and parental virtue. Even since the lamented decease of her Ladyship, the residence of the noble Lord appears to have been the very centre of fashionable and intellectual enjoyment. It is thus noticed by a writer in the *Court Journal*, only a week after the Earl's death:—

Poor Lord Harrington! His loss will be much felt. Elvaston I have always thought one of the curiosities of the 19th century; not the house itself, but the way in which it was inhabited. You have been there, and cannot have forgotten the large room where the whole family were assembled: there they breakfasted: there the ladies worked, while Fitz sang, as he only could sing—there they dined, and there the evenings flew away—and there it was (if you have forgotten it, I have not) that the fair Fanny Stanhope was "the Cynosure of neighbouring eyes." It was the *point de réunion* of the whole family; and, eccentric though they were, and each unlike every other in any thing but name, they were all clever, good-humoured, and agreeable—from the venerable Earl to the fairest Fanny. As for Harrington House, there is a magic in the very name! What should we do without Harrington House? Where would be then our charades, our tableaux, and our private theatricals? There is not a house in London I would not rather see closed than Harrington; Hertford, Lansdowne, Holdernesse, Chandos, Northumberland, nay, even Devonshire itself, could be better spared than that house in the Stable Yard. There was more ease there, more real amusement, more *fun* in that house than in any other that I know; and in the sameness of our insipidity, such things were the more valuable.

The Earl of Harrington closed his long and valuable life at Brighton, on the morning of Tuesday, the 15th of September. His Lordship has been succeeded in his offices of Governor and Constable of Windsor, by the Most Noble the Marquess of Conyngham.

THE EARL OF BUCHAN.

Sir James Stewart, second son of Sir James Stewart, called the Black Knight of Lorn, of royal descent, was raised to the dignity of the peerage by the title of Earl of Buchan, Lord Auchterhouse, &c. in the year 1469. The earldom came into the family of Erskine—a family which, in very early times, possessed the lands, barony, and castle of Erskine, a beautiful seat on the banks of the Clyde—with Mary Douglas, Countess of Buchan, grand daughter of the Hon. Robert Douglas, by Christian Stewart, who married Sir James Erskine, Knt., eldest son, by his second wife, of John, the seventh Earl of Marr.

Thus David Stewart Erskine, eleventh Earl of Buchan, Lord Auchterhouse, and Lord Cardross, of the county of Stirling, was the representative of a younger branch of the Erskines, Earls of Marr, whose wisdom and virtues recommended them for a series of generations to the honourable and confidential office of tutors to the ancient kings of Scotland. Of this nobleman, who was born on the 1st of June, 1742, it was well observed that "if the love of freedom and the love of literature—if eminent proficiency in the fine arts, and an eager fondness to patronize the same proficiency in others—if classical and patriotic enthusiasm, associated with not a few of the most amiable and respectable moral virtues, are calculated to recommend any man to the esteem and praise of his contemporaries—David, Earl of Buchan, could not fail of obtaining the highest approbation."

At the University of Glasgow, this nobleman, then Lord Cardross, applied with ardent and successful diligence, to the study of the classics; and, under the auspices of Robert Foulis, a celebrated teacher of his day, he devoted his hours of relaxation from science and literature to the arts of drawing, designing, etching, and engraving. Still, as Lord Cardross, he commenced his political career under the late Earl of Chatham. Succeeding, on the death of his father, in 1767, to the hereditary estates and honours of his family, he, from that moment, evinced a generous ambition to maintain and exalt, by his personal exertions, the dignity of the Scottish peerage, and the name of Erskine. Here is a striking instance of his spirited, independent, and uncompromising character. "The king's ministers had long been accustomed at each new election, to transmit to every peer of Scotland, a list of the names of sixteen of his fellow peers, for whom he was required to give his vote, in the choice of the members who should represent the nobles of Scotland in the British parliament; and to this humiliating usurpation, the descendants of the most illustrious names had accustomed themselves tamely to submit. The Earl of Buchan, with the spirit of an ancient baron, took an early opportunity of declaring, that the Secretary of State who should insult him with such an application, should wash away the affront with his blood." It is important to add that this proved the death-blow to a most offensive practice.

The Earl of Buchan married, in 1771, Margaret, daughter of William Fraser, of Fraserfield, Esq.; but, by that lady, who died in 1809, he had no issue. His lordship appears to have had little taste for the harassing pursuits of public life; but, aware that the fortunes of his family had been, from different causes, so much impaired, that they could no longer afford an annual income sufficiently ample to support its dignities with due splendour, and to enable him to gratify all the generous wishes of a munificent spirit, he resolved upon a rigid and beneficial plan of economy. On the education of his brothers, too—Henry, the Lord Advocate, and Thomas, afterwards Lord Erskine—he earnestly bestowed that care which was to be expected from the kindness and vigilance not merely of a relation, but of a prudent and affectionate parent.

His lordship's economy, however, never rendered him parsimonious or selfish, or prevented him from extending his valuable patronage to literature and the arts. Finding the study of Scottish antiquities to have been greatly neglected, it was chiefly through his exertions that the Society of Antiquaries at Edinburgh was founded. The High School of Edinburgh, too, was one of the special objects of his attention. By frequent visits to that seminary, he sought every opportunity of recommending to public notice the skill and attention of the teachers, as well as the proficiency of the pupils. His lordship also bestowed an annual premium upon the successful competitor in a disputation amongst the students at the University of Aberdeen.

Aspiring to crown the memory of his illustrious countryman, Lord Napier, of Mercheston, his Lordship, in 1790, published a well written biographical memoir of that nobleman. In conjunction with Dr. Minto, he also published Essays on the Lives and Writings of Fletcher of Saltoun, and Thomson, the poet, in 1792. Excepting these labours, and a Speech which Lord Buchan had intended to deliver at the meeting of the peers of Scotland, in 1780, his lordship's pen gave but little to the world. His admiration of Thomson led him to institute an annual festive commemoration in his honour, at Ednam, the scene of the poet's birth. To the scholar and the artist he was ever a ready friend; as Pinkerton, the historian and antiquary—Burns, the poet—Barry, the painter—Tytler, the translator of Callimachus—and many others, could in their day have testified.

The Earl of Buchan was a staunch Whig, and an enthusiastic admirer of the French revolution, till the spirit of freedom yielded to licentiousness, and expired in blood.

Lord Buchan died at his seat of Dryburgh Abbey, in Roxburghshire, in the month of April last. He was succeeded by his nephew, Henry David, the son of his next brother, Henry.

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